THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Do 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 11, 1914 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

How Kansas Boarded the Water Wagon—By William Allen White

$1595 This new profit-sharing price astounds the motoring public

CHANDLER for 1915

LIGHT-WEIGHT SIX

Ten per cent more power and many added refinements

A PERFECT furore of interest was aroused by our announcement, early in June, of the 1915 Chandler at the new profit-sharing price, $1595.

Manufacturers and dealers and public alike, all of whom a year and a half ago had said it was impossible to build a car like the CHANDLER LIGHT WEIGHT SIX, and sell it for $1785, threw up their hands in astonishment at the still more sensational price.

At $1785, the Chandler was a value which the public had never seen equaled. It proved that high-grade six-cylinder cars could be built in medium size and light weight to sell for less than $2000. Proof of that fact, in itself, was a mighty sensation.

It pioneered the way for a dozen light weight sixes that quickly came into the market. It turned the whole American motor buying public to talking "light six." It changed the trend of motor car manufacture. It brought motor car excellence—marvelous smooth flowing power, and the finest design and equipment—within the reach of almost every motor car purchaser.

In the past year, the Chandler has not only proved that such a six could be built and sold for $1785, but—with unheard of freedom from mechanical troubles and expensive experimental work—it has proved that this could be done at a *splendid profit*.

And now this is how the public is gainer by this proof of profit.

We have made the 1915 Chandler still better (something that seemed almost impossible) and we have established this new and altogether remarkable profit-sharing price.

There are no *radical* changes in design. There could not be, for the Chandler had already attained what was recognized as the ultimate in engineering. There are *no experiments* in the 1915 Chandler.

But throughout the car, we have effected refinements.

We have added 10 per cent to the *power* of the car.

Our engineers and designers have perfected many improvements.

The 1915 pure stream-line body, sweeping in unbroken lines from the bow of the tonneau to the deep Mayo radiator, gives the Chandler the last word in motor car *beauty*.

And the profit-sharing price is $1595.

If anybody had told you, two years ago, that in the summer of 1914 you could buy a high-grade six-cylinder automobile with a powerful long stroke motor—designed by men who for years had built the finest six-cylinder car in America—with 120-inch wheel base and a really roomy body, and the finest equipment for starting and lighting and ignition, and all the other functions of a car, and with handsomely finished body, and deep-cushioned upholstering, for $1595—if anybody had told you this two years ago you would have thought him the King of Dreamers. And yet this is the very thing that has come true.

In fixing this price for the 1915 Chandler, we are simply dividing our profits with Chandler purchasers.

Chandler production is increased two-fold for 1915. Chandler overhead expense, which already is, we believe, lower than that of any other manufacturer building cars of competing character, will be still further decreased by this larger production.

We are giving part of the benefit of this to the men and women who want to own Chandlers, and to our dealers by *providing them with a new model of such high value and at such low price that their work of selling will be reduced practically to a matter of filling orders.*

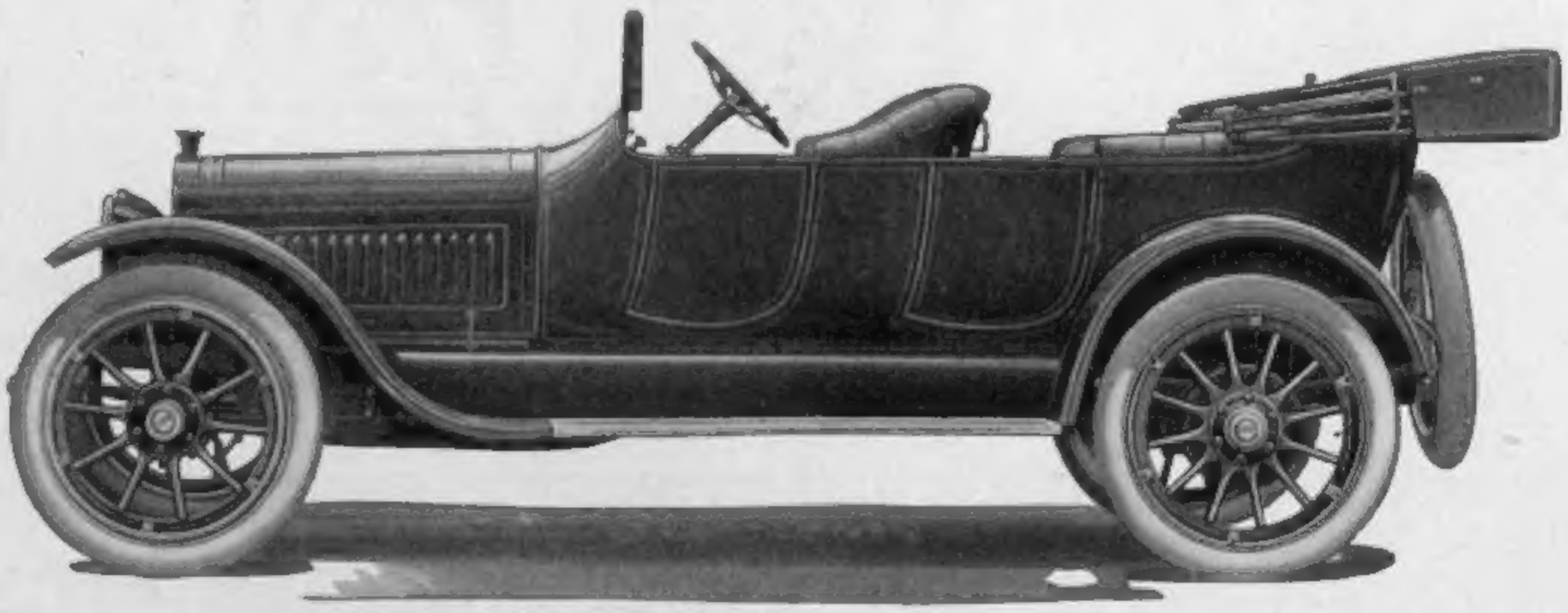
You will probably see, very shortly, the announcement of new models for 1915 by other makers. Even by the time you read this advertisement, you may have seen some such announcements. You will read of many *radical* improvements; you will read of this or that manufacturer putting on the Bosch magneto, for instance, or installing a separate unit lighting and starting system, or using imported annular ball bearings, or replacing heavy iron castings with aluminum parts, or any one of a dozen other things that you have a right to demand in the motor car you buy.

But we cannot announce *radical* improvements, because there isn't a single one of these things that we can put on the Chandler. THEY HAVE ALL BEEN ON THE CHANDLER for the year past. The Chandler has been distinguished by the fact that throughout, in its equipment, it has possessed all of those high-grade features found on the very highest priced cars.

AND NOW, WITH THE REFINEMENTS AND INCREASED POWER OF THE 1915 MODEL, WE DO NOT BELIEVE THE MARKET WILL OFFER YOU ANY LIKE VALUE AT A SIMILAR PRICE.

There is a Chandler dealer in every principal city in the United States, and in many smaller cities and towns. If you know your Chandler dealer, get in touch with him right now and place your order for a 1915 Chandler without delay. If you don't know him, write us today for catalogue and booklets which tell all about the Chandler and what Chandler owners say of it.

Weighs 2885 lbs. fully equipped. Runs 16 miles per gallon of gasoline. Runs 7000 miles per set of tires. Speed, 3 to 55 miles per hour on high gear. Climbs every famous demonstrating hill in America on high. Possesses all high-grade features found on high-priced sixes



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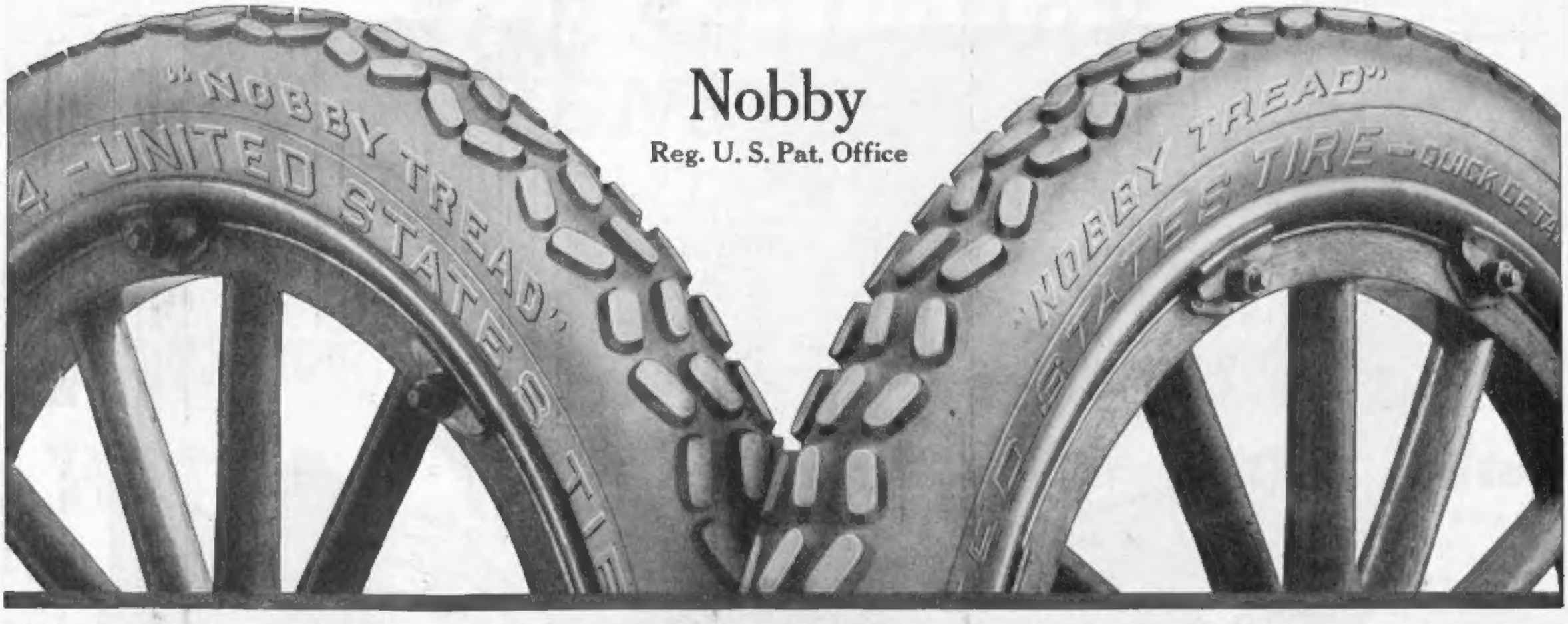

Nobby
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Much Thicker Tires

You get out of a tire in real wear just what the manufacturer puts into the tire.

Actual measurements of cross-sections of the leading makes of rough tread and smooth tread tires prove that the tread of "Nobby Tread" Tires is very much thicker than other tires.

This unusual extra thickness in addition to the extra thick, strong shoe underneath means just so much more real tire wear.

This is one of the reasons why experts call "Nobby Treads"

Business Basis Tires

Automobile owners everywhere are rapidly learning to buy tires on a real business basis, viz:—the basis of ultimate economy.

And remember this—investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

These are the reasons why "Nobby Tread" Tires are today the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world. Based upon their remarkable mileage records

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

United States Tire Company

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE

Your own dealer or any reliable dealer can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get them for you at once—or go to another dealer.

Note This:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

Luncheon is Ready

The Most Tempting of Luncheons—Prepared by a Master Chef

We don't know how you resist it—you housewives who do—this offer we make of perfect culinary service.

It comes now in summer. You want respite from cooking. It comes in a most inviting form—in a dish that was never matched. And it costs you but three cents per serving.

It consists of Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

A Word Brings It

Now, as you read this, a word to your grocer will bring you a shelfful of meals. They'll be complete, hearty meals—not mere side-dishes. They'll be baked as men like them best.

Then, at any time—inside of ten minutes—a steaming hot meal with fresh oven flavor can be waiting your hungry people. Doesn't that appeal to you in July?

A New-Style Dish

Van Camp's in no way resembles the old style of baked beans. It's a distinct and unique creation.

It is pork and beans and tomato sauce. But our chefs have made from these homely ingredients a tempting delicacy.

This is how they have done it.

They select the beans by analysis. They prove them by baking up sample lots. Then, from lots accepted, they pick out just the whitest, plumpest beans.

They bake those beans in costly steam ovens, but the steam doesn't touch the beans. Steam bakes the beans without bursting or crisping, so the beans come out mellow and whole.

They bake the sauce with the beans, so the zestful tang permeates every atom.

They make the sauce from whole ripe tomatoes—specially grown from special seed, and picked at their ruddy ripeness.

As Men Like Them

Van Camp's are beans baked as men like them. Thousands of restaurants, lunch rooms and hotels buy them from us to serve men. Find a place where men flock at lunch-time for baked beans and you'll find that our chefs did the baking.

Men don't like beans that are mushy and broken. They don't like them crisped or hard. And they don't like a flat, zestless sauce.

If they eat them, they don't want them often. But Van Camp's can be served every day.

Any man will say, when you serve him Van Camp's, "That's exactly my idea of baked beans."

Please try this tomorrow. This is something you want to know. You don't care to bake beans in hot weather. But you do want the best when you buy them. Tell your grocer to send a few cans.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce
10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

(323)

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HOW KANSAS BOARDED THE WATER WAGON

By William Allen White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

There Was So Much Broken Glass That It Was Dangerous to Go Barefooted

PROHIBITION, of course, does not prohibit. Nothing has hurt the cause of temperance in this country so seriously as the delusion that a law on the statute book will prohibit the sale of liquor in a city, a county or a state. A prohibitory law in a community, whether the unit of population be large or small, is, after all, only a good resolution; and, like a good resolution, it has to be kept or there is not much to it.

A state or a county or a city, sobering up, getting the alcohol out of its system, goes through much the same process under the prohibitory law that a man goes through when he swears off with a mighty oath. When the man quits, after a high resolve and with more or less emotion connected with the performance, whether he lapses or not depends largely on the man, somewhat on the attendant circumstances of his renunciation, and a little—but very little—on the phraseology of his swearing-off pledge.

The case of prohibition is a close parallel. The state or the county or the town—take any group—sees the error of its ways. Perhaps the economic waste of liquor appeals to the judgment of the electorate; perhaps the moral obliquity of countenancing by law an institution, the chief business of which is to make fools and criminals of men, strikes the people as civic folly; or perhaps all the good people unite against those whom they deem the bad people in a highly moral yearning to hasten the millennium, and a law prohibiting the sale of liquor is passed either by constitutional amendment or by legislative act.

"Fine business!" declare all the good people and all the wise people and all the people desiring to strike out the economic waste. "Thank heaven, that job is done!" Whereupon the Rum Fiend laughs a low, hoarse, second-act laugh, and the devil is still to pay—for the cigars are on the highly moral yearners and their aiders and abetters. The truth is, the job has only begun. It takes from one to five years to get a prohibitory law passed in a state. In Kansas, the only state where the law really amounts to much, it has taken a quarter of a century to enforce it. It is possible—even probable—that the common business sense of the American people and their common moral sense have so developed during the past generation that the time required to get a state thoroughly under a prohibitory law will be less now than that required thirty or forty years ago. Nevertheless, until a state has enough public will power to keep up the fight for at least a decade, and keep it up "through many a conflict, many a doubt," winning here and losing there—that state should try tapering off on local option rather than to try swearing off on prohibition.

When a State Swears Off

YET, of course, swearing off is the only really effective way yet devised by man to break up the traffic in liquor. As with a man, so with a state: the whole affair is full of paradoxes. Human nature is a bundle of contradictions. Tapering off on local option may carry a man or a state through a week or a month or a year; it may reduce the poison in the system slightly—perhaps enough to give the will a better chance to assert itself. But sooner or later the man or the state must walk squarely up to the proposition that Mr. Booze and he are ready to have "the decree made absolute" that separates them forever.

If a man or a state has not the will, the sense, the emotional stability, the fundamental intelligence grafted on courage—oh, for the privilege to use the one short, ugly word needed to phrase what a state needs!—if a state has not the guts to quit, the prohibitory law will not help much. And that means that the people in a state, who see in its various iniquitous phases the stupidity of the saloon as an institution, when they swear off as a state must realize the size of the job before them. They must be keen to sacrifice themselves freely and gladly for the public good; to act not only as the conscience of the state but its will, its arms, its legs.

These people must be willing to endure personal hardships and privations, to undergo contumely and discomfort and more or less humiliation for the cause. Otherwise, without a public will, strong and well directed, the state cannot quit any more than a man can quit; for something of the same process goes on in a state that goes on in a man when he breaks the habit of a lifetime that has begun to corrode his stomach, to deteriorate his kidneys, and shake his heart. When he quits the affected organs all cry out. When a state quits a similar thing happens.

The craving for the saloon comes from the property owner who needs his rent; the business man who needs the saloonkeeper's trade and the trade of his lady friends. The desire for just a small tipple in a state comes from those who think that perhaps it is all right to get it at the drug stores. All through the body of the state goes the fire of desire when a state swears off. Its weakened, unintelligent citizenship is angry; they are the tissues rotted by the poison, and their cure hurts.

Education, From the Kindergarten to the Master's Degree, is Free

Kansas in the Days of its Sprightly Youth

THESE citizens get on juries and prevent convictions of violators of the law; they elect weak prosecuting officers; and the courts, like the heart of an inebriate, at first are weak in a state that swears off; and it would seem that a little giving in, a good dose of the oil of gladness, would restore the weakened parts for a better battle; but that is the old delusion. It is the sound tissues in the body, the good citizenship that remains unaffected, which must save the day and keep up the high resolve.

So, if there is not enough of that tissue; if the whole system is undermined; if the state has no—let us use the longer word out of deference to the kind editor—has no intestines on which to rely, it will take a good woman and a miracle to pull it through. Hence the hope of those of us who believe in the ultimate pulverization of the rum power is in woman suffrage and the new religion with a social message. Kansas quit in its youth—in the twenties—and that was a hard job, heaven knows; but a lot of these states are middle-aged, and that is a harder job.

Kansas in the adolescence of its twenties was a sprightly community, as I remember it. Two or three scores of little towns dotted the broad expanse of the prairie. The cattle trail, which once went into the central part of the state at Abilene, then dropped back to Newton, had stopped at Dodge City. In every community the blue-clad veterans of the great war of the sixties marched in procession on festal occasions. The cowboy and the rowdy ever hovered on the edge of things, hoping, and not always vainly, for a disturbance to start in which they could show their prowess. Farms began to checkerboard the great undulating plain that sloped gently upward from the Missouri to the foot of the Rockies.

Men and Women Came From Ohio, From Indiana, From Illinois

In the eastern counties there were settlers who had come in the proslavery days, who had sent their fathers and sons to war, and who felt the animosity of the great conflict deeply and personally. Into the western counties the German Dunkards and the Russians were coming. Here and there an Irish colony settled and captured some town, and a French colony nestled on the south slope of some warm hillside; but chiefly the population was from the Middle Western States. Men and women came from Ohio, from Indiana, from Illinois. The blood of Kansas was the blood of New England filtered through the pioneer stock of the Middle West. It was good blood; but it was young blood. In it were dreams and visions.

Away back in 1857 the land on which the town of Emporia stands was bound against the saloon; every lot deeded by the town company contained a clause which prohibited the sale of liquor on that lot under penalty of reversion of the title to the town company.

Kansas sent more soldiers to the Civil War in proportion to her population than any other Northern state.

In Kansas the Grange flourished and the Greenbacker rose and waxed strong. So when the prohibition movement swept the country in the first emotional phases of the temperance cause—the movement which gave us Ten Nights in a Bar-room, Francis Murphy and John B. Gough, the Horrible Examples, and the Rum Fiend with Horns—Kansas rose and welcomed prohibition as a long-lost brother. Kansas swore off with a mighty oath.

It was a grand day, that day when Kansas took the pledge; and there was rejoicing and praying and exhorting, and great emotional high jinks in every countryside, village and farm. And then, of course, came the reaction. There were breweries and distilleries; and there were saloons and wholesale houses, and property rights of many kinds to be adjusted. And there were the Germans and the Russians and the French and the Irish, who had come to the land of the free and did not propose to give up their personal liberty.

And then, separated from the rights of property and from those who objected to any curtailment of their personal liberty, there were those high-spirited young blades of the cowcamp, direct descendants of Robin Hood, who regarded life as a frolic and any death short of manslaughter as a humiliation. They were to be found in every community.

Sometimes the members of this gentry were gamblers and held exalted station in the imagination of the populace; sometimes they were hired killers, bought to defend the town's sacred honor in the ever-prevalent county-seat fight of a frontier state; and sometimes they were horse thieves resting from their loved employ in deference to the puritanical notions of a vigilance committee. This section of the community, which is the evidence of youth in any state, held the prohibitory law in low esteem. To beat the law became a noble and more or less exciting pastime, and its observance was regarded as a servile truckling to those low elements in a community that only paid its taxes and filled its churches.

How a Long, Hard Fight Was Won

NATURALLY the adoption of the prohibitory law in Kansas a third of a century ago had the effect of prohibiting the sale of liquor in towns where public sentiment already had discredited liquor; but in other communities the prohibitory law started a twenty years' war. The law put the burden of defense on the seller of liquor; it gave the citizen who desired to get out into the open and fight the sale of liquor this advantage:

The taxpayers paid for his lawsuits; but that was about all, at first.

During the first ten years of the struggle juries refused to convict violators of the law in communities where there was a majority in favor of violation; public officers were lax in their duty; business men frowned on prosecutions because the prosecutions ran up taxes. The brave spirits who insisted on obedience to the law, who swore out complaints against offenders, who organized the friends of law and order, were treated as cranks and fanatical disturbers of the peace.

To these cranks, to the fearless, high-minded, patriotic men and women who kept up the fight for enforcement of the prohibitory law in the eighties and nineties in every community; who, enduring insults and often personal violence, day after day, year after year, aggressively attacked the illegal saloon in all its phases—the open bar, the drug-store joint, the back-alley dive, the livery-stable resort—and who kept fighting relentlessly until they won inch by inch a complete victory over the organized forces of the liquor traffic; to these cranks and patriots Kansas owes whatever social and economic gain the enforcement of the prohibitory law has given to the state.

Those Who Were Known Could Buy Beer by the Bottle or Whisky by the Flask

Without such an element in a community the prohibitory law is a dead letter and worse than no law. These men and women of the crusading type correspond to the forces of will that rescue an individual from the alcohol habit. Unless a man has these qualities of soul his resolutions come to nothing. Unless a state has them whatever emotional heights register themselves into law are of little consequence in dealing with the whisky problem. Nothing in American politics is so discouraging, so disillusioning, so tragic, as the spectacle of a town, a county or a state, spurred by some fine emotional expression of its better quality, formally casting out the liquor traffic—like a possessing devil—at an election, and afterward growing dazed, then cynical, when it is evident that good resolutions or good laws, unsupported by unyielding purpose, are of little avail.

The prohibitory law does not prohibit; it only gives men and women who desire prohibition an opportunity to secure it by long years of wise, brave, hard work.

The first fifteen or twenty years of the fight for prohibition under the prohibitory law in Kansas found the state in something like this condition: In one-third or perhaps one-half of the counties the law was fairly well enforced—that is to say, in most of the towns in these counties there were no open saloons; but the town drug store was selling more whisky than it should sell, and in livery stables and in the rear of mean restaurants those who were known could buy beer by the bottle or whisky by the flask.

Wine was unknown. In one-fourth, or perhaps one-third, of the counties remaining the law was badly enforced: liquor was sold back of cigar stores, behind screens in pool halls, behind imitation prescription cases, and at bars hardly more than half concealed in first-class hotels. In the ten or a dozen counties remaining the law was not enforced at all—saloons ran wide open. The law was merely a basis for blackmail.

It was at this stage of the fight—and it was a fight every hour of the day—that John J. Ingalls declared that the enforcement of the prohibitory law in Kansas was altogether satisfactory; for the liquor men had their whisky and the prohibitionists had their law. But, as a matter of fact, both sides had a fight on their hands. In every election in every little town the fight came up; the liquor question was the dominant question. Over the election of councilmen and mayor and city attorney and marshal they fought. There was no let-up; in the counties it was the same issue—wet and dry. And the offices for which both sides struggled were those of sheriff, district judge, county attorney, county commissioners and members of the legislature.

It was necessary to have the sheriff, district judge and county attorney to secure convictions of violators of the law; the county commissioners to keep the violators of the law in jail; and the legislature to prevent backward steps in legal machinery needed for enforcement. It was a great fight. Through good times and bad, the rise and fall of Populism, the years of drought and the years of plenty, through panics and prosperity—in Kansas the issue never changed. In the beginning of the new century the tide began to turn. The open saloon, which flourished in a score of counties, disappeared from all but half a dozen.

Juries began to convict the livery-stable joint keeper with unvarying regularity in all but a dozen counties; and occasionally the whist club in some Kansas town noted the vacant chair of one of its members and knew he was in the county jail for selling whisky in his drug store. So the keeper of the whisky drug store lost a certain social caste. Nothing is so disconcerting in high social circles as to have a vacant place at the whist table, and society passed its annoyance on to the recalcitrant member, and to his wife and daughter. Whereupon prohibition took a forward stride longer than had been taken by the law under the goadings of those who held up horrid pictures of the Rum Fiend to frighten the populace.

Sometimes the Members of This Gentry Were Hired Killers

The ostracism of the whisky druggist really did more to pulverize the rum power in Kansas than any other one act of the quarter century. Every Kansas county had in jail at least one genial and urbane pill-pounder who was the life of the company at the card club. The state cinched its victory by passing a supplemental law absolutely prohibiting the sale of liquor of any kind for any purpose—medicinal, religious or mechanical. That law is enforced wherever the prohibitory law is enforced at all.

The prohibitory law is now enforced in a hundred of the one hundred and five counties of the state, and it is enforced as rigidly as any law on the statute book. So rigidly is the prohibitory law enforced that juries in those hundred counties convict men on evidence for violating this law who are known as second offenders and whose conviction sends them not merely to jail but to the penitentiary.

The battle is won. The wet-and-dry issue now rarely comes into a contest in a Kansas town or county election. Formerly, in the days of the eighties, the suspicion that a man consorted with the prohibitionists handicapped a candidate. He had to explain that he ran with the decent element merely for the purpose of deluding the good people out of their votes. Now even the faint suspicion that a man has a friend who drinks, or a brother-in-law who is married to the third cousin of a man who kept a drug store in the nineties, is a load that few men in politics can carry successfully.

Any one who wants to win makes votes by abusing the whisky crowd. It is as safe a political diversion as lighting into the Turks, and infinitely safer in Kansas than going after Wall Street; for the Great Red Dragon has some friends, but no one defends the Rum Fiend. He is paralyzed beyond recovery. His tail quit wiggling at sundown away back in 1909.

The Workings of the Ouster Law

IN ONE hundred counties Kansas is as dry as a bone. The colored bootlegger winging his fleeting way up the alley purveys a homemade brew to a few adventurous spirits, keener for the excitements of the chase than for a drink itself; but the life of the bootlegger is of few days and full of trouble. He is as negligible as the chicken thief or the man who forges a five-dollar check, and has about the same status as a professional criminal. He has no standing in the profession; no organization works for his release; no lawyer unasked comes to plead his case. The path to the jail and the rock pile is greased. Arrest means conviction.

In three counties—Leavenworth, Atchison and Sedgwick—there are sporadic convulsions of the Rum Fiend that seem to indicate vitality; but it is mere alcoholic reaction in the dead muscles. These were the last counties to surrender their inalienable right to whisky. In two counties in the small mining towns there are open saloons—Crawford and Cherokee—but in the larger towns even these counties enforce the law; for after the law absolutely prohibiting the sale of liquor for any purpose, and after the law sending confirmed offenders to the penitentiary, came a law called the ouster law.

This law permits the attorney-general of the state to bring before the Supreme Court of the state officers whose duty it is to enforce the law in counties and in towns where the law is not enforced; and if the attorney-general can show that the law is not enforced the Supreme Court ousts the officers of the county and new men are appointed in place of the negligent public servants. It works! It works so well that now, after five years of the operation of this law, as a capsheaf of the legislation that has preceded this ouster law, it may be said that the resolve of Kansas to quit and stay quit is definitely and finally achieved.

Kansas has sworn off and has made the swear-off stick; and the swearing off is effective and permanent for exactly the same reason that it becomes effective in a man. The old tissue of the state degenerated by alcohol has disappeared; a new citizenship dominates the state. No vestige of property right remains in the Kansas liquor traffic. The brewery has been a crumbling ruin for twenty years. The wholesale liquor house has vanished.

The store owner who rented to the saloon long since found another tenant. The craving for the business stimulation of the saloon and the wide-open town is unknown to this

new generation. The financial disease of the saloon, with its waste and folly and crime, has been cured in Kansas, and the body of the state knows its pangs and tortures no more. The rising generation of the nineties and of the first decade of the new century has risen. I am in my middle forties. I was born and grew up in Kansas.

As a little boy in El Dorado I remember Jim Riley's saloon. I used to hunt bottles back of it and sell them at the drug store—trade them for marbles. I used to find long corks for my fishing line in the alley back of Jim Riley's saloon. Also I remember there was so much broken glass there that it was dangerous to go barefooted in the alley, and that there were other dangers—notably of running plump into some drunken man, either lying in a stupor by the side of the house or staggering aimlessly about the alley seeking trouble. We boys also knew there was a gambling room over the saloon, and that across the alley there was a house, with drawn shutters, which, when we were out at night, we could stone with impunity if we could run fast enough to escape being caught; but that was thirty-five years ago.

From the time I was twelve until to-day I have never lived in a Kansas town where there was an open saloon. In Emporia there are grandparents who have no recollection of the saloon except when they have seen it casually, as they have seen a giraffe or an elephant. The saloon has been no part of the life of that town, even sporadically, for thirty-five years. Young people in their middle twenties know nothing of the whisky drug store except what they are told, as they know of the Civil War and the grasshopper year of 1873 and the great drought of 1860.

If my boy, aged fourteen, has ever seen a drunken man it was outside of Kansas. He is as familiar with epilepsy or pellagra or elephantiasis as he is with the actual effects of the saloon on the social system; yet, because the ill effects of alcohol on the human body are taught in the schools, he can rattle off a rigmarole about what whisky would do for a man that would turn to stone through terror the old Horrible Example of the seventies. This boy is afraid of whisky. So are all the children of Kansas.

If the state government should pass into a despotism that would introduce the open saloon by imperial decree, the Kansas people of the generation now on earth would not patronize it. Not only have they been educated out of liking the taste of whisky and the habit of drinking it but they have been taught to fear it. This does not mean that every man, woman and child in Kansas is a teetotaler; thousands of people drink and there are drunkards in the state, though precious few of them. Liquor is shipped into the state by those who desire to use it, and some old-fashioned women put brandy in their mince pies and sherry in their sauces.

Recently the governor of the state, who is not a third-party prohibitionist, and who received the vote of the liberal element in the five moist counties of the state, sent an official query to the county clerks of Kansas, who under the Federal law are required to keep a record of the shipments of liquor into Kansas. The query demanded to know how much liquor was being shipped into Kansas for all purposes. The answers received indicate that Kansas consumes per capita, per annum, one dollar and twenty-five cents' worth of liquor for all purposes, as against the average American consumption of liquor of twenty-one dollars a head. And among the counties included in the governor's *questionnaire* were the five humid counties mentioned above. If they had been excluded probably the Kansas average would have gone under one dollar. This is reducing the consumption of liquor to a negligible minimum. Kansas has quit and has quit good and hard!

It will pay us, therefore, to look at the physical effects of this abstinence. And naturally one must go at it backward to get the perspective on it. The effects of alcohol on a person produce a loosening of the restraints which hold him to conventions. A few drinks make a man talk more, sing more, dance more, swagger more, laugh more, swear more, spend more, flirt more and generally deport himself on a moral plane rather lower than the average. He is a little crazy, a little lazy, a little weak-willed, a little vicious, a little prodigal, a little thriftless, a little devilish under the influence of liquor. And if he is adequately stewed as to his nerve cells and brain areas most of the time, there are wide areas of his mind that act abnormally more or less of the time. So he loses his judgment, his money, his good name, his talents, his general poise and balance.

And here, also, a state is like a man. Given the excessive use of liquor in a state, and the state insane asylums fill up. That state is losing something of its fundamental sanity; the poorhouses fill up, indicating a lack of thrift; the jails become crowded, indicating a moral decay; and the citizens of the state, who are as cells of a human body, die rather earlier and oftener than they should. A brief survey of the Kansas situation, since she has won her long, hard fight for state sobriety, seems to show that the effects of swearing off for a state are exactly those that are seen in a sobered man.

There is not a great difference in population between Cook County, Illinois, and the state of Kansas; yet there are more Chicago insane in the Cook County asylum than the insane, the criminals, the boys and girls at the reformatory, the feeble-minded, and the prisoners in Kansas jails and penitentiaries.

Here is another curious and illuminating fact: Kansas has fewer murders, fewer homicides and fewer accidental deaths than any other state, and this is one of the lowest rates in the world—4.5 for each hundred thousand annually.

The effect of the saloon, with its commercialization of drinking, on murders, suicides and accidents is too obvious to need elaboration; but it is interesting to note that when the saloon goes these causes of death are reduced. The vital statistics of the various states show that Kansas has fewer deaths from kidney diseases than any other state, and the relation of whisky to kidney trouble is so well known that this fact alone proves a low per capita consumption of liquor. Remember there are one hundred and five counties in Kansas. Forty-eight of these counties did not send a prisoner to the penitentiary last year and eighty-seven counties did not send an insane patient to the asylums. In fourteen counties no jury has been called in ten years to try a criminal case. Fifty-three counties have empty jails. Thirty-eight counties have empty poorhouses and the second lowest death rate in America is the Kansas death rate of seven and a half a thousand.

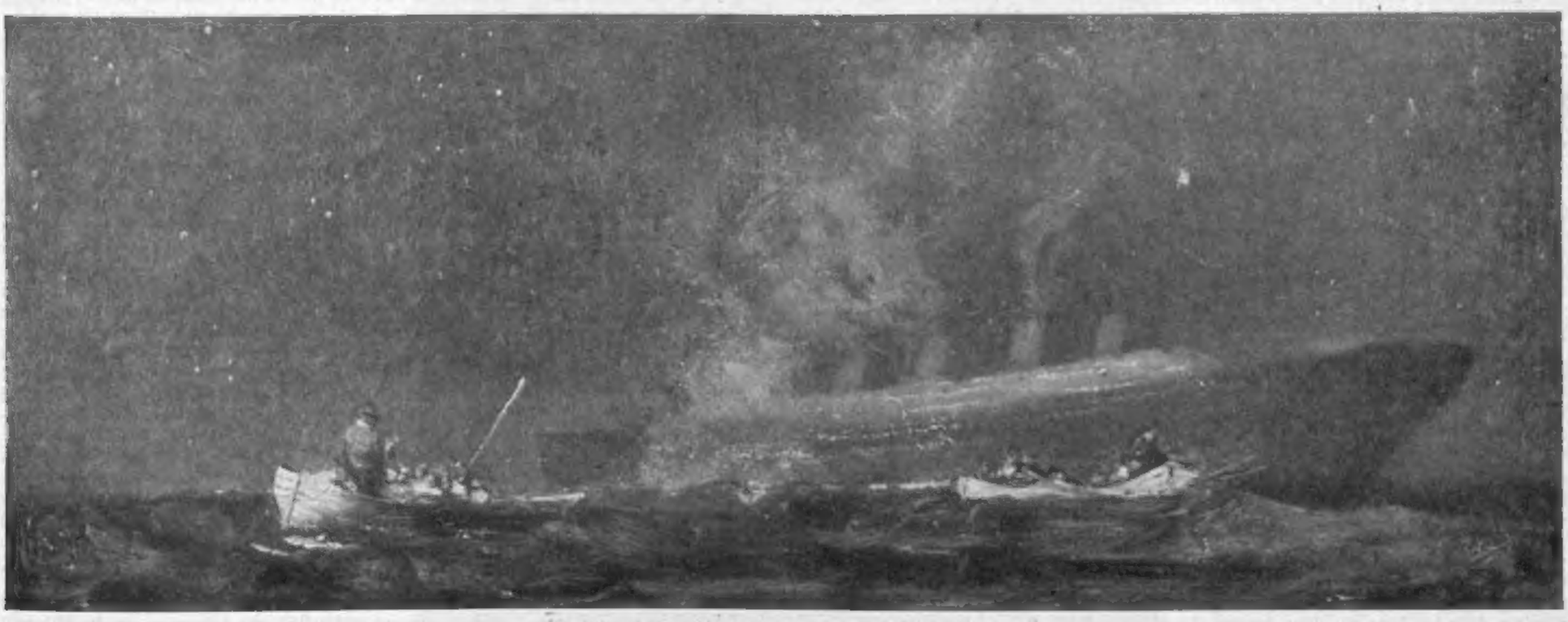
Moreover, the bank deposits in Kansas have increased in ten years from one hundred million to two hundred and

(Continued on Page 44)

JOHN KENT

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



With So Small a Crew the Boat Was Ponderous

WHEN the giant steamer slid over, rather than struck, the sunken derelict, not one of its twenty-five hundred passengers imagined that she had received, thus furtively, a mortal wound. This was because of the nature of the ship and of its voyage. The ship was the biggest liner afloat; she was on her maiden Atlantic crossing. Weeks before stepping on her gleaming decks the passengers had heard enthusiastic descriptions of her speed, her size, her luxury, her strength, her safety; aboard, the conversation had been of her sixty thousand tons, her turbines, her twenty-four water-tight compartments, her elevators, her baths, her wireless equipment.

The very luxury of the craft in its most frivolous details had done more than solid and essential figures to create an assurance of absolute security. To one who, wakening in the real bed of his Louis Sixteenth suite, drops down an elevator to a marble pool, later promenades, golfs or flirts on decks spacious enough for the evolutions of a battalion, and at dinner must choose between the cozy little dining room of his own apartment, a glowing hall softly vibrant with violin and flute, or a terraced café tinkling with mandolin and guitar—to one such the sea is very far, with its draped jealousies, its enigmatic hatred. Vision of its perils is in the haze of a romantic past, together with galleons, doubloons, cutlasses and pieces of eight.

It was in this state of mind, shared by all the passengers, that John Kent lay in his berth for several minutes after the shock. He had wakened probably to the last of its manifestations, a slow rising and almost equally slow subsidence of the mattress beneath him, and the passage along his spine of a muffled yet rasping vibration. There had followed a moment of abominable fear held tensely in check; then his muscles had relaxed and his heart, within its cage, had gradually diminished its dreadful pounding. Comfortably blinking up at the light, which he had snapped on, he told himself of the sixty thousand tons, the double bottom, the twenty-four water-tight compartments, the wireless equipment, the elevators, the tennis courts, the restaurants, the orchestras and the marble pool.

If he got up at length it was because of the continuing immobility of the machinery which, after the ceaseless throbbing of several days and nights, produced an impression of very strange silence; and because of the persistence about him—on deck and along the corridors—of a subdued, murmuring disorder. He wanted to see—see less what had happened than how people took what had happened—moved by a curiosity partly innate with him and partly developed by his profession; but he dressed slowly

and carefully, on purpose, in a self-disciplining in which he took a secret pride, and capped the performance by passing through his buttonhole in solitary bravado the long stem of a carnation he had taken a few hours before from the flower-laden dining table.

When he closed the cabin door behind him he had composed the mental attitude with which he would appear before the public. This was to be the mildly chaffing cheerfulness of a man who, having gone through many dangers, can come to the moral support of the less experienced with his authoritative pooh-pooh!

So he wound up the wide stairs—the elevators had ceased running—and reached the deck. Men and women were about him. "A little bump!" he exclaimed. "I hope it wasn't the United States." And immediately he was rewarded by discreet tinklings of laughter. The night was serene, strangely full of stars, and so cold that it gave the impression of being solid, like a crystal block. A woman wrapped on a long chair by the door called out to an officer who was hurriedly going by:

"Oh, what is the matter, Mr. Officer?"

"We've struck a whale, madam."

"Poor whale!" said Kent shamelessly, and again found himself the center of a ripple of amusement.

Groups stood about the deck beneath the electric lights. Already the slight disorder was disappearing before returned decorum. Men saluted women, bending low over their little hands; it was like some new sort of party. Here and there a larger group formed about a man who, financial and fat, gave forth inside knowledge. Kent heard again of the sixty thousand tons, the bulkheads, and the "Practically unsinkable, you know!"

The antennæ of the wireless, thin, far up in the sky, were known to be trying the spaces. In half an hour news went about—the Bessarabia, the Cryptic, the Nevada and the Dresden, all notified, were speeding toward the ship.

"They'll possibly transship us," said the important man, "just as a matter of extra precaution, you know. These captains are so prudent. But surely they'll let us take our baggage."

To Kent had come the state of lucid detachment that always possessed him before a "story." Then his appreciation of the spectacle became so keen that it left him with no sentimentality and with little human sympathy. Here was a story, he knew; he must grasp it, etch his brain with it. But there was also a personal exultation in the thing. Since he had been a boy, always he had treated his life as a biography; he had made it as full, as interesting, as exciting as he could. He had sought danger because he loved, in hurried back glances that skimmed over the past, to catch sight of these moments of vivid sensation, of tremor and ardent color.

Here now was a new page for his biography—a modern shipwreck interesting from its very lack of conventional features; a shipwreck without struggle, panic, agony and death; an accident made polite, rustling with pretty garments, soft with courteous laughter. Here was a story—a new story; already he felt it develop in his mind as he should write it. He walked about, alert and bright-eyed, photographing every detail.

The first excitement was subsiding. Some of the passengers went back to their beds. Kent himself went down to put on a warm overcoat, for the vast clear night sucked heat as a vampire sucks blood. Passing the smoking room on his return, he saw about a table within it four men who through the incident had not moved from their game of cards. They sat there still, heavy in their swivel chairs, their faces darkly flushed with the fascination of the play, with drink and with cigars.

The saloon also held passengers too well wakened now to think of sleep. At the piano a young woman, who had been the object of the scandal gossip necessary to every ship and to every voyage, was tentatively tinkling at ragtime. Her admirer, over her bare shoulder, turned the pages, while the husband, torpid, sat on his spine in a corner. But many of the passengers, the men especially, preferred the air in spite of the cold; in spite of every one's assurance a distaste had developed for the inside of the ship. Smoking cigarettes, they paced the wide decks or, bundled up in their chairs, vaguely looked at the stars.

Little by little, though so subtly that no one could have told how it was happening, the ship was taking on a strange, forlorn aspect. Its very size, now that it was immobile, made of it something hugely inert and cumbrous; canvases flapped here and there, one stumbled over ropes, and the shining white decks were being gradually soiled as though by an ooze come mysteriously one knew not whence. To Kent it was becoming more and more evident that she was down by the head. He asked an officer.

"It's the wind and the tide," answered the officer, with the teasing reticence of his kind toward the landsman.

"Is the Sending of Your Name Urgent?"

In the center of a small group the bulky financier was saying:

"At five A. M. the Bessarabia will reach us and will take us off. As a matter of extra precaution, of course; the ship is unsinkable. I hope they'll let us take our baggage."

It was long before five o'clock, though, when small detachments of seamen, stewards, boys, waiters and stokers grouped themselves at the davits of each of the lifeboats. The news went about like lightning—the captain, with extraordinary prudence, had decided to put all the women and children afloat on the boats.

This, at first, was ill received. Men protested at the useless hardship to which the women would be subjected. The framing of a petition to the captain was proposed. Then better counsel prevailed and the men, lining up, helped the women, now resigned to the unavoidable inconvenience, into the boats. The only disturbance came from the fluffy young lady who had been the subject of the ship's scandal talk. Taken with a sudden affection for her husband, she clung to him, screaming, while he wiped his stupefied and sweating brow with a large handkerchief. Then, just as suddenly and unaccountably, she let him go and climbed with alacrity into the small waiting craft, which was immediately lowered.

Having witnessed this interesting scene, Kent walked on down the deck, seeing boat after boat lowered away, until he was in a dark place between two bridges, where the electric lights had failed. Even here, though, there was no disorder. The sense of security, evidently, was all over the ship. A lifeboat was beginning its slow descent into the gulf of the night, toward the faint mercurial sheen which was the surface of the sea. Kent, leaning over the rail, looked down into the receding boat—open like the half of a shell toward him—a bit wistfully, like a boy wishing a ride.

A shoulder came to rest against his; out of the corner of his eye he saw an officer's cap. Just like Kent, the man bent over the rail, looked into the lowering boat.

"She's not very full," said the officer.

"No; not very," answered Kent who, now that his eyes were accustomed to the darkness, was astonished that there should be so few in the boat.

The officer gave a swift circular look about him, saw that no one was near, then said very fast:

"You can jump in, then—you're taking no one's place. Jump in! Can you make it?"

Instantaneously there came before Kent two pictures in quick alternation. In one he roamed the decks of an inert steamer and smoked cigarettes; in the other he balanced in an open nutshell beneath the stars all night—the feel of the oar was in his hands; he pulled; there were murmurs round him—weak creatures over whom his male tenderness hovered; and the livid dawn found them making their way wearily toward the rescuing ship, hove to over there on the horizon. The second picture lured him with its irresistible romance.

"Can you make it, do you think?"

This repeated question of the young officer destroyed Kent's last hesitation. The boat was far below now; in the jump itself there was an adventure. He jumped.

As he jumped he heard the officer's voice in his ear: "Good-by, old man! Good luck!" It held a strange intonation that he remembered later and understood only later still; then he was whizzing down along the ship's black flank. He struck a thwart with a thunderous noise, rebounded, grasped, and was in the bottom of the boat, safe. Only a little later the boat, with a singing splash, reached the sea.

When the boat had lain idle a while, chafing against the big hulk, Kent called out in the darkness:

"Who is in command here?"

"I, sir," said an invisible voice at the stern; "but I'm just a common sailor."

"Well, what shall we do? What are the orders?"

"Last orders were to pull for a ship's light on the port bow, land the passengers and come back."

"Well, what shall we do?"

The sailor, out of the darkness, came over the thwarts to Kent.

"There are no men with me," he whispered—"only stewards as can't row."

"Put the best two at it," suggested Kent, "and I'll row. You and I will row."

They sat at near thwarts, slid out long sweeps and began to row. Vague draped forms filled the boat like phantoms, but at his feet Kent could clearly see a woman. The oar was heavier than any he had ever handled; it was rigged so that he pulled with his hands as high as his head in an awkward posture; with so small a crew the boat was ponderous; strings of singing bubbles passed along its flanks very slowly; but, with the rasp of the oar in his hand, that shawled silhouette like a suppliant for protection at his feet, the clear sea on all sides, the immense night overhead, Kent was thrilling—thrilling with a vast, mad, ineffable joy.

They moved thus straight a long time toward a light; then discovered that it was no light, but a low star reflected in the frigid waters. They rowed toward another star, thinking it also a light; then lay on their oars, convinced now that a mistake had been made and that there was no light.

The great ship lay to the right, a loom fantastically festive, with its six long lines of blazing O's.

"Why are there but five rows?" Kent cried suddenly to the sailor. "Why are there but five rows?"

"I dunno. Maybe the ——"

"Why are there but four rows? Why are there but four rows?"

"Maybe the dy——"

"There are but three!"

"The dy—the dynamos ——"

Then all the flaming round eyes closed abruptly, as though a gigantic phantom hand had passed, lowering the lids. For a moment Kent saw nothing. Then made out a dim grayness in the blue night. "Thank God!" he murmured. "She is there."

But even as he murmured he realized, with a new pang, that this vague looming was not as it had been. It was much higher and it was narrower. Even as he observed, it rose again, narrowed still more until it was a perpendicular pillar rising out of the sea; a great rumbling sound came to them, at once terrible and grotesque, catastrophic and absurd. It was as though the Cyclopean craft had been a toy and as if through its immense hollowness all the machinery had rolled from stern to bow in a puerile thunder of crashing tin. The noise terminated abruptly in an enveloping muffle, and the high pillar that had been erect on the sea slid smoothly out of sight within the sea.

Before Kent an arm-raised silhouette shrieked; it collapsed and was once more a huddle at his feet. The small boat, open to the sky, oppressed with cold, night and horror, murmured and sighed and moaned almost inaudibly, as with voices of ghosts; from afar came a firmer clamor—multitudinous, yet whelmed by distance to a mysterious choral song.

"What is it? What is it?" gasped Kent to the sailor at his side.

"The others! The men! The drowning!"

At dawn, just as before jumping he had done in vision, John Kent was pulling—one of four—the boat across the wan newborn light toward the rescuing ship, hove to in its pall of smoke half a mile away.

The night he had passed in that state of lucid exaltation which came to him always with disaster. Then all his faculties tensed to an appreciation of the spectacle; large, somber thoughts touched him with sable wing, while within his soul there dwelt a singing joy, illogical yet immense, that he should be a witness. In this mood humanity lost importance; in a big earthquake the populations had been but a scurry of ants.

To-night only at intervals and with effort was he able to turn his attention to the particular misery of those afloat with him on the sea. Immediately rebellious, his fancy leaped back to vast, somber contemplations and lurid visions, while into his soul returned the large, chanting joy. But now, in the pale light, with the open boat clearly visible, there came to him the first faint misgiving.

This took a strangely trivial form. It took the form of embarrassment and called up a memory. Finding himself almost the only man in this boatful of women and children, Kent remembered a picnic to which he had gone years before with his friend Hayward, the well-married. He remembered the cars, the boat, the train, the children, the dog, the innumerable baskets, and his discomfort when Hayward, in search of tickets, had left him all alone with his caravan for a glaring three minutes. Thus it was he felt now, suddenly discovered by the dawn with all these women—felt the same embarrassment, the same wild longing for freedom and rough male company.

When the boat had reached the flanks of the rescuing ship, and every one had been taken up, this feeling, lost for a moment in activity, returned. Leaning over the rail, forgotten in the general solicitude for those who needed it more, Kent saw all the other boats approach one by one and their passengers taken up. In all these boats there were mostly women. Four or five men to each boat—and

that was all; the community of which he had been a member had become one of women. Again misgiving touched him in its strangely trivial form.

A cheery voice now sounded in his ear. A man stood at his elbow, a youngish man in a shabby uniform who, he decided, must be some petty officer of the engine room.

"Come down to my cabin," he said invitingly, his blue eyes on Kent with an expression of pleasing sympathy. "Come down to the little cubby-hole; you'll be needing sleep."

Kent followed willingly. He was shivering and his clothes were like lead. He descended several flights of narrow steps, passed kitchen smells, a yellow iron wall which was warm to the shoulder, crunched on the coal dust of a tight corridor, and suddenly felt himself pushed gently into a very pigeonhole of a cabin. Here the little man became a valet, a nurse. He helped Kent undress, rubbed him with alcohol, gave him a bowl of steaming broth, and tucked him in his berth. Kent immediately felt himself slide off down abyss after abyss of sleep.

When he woke the tremor beneath him told him that the ship was again on its way at full speed. Immediately, what had passed rose before him in a vision exalting and splendid. He gazed at it a long while; his lips parted, his pulse rose, and his cheeks flushed with a febrile desire of expression. When his host opened the door and bade him good day he said quickly:

"I want paper, pen and ink."

"You'll get that too," said the cheerful little officer. "After breakfast."

As Kent ate he saw rising before him his story, a phantom edifice of splendors and shadows; finally he was left alone, pen in hand, a pad across his knee.

He began right away and wrote to the rhythm of an inward fury. From the start something took hold of his hand and commanded it. At long intervals he stopped with a little sigh, pricked by some fine doubt at finding himself so far from facts; then, re-whelmed in the mysterious fluid, he wrote on, aflame. When, having finished, he read the story he panted to it, a humid light in his eyes.

The story he had written was a wondrous thing. He had made it hugely sacrificial. In it the men of the lost liner had known from the first that she was doomed, and it was in this state of clear knowledge that they had placed the women in the boats while they remained on the rent hull.

"*That*'s the story," he whispered exultantly. "That's the story!"

Then the prick of doubt returned, but this time brutally and with insistence. Standing stiffly, as if expectant of a blow, Kent felt the temperature of his body fall abruptly in jerks until, pale, he sank to the edge of his berth.

In this story, this story of sacrificial heroism, what explanation was there of him who remained to write it? What excuse was there for his being? He sat there on the edge of the berth, with hands loose between his knees, and stared at the wall, against which a vision developed.

The rescuing ship had docked at the port. From it to the wharf a gangplank had been laid. Down the gangplank, toward the somber waiting multitude, the rescued were going slowly, and they were nearly all women and children; he towered among them, conspicuous.

Kent now looked at this vision and shook his head slowly from side to side; he did not like it.

"No," he muttered, rising; "no; this story will not do. It is the truth I must write, the sober, drab and uncompromising truth. That alone affords an explanation of my survival. Duty demands it also. It will be my account which will be the authoritative version of what happened. I must give the world the truth. How did I ever deviate this way? What foolishness!"

He began resolutely to write a story of real facts—the story of terrible irony, of men gorged with food, wines and a fatuous sense of personal invulnerability, going blindly to their cold deaths; but again a hand held his hand, twisting his intent. Again and again the story broke its bonds and wandered free, becoming again the glowing tale of sacrificial valor. He stopped after a while, curious and a little desperate.

"Why is it I cannot write it?" he whispered. "Why is it the other one which clamors thus for expression?"

There was a knock at the door; it opened to Kent's answer and a man entered solemnly. He had a big, white face, which trembled as though on the verge of letting go long-restrained tears, and a trick of sending his eyes upward as though to appeal to God from injustice suffered.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a lamenting voice. "I beg your pardon; but I understand there is here a survivor of the disaster."

"Yes," said Kent. "I am from the wreck."

The man threw a glance up to God. "I am the chairman of the committee," he began, "the Committee on the Rescued, formed by the passengers of this vessel. We are doing everything to make you people comfortable. And just now we are making out a list of names to send off by wireless. Naturally—the wireless is not working well—we are sending preferredly those that will cause the most rejoicing. And so I ask you: Is the sending of your name urgent? Are there dear ones waiting in doubt and terror?"

Kent thought a moment; then, partly because it was true, partly because of a sudden overwhelming distaste of all sentimentality, he said:

"No. There is no hurry; there is no one caring very much whether I am here or at the bottom."

The chairman's supplicating eyes fell abruptly to the floor. After a moment he said:

"I will take your name anyway." Kent gave his name. "And what was your position?"

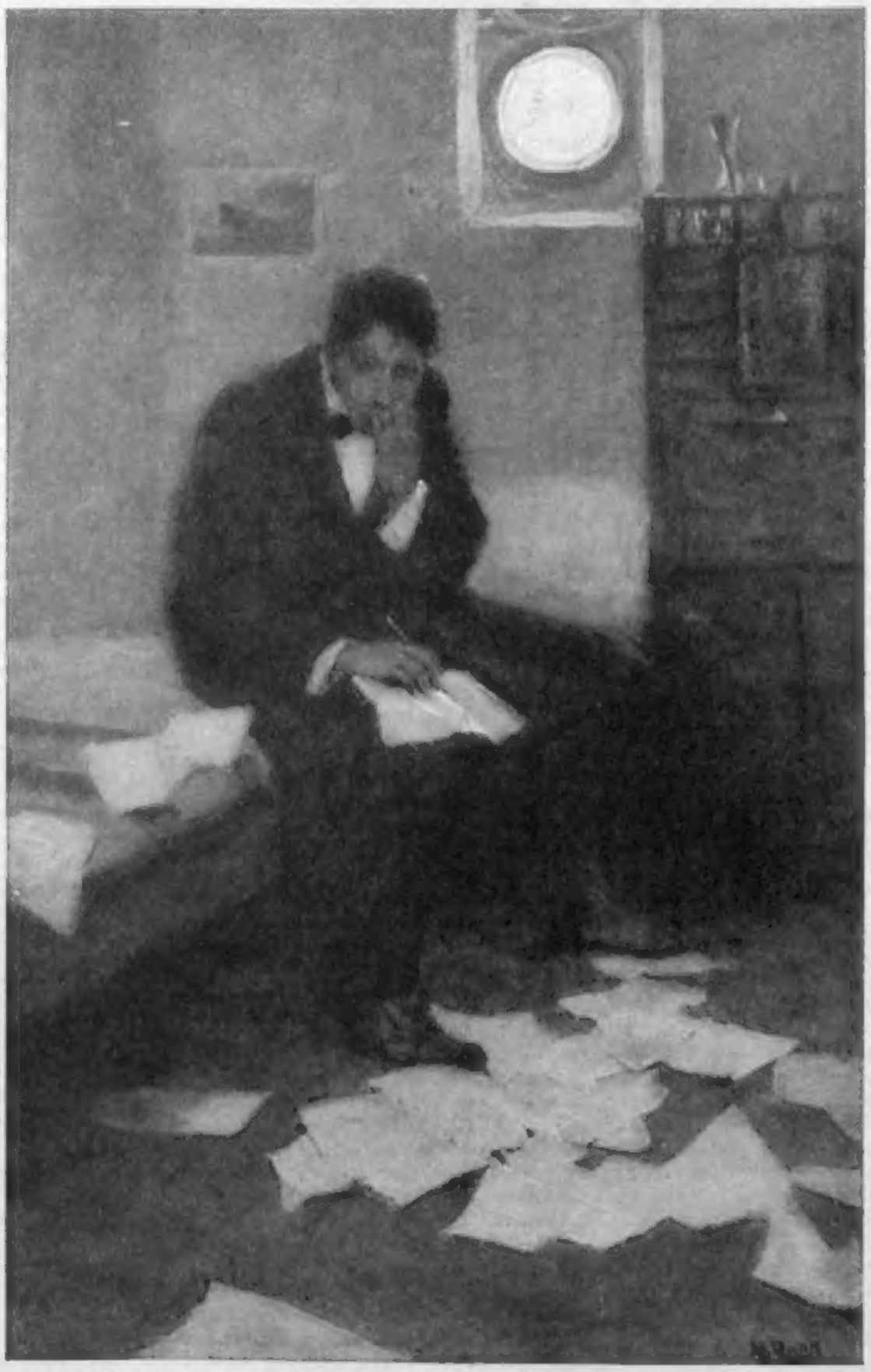
"My position?"

"Yes. What was it—on the ship?"

"Why, passenger," said Kent; "first-class passenger."

"Ah!" said the man as though this were extraordinary news. He wrote the name, then stood uncertainly, tapping the pad with the pencil. "Sir, let me congratulate you," he said at length lugubriously. "You are the only one—the only male passenger saved!"

Long after the man had departed on tiptoe, as though from the bedside of the sick, Kent found himself on the edge of the berth, staring ahead at a vision.



"The True Account! The Stark-Naked Facts. That Alone Can Save Me"

The ship had arrived. A long gangplank lay from it to the dock. On the dock was massed a silent multitude, all in black except where, here and there, two outstretched hands were like marble. Down the gangplank toward this somber waiting throng the rescued passengers were passing slowly; he towered in their midst, sole man among women and children.

"The only man!" he said aloud. In panic he grasped his pen and his pad and began to write again. "The true account!" he muttered. "The stark-naked facts. Absolute accuracy! That alone can save me. The other damns me! Damns me!"

He had not written long, however, with disgust at his heart, when his eyes fell on the first page of his first manuscript. He halted; his pen remained poised a moment in the air, came down to the first manuscript, hesitated, then crossed out a word and wrote another above. Unconsciously he remained now with this story, running his pen slowly along the lines, changing a word here and there, altering a passage, clinching, strengthening, beautifying; and only at the end of the last page did he realize what he had been doing.

"I'm bewitched," he murmured. "That story possesses me. Why can't I write the other one? It's as though God edited the copy!"

He was now very tired; his muddled brain gave him no perspectives. He left everything as it was and went up on deck, seized by a sudden nostalgia of the sky.

The sea was calm and gray; the ship very silent—a torpor lay on it. Kent walked the deck a while, taking pleasure in the pliancy of his muscles, in the emptiness of his mind. The long white deck was deserted; behind a shelter several chairs were lined, in which stretched muffled forms. After a time Kent discovered that in his walking back and forth, he stopped each time and faced about before he came to these chairs. This vexed him.

"What are you afraid of?" he growled at himself; but he continued to stop and turn before reaching the chairs. "This time," he would say to himself, "this time ——" but would stop before getting to the chairs. Out of discontent, finally, he took refuge in the smoking room.

The smoking room was darkish after the pearly clearness outside. He slid himself along one of the leather benches until he was in a corner behind a pillar. When he realized that he was thus hiding himself he rose angrily with the intention of taking a seat in full view; but just then four men came in and an irresistible movement threw him back in the shadow.

The four men chose a center table and prepared to play cards.

"A sad ship, this," said one.

"It's hell!" said the second.

Chips clicked; a swivel chair creaked.

"Think of the women," the first man began again; "each with her bereavement and her memory of horror!"

"It's hell!" repeated the second man.

"I'd hate to be one of the men saved," said the third man. "Imagine him with the eyes of the women on him! One is saying: 'If he were not here maybe my husband would be here!' Another is saying: 'He took my lover's place!'"

"It's hell!" repeated the second man stubbornly.

"The men rescued are blameless," said the first man. "They are all members of the crew, whose duty it was to man the boats. The others—the passengers—died like heroes. They knew that the ship was doomed and saved the women."

"How does he know that?" thought Kent. "How does he know that? It's only in my story. It didn't happen; it's only in my story!"

"They all went down like heroes. The band played to the last."

"How does he know that?" thought Kent. "How does he know that? The band—that's only in my story!"

The cards had been dealt; the game began in silence. Kent went out on tiptoe. Once out, he went down very fast to his cabin. There he sent a mad inspecting glance about; but everything was just as he had left it. The manuscript lay there on the couch; it had not moved.

"How do the things get out?" he asked himself, touched by a strange fear. "The damning things! They are lies I put into my story, and they get out and run round like rats."

His host came in to change his clothes for his watch.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE TUG-OF-WAR

By Richard Dehan

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MEN invariably termed her a sweet woman. Women called her other things.

What was she like? She was of middle height and caressable, with a rounded, supple figure, exquisitely groomed and got up. Her golden hair would have been merely brown if left to Nature. It came nearly to her eyebrows in the dearest little rings and was coaxed into the loveliest of coils and waves and undulations. Her eyes were lustrous hazel, her eyelashes and eyebrows as nearly black as perfect taste allowed. Her cheeks were of an ivory pallor, sometimes relieved with a faint sea-shell bloom. Her features were beautifully cut, inclining to the aquiline in outline.

Her voice was low and tender, especially when she was saying the sort of thing that puts a young fellow out of conceit with the girl he is engaged to and makes the married man wonder why he threw himself away! Why was he such an infuriated ass—by George!—as to beg and pray Clara to marry him ten years ago, and buy a new revolver when she said it was esteem she felt for him, not love? Why should Fate ordain just at this particular juncture that he should encounter the one woman—by jingo!—the only woman in the world who had ever really understood and sympathized with him?

It was Mrs. Osborne's vocation to make men of all grades, ranks and ages ask these questions. She had followed her chosen path in life with enthusiasm—let us say, collecting scalps, with here and there a little shudder of pity, and here and there a little smart of pain.

Fascination, exercised almost involuntarily, was to her, as to the cobra, the means of life—not in a vulgar sense, because the late Colonel Osborne had left his widow handsomely provided for. But the excitement of the sport, the keen delight of capturing new victims, bringing the quarry boldly down in the open or setting insidious snares, pitfalls and traps for the silly prey to blunder into—these joys the huntress knows who sharpens her arrows and weaves her webs for man.

I have said, or hinted, that other women did not love Mrs. Osborne. Knowing as they did that the lovely widow frankly despised them, her own sex responded by openly declaring war. They knew her strength and never attacked her save in bands. Yet, strange to say, the invincible Mrs. Osborne was never so nearly worsted as in a single-handed combat to which she was challenged by a mere neophyte—a chit, as, had she lived in the eighteenth instead of the twentieth century, the fair widow would have termed Polly Overshott.

Polly's real name was Mariana; but, as every one in the county said, Polly seemed more appropriate. Sir Giles Overshott had no other child, and sometimes seemed not to regret this limitation of his family circle. Lady Overshott had been dead some five years when this story opens, and Sir Giles was beginning to speak of himself as a widower, which to experienced ears means much.

The estate of Overshott Foxbrush was a fine one, unencumbered and yielding a handsome rent roll. It was understood that Polly would have nearly everything. She had consented in the most daughterly manner to become engaged to the eldest son of a county neighbor, a young gentleman with whom she was very much in love, Costebald Ianson Smithgill, commonly known as Cis Smithgill, his united initials forming the caressing little name. He was six feet high, and had a bass voice with treble inflections, which he was training for a parliamentary career. He had, until the demise of an elder brother removed him from the service of his country, held a lieutenancy in the Guards.

As to his family, who does not know that the Smithgills are a family of extreme antiquity, descended from that British princess and daughter of Vortigern who drank the health of Hengist, proffering the Saxon general the mead-horn of welcome when he first set his conquering foot on British soil? Who does not know this knows nothing. The mead-horn is said to be inclosed in the masonry of the oldest portion of Hengs Hall, the family seat in the County of Mixshire, where, of course, the scene of our story is laid.

And Polly and Cis had been engaged about two months when Mrs. Osborne took The Sabines, and was called on by the county, because Osborne had been the cousin of an earl and she herself came of a very good family. You do not want any name much better than that of Weng. And Mrs. Osborne came of the Wengs of Hollowshire.

She took The Sabines for the sake of her health, which required country air. It was an old-fashioned, square Jacobean house of red brick, faced with stone; and it boasted a yew walk, the yews whereof had been wrought by some long-moldered-away tree clipper into arboreal representatives of the Rape of the Sabines. That avenue was one of

"If I Desire to Give a Teapot to a Friend I Suppose I Can Do as I Like With My Own!"

the lions of the county and every fresh tenant of the place had to bind him or herself, under fearful penalties, to keep the Sabine ladies and their abductors properly clipped.

Mrs. Osborne was destitute of the faculty of reverence, Lady Smithgill of Hengs said afterward; because early in June, when she drove over to call—it would not become even a Smithgill to ignore a Weng of Hollowshire—on turning a curve in the avenue so as to command the house, the lawn and the celebrated Yew Tree Walk, the new tenant of The Sabines, exquisitely attired in a Paris gown and carrying a marvelous guipure sunshade, appeared in view; Sir Giles Overshott was with her, and the lady and the baronet were laughing heartily.

"Mrs. Osborne simply shrieked!" Lady Smithgill said afterward in confidence to a few dozen dear friends. "And Sir Giles was quite purple—that unpleasant shade, don't you know?

"It turned out that they were amusing themselves at the expense of The Sabines. I looked at her, and I fancy I showed my surprise at her want of taste.

"'We think a great deal of them in the county,' I said; 'and Sir Giles can tell you how severe a censure would be pronounced by persons of taste on the tenant who was so audacious as to deface or so careless as to neglect them—or even ignorantly to make sport of them.'

"At that Sir Giles became a deeper shade, almost violet; and she uncovered her eyes and smiled. I think somebody has told her she resembled Bernhardt in her youth.

"'Dear Lady Smithgill,' she said, or rather cooed—and those cooing voices are so irritating!—'you may depend on it I shall make a point of keeping The Sabines in the most perfect condition. To be obliged to pay a forfeit to my landlord would be a nuisance, but to be censured by persons of taste residing in the county—that would be quite insupportable!'

"Then she rang for tea; and there were eight varieties of little cakes, which must have been sent down from Buzzard's, and a cut-glass liqueur bottle of rum on the tray. 'Do you take rum?' she had the audacity to ask me. I did not stoop to decline verbally, but shook my head slightly, and she gave me another of those smiles and passed on the rum. Sir Giles brought it to me; and I waved it away, speechless, absolutely speechless at the monstrosity of the idea. She overwhelmed me with apologies, of course.

"And both Sir Giles—who, I regret to see, is constantly there—and Sir Costebald, who has called once, consider her a sweet woman! But—think me foreboding if you will—I cannot feel that county society has an acquisition in Mrs. Osborne."

"Papa goes to The Sabines rather often," said Polly Overshott when it came her turn to be the recipient of Lady Smithgill's confidence. "He does say that Mrs. Osborne is a sweet woman, and he is helping her to choose some brougham horses. He says the pair she brought down are totally unfit for country roads. And as for the rum, she offered it to me. Colonel Osborne held a post in the diplomatic service at Berlin, and Germans drink it in tea; and I rather like it, though a second cup gives you a headache afterward."

"Mary!" screamed Miss Overshott's mamma-in-law-elect, who had effected this compromise between Polly and Mariana.

"As regards The Sabines," Polly went on, "we have bowed down before them for years and years, and we shall go on doing it; but they are absurd all the same. So are our lead groups and garden temples at Overshott—awfully absurd ——"

"I suppose you include our Saxon buttress and Roman pavement at Hengs in the catalogue of absurdities!" said Lady Smithgill icily. "Fortunately, Sir Costebald is not a widower, or they might stand in some danger of being swept away. At the present moment, let me tell you, Mary, your lead figures and garden temples are far from secure. That woman leads your father by the nose—twines him round her little finger. Cis tells me ——"

"What does Cis know about it?" said Polly, flushing to the temples.

"Cis is a man of the world," said Lady Smithgill; "but at the same time he is a dutiful son. He tells everything to his mother. It seems—Cis personally vouches for the truth of this—that Sir Giles is constantly at The Sabines; in fact, every day. . . . He is dressed for conquest, it would appear."

"Cis or Papa?" asked Polly with feigned innocence.

"Sir Giles wears coats and neckties that would be condemned as showy if worn by a bridegroom," said Lady Smithgill rapidly. "He is perfumed with expensive extracts, and his boots must be torture, Cis says, knowing all one does know of the Overshott tendency to gout. He never removes his eyes from Mrs. Osborne, laughs to idiocy at everything she says, and simply lives in the corner of the sofa next her. He monopolizes the conversation. Nobody else can get in a word, Cis tells me."

"Since when did Cis begin to be jealous?" said Polly under her breath.

"I did not quite catch your remark," returned Lady Smithgill. "By the way, Mary, I hope you will wear those pearls as often as you can. They require air, sunshine and exercise. . . . I contracted my chronic rheumatic tendency thirty years ago through sitting in the garden with them on. For days together Sir Costebald's mother used to skip in them on the terrace; but I never went so far as that."

"The pearls! What pearls?" asked Polly vaguely.

"When a fiancé makes a gift of such beauty—to say nothing of its value, and the strings were originally purchased for two thousand pounds—it is customary for the recipient to exhibit a little appreciation," Lady Smithgill returned.

"Appreciation!"

"Of course you thanked Cis, my dear; I never doubted that. But there! We will say no more."

Polly's blue eyes flashed. She rose; she had ridden over to the Hall alone and her slight, upright figure looked its best in a habit.

"I should like to say a little more." She put up her hand, unpinned her hat from her close braids of yellow gold and tossed the headgear into a neighboring chair. "Dear Lady Smithgill, Cis has not given me any pearls. Perhaps he has sent them to Bond Street to be cleaned ——"

"Cleaned! They are in perfect condition."

"Or—or perhaps he has given them to some one else. I have seen very little of Cis lately," Polly ended; "but Papa tells me he is a good deal at The Sabines. Papa seemed to find him as much in the way as—as Cis found Papa. And—her new kitchen-maid is the sister of our laundrywoman; and a report reached me that she has lately been wearing some magnificent pearls. . . . I thought nothing of it at the time; but now ——"

There was a snorting gasp from Lady Smithgill. All had been made clear. Her double chin trembled and her eyes were wild.

"Mary!" she cried. "I have been blind! My boy—my infatuated boy! That woman has a positively fiendish power over men. . . . She will enslave—ensnare Cis as she has done your father and dozens of others. Oh! My dear, there are stories! She is relentless. The Sowerseas' second son, De la Zouch Sowersea, is now driving a cab in Melbourne, and the countess attributes everything to her. At Berlin—where her husband had a diplomatic appointment and she learned to offer refined Englishwomen rum in

their tea—there were worse scandals—agitations—duels! Now my son is in peril! Save him, Mary! Do something before it is too late!"

"I can hardly drop in at The Sabines, say I have called for my property, and take Cis and Papa away," said Polly, her short upper lip quivering with pain and anger; "but I will think over what is best to be done. Meantime do not worry Cis. Allow him to go his own way. We need not be too nervous. He and Papa will keep an eye on each other."

"You know more of this than you have told me," poor Lady Smithgill gasped. "There are scandals in the air—people are talking—about my boy and that woman! Why did she come?" the unhappy lady murmured. "I said from the first she would be no acquisition to the county!"

Polly's cob, Kiss-me-Quick, came round and Polly took leave. She had warm young blood in her veins and an imperious temper of her own; and to be asked to do something to add a fresh access of caloric to the obviously cooling temperature of one's betrothed is not flattering. Yes, she had suspected before; yes, she had known more than she had told the proprietress of the agitated double chin and the agitated maternal feelings.

Sir Giles had betrayed Cis as unconsciously as he had betrayed himself.

"Really, Poll, I think you ought to keep the young man better to heel," he had said. "He means no harm; but Mrs. Osborne is a dangerously fascinating woman, and a woman of that type possesses advantages over a girl. And, of course, I don't suggest anything in the nature of disloyalty to yourself—Cis is the soul of honor and all that; but to see an engaged young fellow sitting on footstools and lying on the grass at the feet of a pretty woman, who doesn't happen to be the right one, turning up his eyes at her like a dying duck in a thunderstorm—by George!—irritates me. He is always in Mrs. Osborne's pocket, and one never can get a word with her alone—I mean, nobody is allowed to usurp her attention for an instant. And here is the key of the Crackle Room, since you are asking for it."

Sir Giles handed his daughter the key in question, a slim, rusty implement belonging to the showroom of Overshott, an octagonal boudoir, periodically dusted and swept by the housekeeper's reverent hands, but otherwise untouched since Lady Barbara Overshott, the friend and correspondent of Pope and Addison, was found by her distracted husband sitting stone-dead at her spinet before the newly copied score of the Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day, which had been sent her with the united compliments of the author and the composer.

The furniture of the boudoir was of the reign of William and Mary; the walls were paneled with pink lacquer, beaded with ormolu; the shelves, brackets and cabinets laden with priceless specimens of crackle-ware—the joy of the connoisseur and the envy of the collector.

"Thank you!" said Polly, taking the key from her father's hand. "I was anxious to see for myself how many of Lady Bab's vases and bowls are left to us."

"If You Had Told Me You Thought of Riding Over I'd Have Called for You"

She looked very tall and very fair, and rather terrifying, as she confronted Sir Giles. They were in the hall of Overshott, the doors of which stood wide open to the faint September breeze and the hot September sunshine; and Sir Giles, who was going to luncheon at The Sabines, was putting on a thin dust coat in preparation for the drive. He jumped at the reference to the crackle.

"I suppose Mrs. Brownlow has told you that I have removed a piece or two," he said, bungling with the sleeves of his dust coat for lack of the daughterly hitch at the back of the collar which would have induced the refractory garment to go on.

"Mrs. Brownlow has told me that a baker's dozen of bowls and vases and plaques and teapots—the cream of the collection, in fact," said Polly—"are adorning Mrs. Osborne's drawing room."

"Confound it!" said Sir Giles as he struggled with his garment. "The crockery isn't entailed; and if I desire to give a teapot to a friend I suppose I can do as I like with my own! And—— I can't keep the cart waiting. Fanchon won't stand."

"Undoubtedly!" said Polly, becoming cool as Sir Giles grew warm. "Only, if you are going on giving teapots to friends—and there is a hamper of china at this moment under the seat of the cart—I think it would be advisable to change the name of the Crackle Room. One might call it the Plundered Apartment, or something equally appropriate."

"Call it what you choose, my dear." Sir Giles was now recovering from the shock of the unexpected onslaught. "I have said the crackle is no more entailed than Overshott Foxbrush or the Lowndes Square house—or anything else that at present I may call my own. If I were a younger man I might plunder my mother and disappoint my promised wife for the pleasure of making a considerable present of jewelry to a woman ten years my senior! As it is ——"

"Kiss Mamma and Shake Hands With Dad! And Then, Perhaps, You May Kiss Me"

Sir Giles did not finish the speech, but strode angrily out and got into the cart, giving Polly a short, gruff "Good-by!" as he drove away, and leaving that puzzled young woman on the doorsteps.

"'Plunder my mother and disappoint my promised wife! . . . Present of jewelry! . . . A woman ten years his senior!' . . . Can Cis have been giving jewels to Mrs. Osborne?" Polly wondered.

The course of her love affair had run so smoothly that she was at a loss to account for the pain at her heart and the fever in her veins. Sir Giles' complaint she diagnosed correctly. He was jealous—jealous of Cis! He was angry with Polly. He had reminded her that he could do as he liked with his own; that the county might call her an heiress, but the county had no certain grounds for the assertion. Jealous and angry—the dear, cheery Dad! Because Cis chose to loll on the grass at the skirts of a woman who was his senior by many more years than ten!

Polly ordered round Kiss-me-Quick and rode over to Hengs Hall, pondering these things in her mind. Much had been revealed to her; but it was for Lady Smithgill to lift the last corner of the veil and disclose to Cis' future wife the true meaning of Sir Giles' reference to jewels.

"So Cis gave her the pearls, and Dad has given her the crackle to recover lost ground! Mrs. Osborne must be a clever woman," Polly reflected as she rode slowly home through the sunset lanes on Kiss-me-Quick.

How was it going to end—all this?

"If Dad marries Mrs. Osborne it will be extremely unpleasant to possess a stepmother who has been made love to by one's husband. And should Mrs. Osborne succeed in marrying Cis ——" Polly tightened the reins involuntarily and Kiss-me-Quick quickened her paces. "Let her if she wants him! No; let him if he wants her. But first—oh, first—there will be a tug-of-war! I will not endure to be routed on my own ground by this designing charlatanese!" thought Polly.

In London it might have happened—almost without remark; but here—here in the open—under familiar, pitying, curious eyes! . . . Never! Never! Never! And with each repetition of the word Kiss-me-Quick danced at a cut of the whip; for Polly was humane, yet human.

The double report of a gun in one of the Heng coppices gave Kiss-me-Quick an excuse for more dancing; and presently, as Polly looked, shading her blue eyes with her half-gauntleted right hand, Cis and a keeper came plainly into view. She pulled up Kiss-me-Quick and waited as the young man, leaving his gun with the keeper, crossed the hot stubbles dangling a brace of birds.

"Why, Polly dear!" He tried to look natural and at ease as he lifted his leather cap from his crisp brown waves. "If you had told me you thought of riding over to see the mother I'd have called for you and brought you over."

"It was a sudden idea, Cis," Polly said as she gave him her gloved hand.

"Can you tie these birds on the saddle—or shall I send them over?" asked Cis, glad of an excuse that made it possible to fix his eyes below the level of hers. "They're clean shot," he added.

"Fasten them on—there's a strap in the saddle pocket—and I will leave them at The Sabines as I pass!" said Polly cheerfully.

Cis' jaw dropped; he turned pale under his sun tan.

"Leave them at The Sabines!" he repeated blankly.

"I thought," said Polly, bending a cool, amused glance on her lover's perturbed countenance, "that you meant them for Mamma. To be sure, she is not Mamma yet; but it is a pretty compliment to treat her as though she were already Papa's wife—taking the pearls to show her before you brought them to me! I call it quite sweet of you!"

"I—I!" The young man's face was an extraordinary study. "I am so glad you're pleased," he stuttered.

"Dad is with her to-day," went on Polly, stroking Kiss-me-Quick's glossy neck with her whiplash. "He took her over a cargo of crackle china out of Lady Bab's room. China is a taste one begins to cultivate at her age—dear thing!—and I suppose they are having a nice, quiet, cozy afternoon arranging the pieces. She has her fads, Dad has his. And I am sure they will get on excellently together. Dear me! How warm you are! Come to tea to-morrow!"

And Polly rode quickly away. Sore as she was, angry and jealous as she was, she laughed as the vision of Cis'

(Continued on Page 46)

The Maximum Wage for Women

By the Author of the Autobiography of a Happy Woman

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

Six-Dollar-a-Weekers Were Regularly Thrown Out as Fast as They Came Up to the Seven-Dollar Class

LEGISLATION for a minimum wage is not coming. It is here. It has come so suddenly that we have hardly had time to consider whether it will help or hurt those workers for whom it is designed. Said one of the leading members of the National Retail Dry-goods Association of the United States, a man who employs thousands and pays no girl less than ten dollars a week and no apprentice less than five dollars:

"Minimum-wage legislation is coming in every leading community. This is the day of legislation favoring the workers; and the politicians are going after it as hard as they can to capture the votes. Don't fight minimum-wage legislation! Take the sting out of it by getting ahead of the politicians, and agreeing to measures that are reasonable, without a single struggle."

Said another member of the same association:

"It helps us. It gets rid of the young, who are incompetent and have to be trained, and the old, who are worn out and slow. It gains the approval of the public. The public pays for it; we don't. It means contented employees, increased service, faster work, higher standards."

What is to become of the young, who are incompetent and need training, and the old, who are worn out and slow—all below the deadline of earning a minimum wage—the speaker does not say. How the incompetent youths are to learn their jobs and the worn-out old to earn their keep, the speaker does not say. Those two burdens would be taken off his shoulders. He was simply advising his associates, for politic, self-interested reasons, not to oppose the trend of the times, not to do anything that might offend public patronage or bring back on the merchant the odium of all that may be implied from underpaid women.

The public, in any case, would pay for the increased overhead carrying expenses. If the public did not object, neither should the retailer. A minimum wage, to be sure, would throw out all learners. It would shut the door in the faces of the little cash girls, with hair in pigtails, whom the stores first currycombed, then scrubbed, and then trained in a night school, from whose ranks a dozen of the most highly paid women workers in stores have risen, women who have been on salaries of seventy-five hundred dollars for twenty years. Let it shut the door in their faces! That was no concern of the retailer. The retailer's concern was public favor. If the public demanded a minimum wage let the retailer jump to it!

Workers Paid Less Than a Living Wage

SO MASSACHUSETTS has her minimum-wage law; and Wisconsin has her minimum-wage law; and Pennsylvania and Michigan and Illinois and Utah and California and Oregon and Louisiana are all lining up for minimum-wage laws. New Zealand and Australia are quoted as examples of the success of minimum-wage laws; but when England and Germany and the United States each sent commissioners to report on those Australasian minimum-wage laws, not one of the commissioners could report wholly in favor of the laws as they worked out.

One commissioner reported that the laws resulted in bitter class hatred and jealousy. Another found complaints that they relegated the old to attic starvation and sweatshop work, and failed to spur the young to individual initiative. Yet, curiously enough, when the Minimum-Wage Commission of Massachusetts took evidence on the subject not a single voice was raised against the law, among either employees or employers.

When a very famous leader among women workers went to a big department store in New York a few years ago and requested the head to place the minimum wage at least at six dollars a week, he gladly acceded; but in three years it was noticed that all the six-dollar-a-week hands—about a thousand out of the four thousand in the store—were under eighteen years of age, and these six-dollar-a-weekers were regularly thrown out as fast as they came up to the seven-dollar class. There were suddenly no more old retainers pottering round that store, scrubbing at five dollars a week or packing excelsior for what they could earn.

At five dollars the store could afford them. At six dollars it could not. What it raised on the five-dollar workers—if you will do a simple example in arithmetic—it saved on the seven-dollar workers, each class numbering about a thousand hands—that is, it raised a thousand workers at five dollars to six. It held down a thousand workers at seven dollars to six by changing hands as soon as the six-dollar workers were ready for seven dollars.

The almost universal demand for a minimum wage for women has arisen from the multitude of careful social surveys made within the last ten years. The cost of living has doubled, trebled, quadrupled. Have wages? White slavery has reared its hideous hydra-dragon head as a commercialized occupation. Had white slavery any connection with women's wages?

I have asked that question of every type of woman I know—the workers, the fallen, the strike leaders, the rich—and their answer has been an unqualified No! Personally I think that No a bit too unqualified. Though the low wages may not produce white slavery, the lack of nutrition, of joy, of companionship, of security from want, may beget a recklessness that pushes over the edge.

So the fact-gatherers went out, pencil in hand, and here are some of the things they found:

For instance, in Milwaukee all the poorest women wage-earners were helping others. Many lived in basements, stables, tenements. In fifty per cent of these huddled homes were people ill of more or less contagious diseases carried out to other homes by the workers. Rents ran from three to twenty dollars a month. In twenty-seven families the income was less than five dollars a week.

Over seventy-three per cent of the factory workers were under twenty-one years of age. Only thirteen per cent of the workers were paid more than eight dollars a week; nineteen per cent were paid less than four dollars a week. For this nineteen per cent, the cost of rooms was one dollar and thirty-five cents a week—of board, three dollars—leaving a discrepancy on the wrong side. Only two boarding places had parlors where girls could receive friends. Not a girl, so far as could be learned, augmented her income in illegitimate ways.

In Boston the commissioners decided that no woman wage-earner could live wholesomely under ten dollars a week. Of thirteen thousand cases investigated, forty per cent earned less than five dollars a week. Of those who earned less than nine dollars a third lived in rooms without sunlight, half in rooms without heat. None earning below nine dollars could save. In all Massachusetts seventy-nine per cent earned less than four hundred and fifty-nine dollars a year.

In the United States there were nearly eighty thousand saleswomen, of whom eighty per cent lived at home. Of this number New York was credited with fifteen thousand; Brooklyn with seven thousand. Father Ryan's investigations showed there were four million men earning less than six hundred dollars a year in the United States; whereas the Russell Sage Foundation Report showed that it required at least eight hundred dollars to support a man and his family. Of four million, three-fourths were earning less than six hundred dollars—a fifth less than two hundred dollars; three-fifths less than three hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Look at those facts! Now, seventy-six per cent of the women workers in the United States receive less than the men at the same employment. These surveys, of course, take no account of the earner whose total is low because she is lazy and will not work.

In Kentucky, of almost forty-five thousand women workers, half received less than five dollars and ninety-six cents a week; half were under twenty-one years of age. In Chicago it was found that one of the big companies' minimum wage was eight dollars; a big mail-order house, employing a large number of women, had a minimum of nine dollars and twelve cents; a big department store, employing many women clerks, had a minimum wage of five dollars. Thousands of telephone girls received only three dollars a week.

Foreign Failures of Well-Meant Laws

WHAT more natural than these cries: "Humanize industry!"—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn!"—"Conserve human life!"—"The worker is of more value than the work!" The Boer War revealed the startling fact that British workers were degenerating into scrubs; the men's minimum-wage law resulted. What more easy than by the stroke of a legislative pen to enact minimum-wage laws for women of ten or twelve dollars, as the case might be? The former figure has been suggested for Boston, the latter for New York, though the Minimum-Wage Commission of Massachusetts considers each case by itself and establishes no sweeping average—and literally not a voice has been raised against the "humanizing of industry"; in fact, the employers have rushed to meet it halfway.

It is very much easier for the employer to have one twelve-dollar-a-week woman employee than two six-dollar women. The twelve-dollar-a-week woman will not need watching and teaching as two six-dollar women will; but what becomes of the five-dollar and four-dollar and three-dollar women? Are their wages jumped to ten and twelve dollars as they expected? Or are they thrown out? Remember, those beneath the deadline of the minimum wage are very young, or very old, or very unskilled.

In New Zealand it resulted in those beneath the deadline being crowded into the attic sweatshops. In Pacific Coast cities, where a minimum wage has been voluntarily adopted, without any law, employers frankly acknowledge that they henceforth can employ no subaverages. In New York, where a minimum has been voluntarily adopted, unskilled workers are thrown out at the end of the three trial years.

In the most highly paid workers' manufacturing plant in the world the employers openly declare they will accept neither subaverages nor averages. To maintain their high scale of wages they must have superaverages always.

What becomes of the subs under this system? Every advocate of the minimum wage sees this dilemma plainly and solves it in theory; none has yet done so in practice. From religious enthusiast to trades unionist they say: "Adequate provision must be made for the unfit. Let the state take care of those who can't earn a minimum wage!"

Hold on, Mr. Doctrinaire! Has any state in all the world ever consented to do that, so far as wage-earners are concerned? I have employed women again and again myself whom I have had to dismiss because their bad tempers made it impossible for other women to work with them. Must we, who have learned to keep our tempers—more or less—contribute to a tax for those who do not keep theirs?

I offered last week to send a woman, who was out of work, West, where she could obtain work. She said she did not want to go because she knew she would not like it. Must I, who go whether I like it or not, contribute to a tax for the woman who will only go where she likes it? Another asked me whether I could guarantee that there would be amusement and recreation; and whether I could guarantee two dollars a day in wages. I could not guarantee any of these things, for they all depended on herself, and she had not given me any guarantee that she was worth two cents. Must I, who ask no guarantees except what I can put over, contribute to a tax for a woman who will not try to make good?

I do not ask for an answer to these questions. They are self-answered; but they show the fearfully deep economic waters where one flounders when you throw responsibility for the unfit on the state. The state—as Louis XIV said—The state is you and me. Or take those survey figures: In Massachusetts seventy-nine per cent earned less than four hundred and fifty-nine dollars. Must the twenty-one per cent help to support the seventy-nine per cent? Germany manages better—of which more farther on.

An important feature has come up in New Zealand. The minimum wage shuts the door of opportunity in the faces of those who are not worth even an apprentice's pay. The president of one of the biggest trusts in America began as a messenger boy at a dollar and a half a week. The late Lord Strathcona began at one hundred dollars a year. Several of the most highly paid women foreign buyers in New York began at a dollar and a half a week. Will the minimum wage bar such as these from finding themselves?

Another feature observed in New Zealand was that the indolent worker entering on a minimum wage, on which she could live, lagged, lacked incentive to jump higher; sometimes lagged so she had to be dismissed for laziness.

The Dangers of Boomerang Laws

ARE we, then, to allow our women to be exploited by heartless corporations and heartless machines, and a machine age that steam-rollers the weak like a Juggernaut car? Who takes a census of the scrapheap? Is a woman who must ask permission to live at the will of some employer any better than a slave? You will hear these questions hammered out with fury wherever there is discussion of a minimum wage; and, like the other questions, they are self-answered. Only, in our fury of reform—we do that as we do everything in the United States, with all our might—are we sure we are not launching a boomerang to come back and hurt those we want to help?

How have other nations tackled this problem? Have any of them solved it? How does the individual regard it? Germany and France and Belgium cannot conceive of the causes that led to minimum-wage legislation in the United States. Their wages to store worker and industrial toiler are only a fraction of the wages paid in America; yet they have no scrapheap problem.

Why is this? Because of their systems of insurance against illness and old age and want, which no one has proposed as a preventive or remedy in the United States. We have always been so sure of individual effort working out its own salvation in our democracy that the problem of wages going beneath the deadline of living finds us unprepared and all at sea, with hit-or-miss remedies that may hurt more than they help.

Because an ounce of human experience is worth a ton of theories, or one fact from a single every-day life worth a thousand pages of commissioners' reports, I shall set down how a woman worked these things out for herself. She would hardly have done it if she had not been of German birth, with that Continental thrift bred into her that regards the waste of a soupbone as a crime. It has long been a saying in Europe that a Continental family could live in opulence on what an American family throws away. This woman had been taught to regard the throwing away of anything as a cardinal sin.

It Would Shut the Door in the Faces of the Little Dollar-and-a-Half Cash Girls

We pat ourselves on the back for the humanizing of industry by passing minimum-wage laws. What do the minimum-wage laws effect? They throw the burden of the deadline, of the increased cost of living, on the employer. He passes it on and divides it between the public, that pays the price, and the competent employee, who can always keep above the deadline. The subaverage he is compelled to throw to the dogs. Step the second: Let the state take care of the incompetents! But is not the Continental system wiser—which throws the burden of the subaverage on herself—which compels the subaverage worker to take care of herself?

Here is the story:

"It was between 1883 and 1887, in the Fatherland, when the German Government first began its illness insurance and shortly afterward followed that up with its old-age insurance.

"When a girl is eighteen, old age seems a long way off. She intends to marry. It seems terrible, when you earn only seven—eight—ten dollars a month, to have one mark deducted for old-age insurance, another mark for illness insurance.

"I did not understand that a new day had come when a woman must insure against illness and want as much as a man, when a woman must go out of her home to do her home job. Besides, we had heard of the great wages paid in America. Women in canneries got, not ten dollars a month but ten dollars a week; so I emigrated to join a girl I knew, who was working in a cannery in New Jersey. They got ten dollars a week, all right. Some of the women, who did piecework and got up at four and did not quit until six, made as much as three dollars a day; but that was only in the rush seasons, when the tomatoes and ripe fruit came tumbling in. In winter there would be long layoffs or work only half the time; so that the wages for the year did not go over five hundred dollars.

"Never mind! That was five times more than we could save in Germany in five years; but the funny thing was, people did not save in this America. I was a decent, clean girl. I wanted a decent, clean room. I wanted a home. It cost me two dollars a week—and you could smell cabbage and ham from the front door. Our carfare cost us sixty cents a week. Our meals cost us three dollars a week, because, going to work at seven and reaching home at seven, we were too tired to cook for ourselves.

"We did our washing on Sundays; but my chum would not let me any more wear a shawl over my head. I had to have hats. I had to have gloves. I had to have new dresses. She said if I did not a girl would never have any chance of marrying a smart fellow. By the time I had rigged out as American girls dress I did not have one dollar a week of my ten-dollar wages saved; and it was not the happy carefree life we had lived in Germany. There were no neighbors. There were no friends. There was no church. There were no friendly dances and outings.

"You had to get up at five to get your breakfast and catch the car to your work; and, though you quit work at five, it was seven before you were home and had your dinner; and if you had earned your ten you were too tired to go out. There was no home life. There was no joy. There were pretty nearly no savings; and I used to get cold with fear when I wondered what would happen if I lost my job!

"It must have been 1888 or 1889 when our firm began a system of insurance. It was not so safe as our German Government insurance. They left it what you call optional with us. We could join or not, as we pleased. You paid twenty-five cents a week. That was thirteen dollars a year. If you stayed over three years, and took sick, they would pay your medical expenses; or if you died they would bury you. I did not like to think of dying. I was not twenty-one. Besides, there was another risk we never had in Germany—if you changed your job you lost all you had paid in. My girl chum told me that figures proved that American girls changed their jobs every three years. In three years I should have paid in thirty-nine dollars, equal to six months' work in Germany.

"Besides, what if the American firm failed? I should lose my money. A great many firms, as you know, did fail in the nineties. In Germany if a mark were deducted from my wages for insurance against old age or want it was paid in to the government. There was no possibility of my losing that. I was afraid. I had come a long way from my home. I did not join what they now call the welfare association of my firm. I believed I could save that mark myself better than any firm of employers could. My mother had taught me that it was a crime to throw away even a bone, which you could boil into soup."

A Better Job at Less Pay

"IN AMERICA it was different—you threw away not only the bones but the bone with meat on it. I knew if I had time I could live well on food costing only one dollar a week. Yet it costs me three dollars a week for three good meals a day.*

"So that two dollars a week must have been wasted. I was paying eight dollars a month houserent for one room. In Germany we could have rented a splendid little house for that, and I could have sublet all the rooms for enough to leave me rich!

"Waste! Waste! I saw it everywhere; and I was afraid to join that welfare association of insurance against illness and age. What if I changed my job after ten years? I should lose one hundred and thirty dollars. At five per cent interest I should lose over one hundred and sixty dollars, a whole year's wages in Germany. It was funny in America. They earned big money, four times more than in Germany, but it went through their fingers like water. They did not keep it, and what you keep is what you have against want. I had an old uncle who was a miser. He used to say: 'It isn't what you earn, it's what you save!' There was more poverty among workers in America than in Germany.

"Well, at this time—about three years after I came to America—our firm bought a lot of canneries up in the Mohawk Valley. They would not offer us ten dollars there, because they said we could get the best of board—clean, wholesome food and clean, airy rooms—at from three to four dollars; but they offered us nine dollars a week. On piecework we might make as high as three dollars a day. Suppose we made six hundred dollars a year. Put good board at two hundred dollars a year; clothes at one hundred dollars, that left three hundred dollars saved.

"You will notice I never lost sight of the fact that the working woman must—must—must save! It is the only wall between her and perdition. In Germany we had government insurance—we had our homes; but in the New Land it was save or perdition. Suppose, with layoffs,

All the Poorest Women Wage-Earners Were Helping Others

*These are, oddly enough, the exact figures found in the Milwaukee Survey.

(Continued on Page 36)

THE BUSHER'S HONEYMOON

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 17.

FRIEND AL: Well Al it looks like as if I would not be writeing so much to you now that I am a married man. Yes Al I and Florrie was married the day before yesterday just like I told you we was going to be and Al I am the happyest man in the world though I have spent $30 in the last 3 days incluseive. You was wise Al to get married in Bedford where not nothing is nearly half so dear. My expenses was as follows:

License	$ 2.00
Preist . . .	3.50
Haircut and shave	.35
Shave	.15
Carfair	.45
New suit	14.50
Show tickets	3.00
Flowers	.50
Candy . .	.80
Hotel	4.50
Tobacco both kinds	.25

You see Al it costs a hole lot of money to get married here. The sum of what I have wrote down is $29.40 but as I told you I have spent $30 and I do not know what I have did with that other $0.60. My new brother-in-law Allen told me I should ought to give the preist $5 and I thought it should be about $2 the same as the license so I split the difference and give him $3.50. I never seen him before and probily won't never see him again so why should I give him anything at all when it is his business to marry couples? But I like to do the right thing. You know me Al.

I thought we would be in Bedford by this time but Florrie wants to stay here a few more days because she says she wants to be with her sister. Allen and his wife is thinking about takeing a flat for the winter instead of going down to Waco Texas where they live. I don't see no sense in that when it costs so much to live here but it is none of my business if they want to throw their money away. But I am glad I got a wife with some sense though she kicked because I did not get no room with a bath which would cost me $2 a day instead of $1.50. I says I guess the clubhouse is still open yet and if I want a bath I can go over there and take the shower. She says Yes and I suppose I can go and jump in the lake. But she would not do that Al because the lake here is cold at this time of the year.

When I told you about my expenses I did not include in it the meals because we would be eating them if I was getting married or not getting married only I have to pay for six meals a day now instead of three and I didn't used to eat no lunch in the playing season except once in a while when I knowed I was not going to work that afternoon. I had a meal ticket which had not quite ran out over to a resturunt on Indiana Ave and we eat there for the first day except at night when I took Allen and his wife to the show with us and then he took us to a chop-suye resturunt. I guess you have not never had no chop-suye Al and I am here to tell you you have not missed nothing but when Allen was going to buy the supper what could I say? I could not say nothing.

Well yesterday and to-day we been eating at a resturunt on Cottage Grove Ave near the hotel and at the resturunt on Indiana that I had the meal ticket at only I do not like to buy no new meal ticket when I am not going to be round here no more than a few days. Well Al I guess the meals has cost me all together about $1.50 and I have eat very little myself. Florrie always wants desert ice cream or something and that runs up into money faster than regular stuff like stake and ham and eggs.

Well Al Florrie says it is time for me to keep my promise and take her to the moveing pictures which is $0.20 more because the one she likes round here costs a dime apeace. So I must close for this time and will see you soon.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 22.

AL: Just a note Al to tell you why I have not yet came to Bedford yet where I expected I would be long before this time. Allen and his wife have took a furnished flat for the winter and Allen's wife wants Florrie to stay here untill they get settled. Meentime it is costing me a hole lot of money at the hotel and for meals besides I am paying $10 a month rent for the house you got for me and what good am I getting out of it? But Florrie wants to help her sister and what can I say? Though I did make her promise she would not stay no longer than next Saturday at least. So I guess Al we will be home on the evening train Saturday and then maybe I can save some money.

I Says Oh I Guess I Better Not Tell You and She Says I Guess You Will Tell Me

I know Al that you and Bertha will like Florrie when you get aquainted with her spesially Bertha though Florrie dresses pretty swell and spends a hole lot of time fusing with her face and her hair.

She says to me to-night Who are you writeing to and I told her Al Blanchard who I have told you about a good many times. She says I bet you are writeing to some girl and acted like as though she was kind of jealous. So I thought I would tease her a little and I says I don't know no girls except you and Violet and Hazel. Who is Violet and Hazel? she says. I kind of laughed and says Oh I guess I better not tell you and then she says I guess you will tell me. That made me kind of mad because no girl can't tell me what to do. She says Are you going to tell me? and I says No.

Then she says If you don't tell me I will go over to Marie's that is her sister Allen's wife and stay all night. I says Go on and she went downstairs but I guess she probily went to get a soda because she has some money of her own that I give her. This was about two hours ago and she is probily down in the hotel lobby now trying to scare me by makeing me believe she has went to her sister's. But she can't fool me Al and I am now going out to mail this letter and get a beer. I won't never tell her about Violet and Hazel if she is going to act like that.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 24.

FRIEND AL: I guess I told you Al that we would be home Saturday evening. I have changed my mind. Allen and his wife has a spair bedroom and wants us to come there and stay a week or two. It won't cost nothing except they will probily want to go out to the moveing pictures nights and we will probily have to go along with them and I am a man Al that wants to pay his share and not be cheap.

I and Florrie had our first quarrle the other night. I guess I told you the start of it but I don't remember. I made some crack about Violet and Hazel just to tease Florrie and she wanted to know who they was and I would not tell her. So she gets sore and goes over to Marie's to stay all night. I was just kidding Al and was willing to tell her about them two poor girls whatever she wanted to know except that I don't like to brag about girls being stuck on me. So I goes over to Marie's after her and tells her all about them except that I turned them down cold at the last minute to marry her because I did not want her to get all swelled up. She made me sware that I did not never care nothing about them and that was easy because it was the truth. So she come back to the hotel with me just like I knowed she would when I ordered her to.

They must not be no mistake about who is the boss in my house. Some men lets their wife run all over them but I am not that kind. You know me Al.

I must get busy and pack my suitcase if I am going to move over to Allen's. I sent three collars and a shirt to the laundrey this morning so even if we go over there to-night I will have to take another trip back this way in a day or two. I won't mind Al because they sell my kind of beer down to the corner and I never seen it sold nowheres else in Chi. You know the kind it is, eh Al? I wish I was lifting a few with you to-night. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, October 28.

DEAR OLD AL: Florrie and Marie has went downtown shopping because Florrie thinks she has got to have a new dress though she has got two changes of cloths now and I don't know what she can do with another one. I hope she don't find none to suit her though it would not hurt none if she got something for next spring at a reduckshon. I guess she must think I am Charles A. Comiskey or somebody. Allen has went to a colledge football game. One of the reporters give him a pass. I don't see nothing in football except a lot of scrapping between little slobs that I could lick the whole bunch of them so I did not care to go. The reporter is one of the guys that travled round with our club all summer. He called up and said he hadn't only the one pass but he was not hurting my feelings none because I would not go to no rotten football game if they payed me.

The flat across the hall from this here one is for rent furnished. They want $40 a month for it and I guess they think they must be lots of suckers running round loose. Marie was talking about it and says Why don't you and Florrie take it and then we can be right together all winter long and have some big times? Florrie says It would be all right with me. What about it Al? I says What do you think I am? I don't have to live in no high-price flat when I got a home in Bedford where they ain't no people trying to hold everybody up all the time. So they did not say no more about it when they seen I was in ernest. Nobody cannot tell me where I am going to live sister-in-law or no sister-in-law. If I was to rent the rotten old flat I would be paying $50 a month rent includeing the house down in Bedford. Fine chance Al.

Well Al I am lonesome and thirsty so more later.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, November 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I got some big news for you. I am not comeing to Bedford this winter after all except to make a visit which I guess will be round Xmas. I changed my mind about that flat across the hall from the Allens and decided to take it after all. The people who was in it and owns the furniture says they would let us have it till the 1 of May if we would pay $42.50 a month which is only $2.50 a month more than they would of let us have it for for a short time. So you see we got a bargain because it is all furnished and everything and we won't have to blow no money on furniture besides the club goes to California the middle of Febuery so Florrie would not have no place to stay while I am away.

The Allens only subleased their flat from some other people till the 2 of Febuery and when I and Allen goes West Marie can come over and stay with Florrie so you see it is best all round. If we should of boughten furniture it would cost us in the neighborhood of $100 even without no piano and they is a piano in this here flat which makes it nice because Florrie plays pretty good with one hand and we can have lots of good times at home without it costing us nothing except just the bear liveing expenses. I consider myself lucky to of found out about this before it was too late and somebody else had of gotten the tip.

Now Al old pal I want to ask a great favor of you Al. I all ready have payed one month rent $10 on the house in Bedford and I want you to see the old man and see if he won't call off that lease. Why should I be paying $10 a month rent down there and $42.50 up here when the house

down there is not no good to me because I am liveing up here all winter? See Al? Tell him I will gladly give him another month rent to call off the lease but don't tell him that if you don't have to. I want to be fare with him.

If you will do this favor for me, Al, I won't never forget it. Give my kindest to Bertha and tell her I am sorry I and Florrie won't see her right away but you see how it is Al.

Yours, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, November 30.

FRIEND AL: I have not wrote for a long time have I Al but I have been very busy. They was not enough furniture in the flat and we have been buying some more. They was enough for some people maybe but I and Florrie is the kind that won't have nothing but the best. The furniture them people had in the liveing room was oak but they had a bookcase bilt in in the flat that was mohoggeny and Florrie would not stand for no joke combination like that so she moved the oak chairs and table in to the spair bedroom and we went downtown to buy some mohoggeny. But it costs too much Al and we was feeling pretty bad about it when we seen some Sir Cashion walnut that was prettier even than the mohoggeny and not near so expensive. It is not no real Sir Cashion walnut but it is just as good and we got it reasonable. Then we got some mission chairs for the dinning room because the old ones was just straw and was no good and we got a big lether couch for $9 that somebody can sleep on if we get to much company.

I hope you and Bertha can come up for the holidays and see how comfertible we are fixed. That is all the new furniture we have boughten but Florrie set her heart on some old Rose drapes and a red table lamp that is the biggest you ever seen Al and I did not have the heart to say no. The hole thing cost me in the neighborhood of $110 which is very little for what we got and then it will always be ourn even when we move away from this flat though we will have to leave the furniture that belongs to the other people but their part of it is not no good anyway.

I guess I told you Al how much money I had when the season ended. It was $1400 all told includeing the city serious money. Well Al I got in the neighborhood of $800 left because I give $200 to Florrie to send down to Texas to her other sister who had a bad egg for a husband that managed a club in the Texas Oklahoma League and this was the money she had to pay to get the divorce. I am glad Al that I was lucky enough to marry happy and get a good girl for my wife that has got some sense and besides if I have got $800 left I should not worry as they say.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, December 7.

DEAR OLD AL: No I was in ernest Al when I says that I wanted you and Bertha to come up here for the holidays. I know I told you that I might come to Bedford for the holidays but that is all off. I have gave up the idea of comeing to Bedford for the holidays and I want you to be sure and come up here for the holidays and I will show you a good time. I would love to have Bertha come to and she can come if she wants to only Florrie don't know if she would have a good time or not and thinks maybe she would rather stay in Bedford and you come alone. But be sure and have Bertha come if she wants to come but maybe she would not injoy it. You know best Al.

I don't think the old man give me no square deal on that lease but if he wants to stick me all right. I am greatful to you Al for trying to fix it up but maybe you could of did better if you had of went at it in a different way. I am not finding no fault with my old pal though. Don't think that. When I have a pal I am the man to stick to him threw thick and thin. If the old man is going to hold me to that lease I guess I will have to stand it and I guess I won't starv to death for no $10 a month because I am going to get $2800 next year besides the city serious money and maybe we will get into the World Serious too. I know we will if Callahan will pitch me every 3d day like I wanted him to last season. But if you had of approached the old man in a different way maybe you could of fixed it up. I wish you would try it again Al if it is not no trouble.

We had Allen and his wife here for thanksgiveing dinner and the dinner cost me better than $5. I thought we had enough to eat to last a weak but about six oclock at night Florrie and Marie said they was hungry and we went downtown and had dinner all over again and I payed for it and it cost me $5 more. Allen was all ready to pay for it when Florrie said No this day's treat is on us so I had to pay for it but I don't see why she did not wait and let me do the talking. I was going to pay for it any way.

Be sure and come and visit us for the holidays Al and of course if Bertha wants to come bring her along. We will be glad to see you both. I won't never go back on a friend and pal. You know me Al.

Your old pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, December 20.

FRIEND AL: I don't see what can be the matter with Bertha because you know Al we would not care how she dressed and would not make no kick if she come up here in a night gown. She did not have no license to say we was to swell for her because we did not never think of nothing like that. I wish you would talk to her again Al and tell her she need not get sore on me and that both her and you is welcome at my house any time I ask you to come. See if you can't make her change her mind Al because I feel like as if she must of took offense at something I may of wrote you. I am sorry you and her are not comeing but I suppose you know best. Only we was getting all ready for you and Florrie said only the other day that she wished the holidays was over but that was before she knowed you was not comeing. I hope you can come Al.

Well Al I guess there is not no use talking to the old man no more. You have did the best you could but I wish I could of came down there and talked to him. I will pay him his rotten old $10 a month and the next time I come to Bedford and meet him on the street I will bust his jaw. I know he is a old man Al but I don't like to see nobody get the best of me and I am sorry I ever asked him to let me off. Some of them old skinflints has no heart Al but why should I fight with a old man over chicken feed like $10? Florrie says a star pitcher like I should not ought never to scrap about little things and I guess she is right Al so I will pay the old man his $10 a month if I have to.

Florrie says she is jealous of me writeing to you so much and she says she would like to meet this great old pal of mine. I would like to have her meet you to Al and I would like to have you change your mind and come and visit us and I am sorry you can't come Al.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, December 27.

OLD PAL: I guess all these lefthanders is alike though I thought this Allen had some sense. I thought he was different from the most and was not no rummy but they are all alike Al and they are all lucky that somebody don't hit them over the head with a ax and kill them but I guess at that you could not hurt no lefthanders by hitting them over the head. We was all down on State St. the day before Xmas and the girls was all tired out and ready to go home but Allen says No I guess we better stick down a while because now the crowds is out and it will be fun to watch them. So we walked up and down State St. about a hour longer and finally we come in front of a big jewlry store window and in it was a swell dimond ring that was marked $100. It was a ladies' ring so Marie says to Allen Why don't you buy that for me? And Allen says Do you really want it? And she says she did.

So we tells the girls to wait and we goes over to a saloon where Allen has got a friend and gets a check cashed and we come back and he bought the ring. Then Florrie looks like as though she was getting all ready to cry and I asked her what was the matter and she says I had not boughten her no ring not even when we was engaged. So I and Allen goes back to the saloon and I gets a check cashed and we come back and bought another ring but I did not think the ring Allen had boughten was worth no $100 so I gets one for $75. Now Al you know I am not makeing no kick on spending a little money for a present for my own wife but I had allready boughten her a rist watch for $15 and a rist watch was just what she had wanted. I was willing to give her the ring if she had not of wanted the rist watch more than the ring but when I give her the ring I kept the rist watch and did not tell her nothing about it.

She Bawled Something Awful

Well I come downtown alone the day after Xmas and they would not take the rist watch back in the store where I got it. So I am going to give it to her for a New Year's present and I guess that will make Allen feel like a dirty doose. But I guess you cannot hurt no lefthander's feelings at that. They are all alike. But Allen has not got nothing but a dinky curve ball and a fast ball that looks like my slow one. If Comiskey was not good-hearted he would of sold him long ago.

I sent you and Bertha a cut-glass dish Al which was the best I could get for the money and it was pretty high pricet at that. We was glad to get the pretty pincushions from you and Bertha and Florrie says to tell you that we are well supplied with pincushions now because the ones you sent makes a even half dozen. Thanks Al for remembering us and thank Bertha too though I guess you paid for them.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Januery 3.

OLD PAL: Al I been pretty sick ever since New Year's eve. We had a table at 1 of the swell resturunts downtown and I never seen so much wine drank in my life. I would rather of had beer but they would not sell us none so I found out that they was a certain kind that you can get for $1 a bottle and it is just as good as the kind that has got all them fancy names but this lefthander starts ordering some other kind about 11 oclock and it was $5 a bottle and the girls both says they liked it better. I could not see a hole lot of difference myself and I would of gave $0.20 for a big stine of my kind of beer. You know me Al. Well Al you know they is not nobody that can drink more than your old pal and I was all O. K. at one oclock but I seen the girls was getting kind of sleepy so I says we better go home.

Then Marie says Oh, shut up and don't be no quiter. I says You better shut up yourself and not be telling me to shut up, and she says What will you do if I don't shut up? And I says I would bust her in the jaw. But you know Al I would not think of busting no girl. Then Florrie says You better not start nothing because you had to much to drink or you would not be talking about busting girls in the jaw. Then I says I don't care if it is a girl I bust

I Did Not Mean Nothing at All Al But Marie Says I Had Insulted Allen

or a lefthander. I did not mean nothing at all Al but Marie says I had insulted Allen and he gets up and slaps my face. Well Al I am not going to stand that from nobody not even if he is my brother-in-law and a lefthander that has not got enough speed to brake a pain of glass.

So I give him a good beating and the waiters butts in and puts us all out for fighting and I and Florrie comes home in a taxi and Allen and his wife don't get in till about 5 oclock so I guess she must of had to of took him to a doctor to get fixed up. I been in bed ever since till just this morning kind of sick to my stumach. I guess I must of eat something that did not agree with me. Allen come over after breakfast this morning and asked me was I all right so I guess he is not sore over the beating I give him or else he wants to make friends because he has saw that I am a bad guy to monkey with.

Florrie tells me a little while ago that she paid the hole bill at the resturunt with my money because Allen was broke so you see what kind of a cheap skate he is Al and some day I am going to bust his jaw. She won't tell me how much the bill was and I won't ask her to no more because we had a good time outside of the fight and what do I care if we spent a little money?

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Januery 20.

FRIEND AL: Allen and his wife have gave up the flat across the hall from us and come over to live with us because we got a spair bedroom and why should they not have the bennifit of it? But it is pretty hard for the girls to have to cook and do the work when they is four of us so I have a hired girl who does it all for $7 a week. It is great stuff Al because now we can go round as we please and don't have to wait for no dishes to be washed or nothing. We generally almost always has dinner downtown in the evening so it is pretty soft for the girl too. She don't generally have no more than one meal to get because we generally run round downtown till late and don't get up till about noon.

That sounds funny don't it Al, when I used to get up at 5 every morning down home. Well Al I can tell you somethung else that may sound funny and that is that I lost my taste for beer. I don't seem to care for it no more and I found I can stand allmost as many drinks of other stuff as I could of beer. I guess Al they is not nobody ever lived can drink more and stand up better under it than me. I make the girls and Allen quit every night.

I only got just time to write you this short note because Florrie and Marie is giving a big party to-night and I and Allen have got to beat it out of the house and stay out of the way till they get things ready. It is Marie's berthday and she says she is 22 but say Al if she is 22 Kid Gleason is 30. Well Al the girls says we must blow so I will run out and mail this letter.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Januery 31.

AL: Allen is going to take Marie with him on the training trip to California and of course Florrie has been at me to take her along. I told her postivly that she can't go. I can't afford no stunt like that but still I am up against it to know what to do with her while we are on the trip because Marie won't be here to stay with her. I don't like to leave her here all alone but they is nothing to it Al I can't afford to take her along. She says I don't see why you can't take me if Allen takes Marie. And I says That stuff is all O. K. for Allen because him and Marie has been grafting off of us all winter. And then she gets mad and tells me I should not ought to say her sister was no grafter. I did not mean nothing like that Al but you don't never know when a woman is going to take offense.

If our furniture was down in Bedford everything would be all O. K. because then I could leave her there and I would feel all O. K. because I would know that you and Bertha would see that she was getting along O. K. But they would not be no sense in sending her down to a house that has not no furniture in it. I wish I knowed somewheres where she could visit Al. I would be willing to pay her bord even.

Well Al enough for this time.

Your old pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 4.

FRIEND AL: You are a real old pal Al and I certainly am greatful to you for the invatation. I have not told Florrie about it yet but I am sure she will be tickled to death and it is certainly kind of you old pal. I did not never dream of nothing like that. I note what you say Al about not excepting no bord but I think it would be better and I would feel better if you would take something say about $2 a week

I know Bertha will like Florrie and that they will get along O. K. together because Florrie can learn her how to make her cloths look good and fix her hair and fix up her face. I feel like as if you had took a big load off of me Al and I won't never forget it.

If you don't think I should pay no bord for Florrie all right. Suit yourself about that old pal.

We are leaveing here the 20 of Febuery and if you don't mind I will bring Florrie down to you about the 18. I would like to see all the old bunch again and spesially you and Bertha. Yours, JACK.

P. S. We will only be away till April 14 and that is just a nice visit. I wish we did not have no flat on our hands.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 9.

OLD PAL: I want to thank you for asking Florrie to come down there and visit you Al but I find she can't get away. I did not know she had no engagements but she says she may go down to her folks in Texas and she don't want to say that she will come to visit you when it is so indefanate. So thank you just the same Al and thank Bertha too.

Florrie is still at me to take her along to California but honest Al I can't do it. I am right down to my last $50 and I have not payed no rent for this month. I owe the hired girl 2 weeks' salery and both I and Florrie needs some new cloths.

Florrie has just came in since I started writeing this letter and we have been talking some more about California and she says maybe if I would ask Comiskey he would take her along as the club's guest. I had not never thought of that Al and maybe he would because he is a pretty good scout and I guess I will go and see him about it. The league has its skedule meeting here to-morrow and maybe I can see him down to the hotel where they meet at. I am so worried Al that I can't write no more but I will tell you how I come out with Comiskey.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 11.

FRIEND AL: I am up against it right Al and I don't know where I am going to head in at. I went down to the hotel where the league was holding its skedule meeting at and I seen Comiskey and got some money off of the club but I owe all the money I got off of them and I am still wondering what to do about Florrie.

Comiskey was busy in the meeting when I went down there and they was not no chance to see him for a while so I and Allen and some of the boys hung round and had a few drinks and fanned. This here Joe Hill the busher that Detroit has got that Violet is hooked up to was round the hotel. I don't know what for but I felt like busting his jaw only the boys told me I had better not do nothing because I might kill him and any way he probily won't be in the league much longer. Well finally Comiskey got threw the meeting and I seen him and he says Hello young man what can I do for you? And I says I would like to get $100 advance money. He says Have you been takeing care of yourself down in Bedford? And I told him I had been liveing here all winter and it did not seem to make no hit with him though I don't see what business it is of hisn where I live.

So I says I had been takeing good care of myself. And I have Al. You know that. So he says I should come to the ball park the next day which is to-day and he would have the secretary take care of me but I says I could not wait and so he give me $100 out of his pocket and says he would have it charged against my salery. I was just going to brace him about the California trip when he got away and went back to the meeting.

Well Al I hung round with the bunch waiting for him to get threw again and we had some more drinks and finally Comiskey was threw again and I braced him in the lobby and asked him if it was all right to take my wife along to California. He says Sure they would be glad to have her along. And then I says Would the club pay her fair? He says I guess you must of spent that $100 buying some nerve. He says Have you not got no sisters that would like to go along to? He says Does your wife insist on the drawing room or will she take a lower birth? He says Is my special train good enough for her?

Then he turns away from me and I guess some of the boys must of heard the stuff he pulled because they was laughing when he went away but I did not see nothing to laugh at. But I guess he ment that I would have to pay her fair if she goes along and that is out of the question Al. I am up against it and I don't know where I am going to head in at. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 12.

DEAR OLD AL: I guess everything will be all O. K. now at least I am hopeing it will. When I told Florrie about how I come out with Comiskey she bawled her head off and I thought for a while I was going to have to call a doctor or something but pretty soon she cut it out and we sat there a while without saying nothing. Then she says If you could get your salery razed a couple hundred dollars a year would you borrow the money ahead somewheres and take me along to California? I says Yes I would if I could get a couple hundred dollars more salery but how could I do that when I had signed a contract for $2800 last fall allready? She says Don't you think you are worth more than $2800? And I says Yes of course I was worth more than $2800. She says Well if you will go and talk the right way to Comiskey I believe he will give you $3000 but you must be sure you go at it the right way and don't go and ball it all up.

Well we argude about it a while because I don't want to hold nobody up Al but finally I says I would. It would not be holding nobody up anyway because I am worth $3000 to the club if I am worth a nichol. The papers is all saying that the club has got a good chance to win the pennant this year and talking about the pitching staff and I guess they would not be no pitching staff much if it was not for I and one or two others—about one other I guess.

So it looks like as if everything will be all O. K. now Al. I am going to the office over to the park to see him the first thing in the morning and I am pretty sure that I will get what I am after because if I do not he will see that I am going to quit and then he will see what he is up against and not let me get away.

I will let you know how I come out.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 14.

FRIEND AL: Al old pal I have got a big supprise for you. I am going to the Federal League. I had a run in with Comiskey yesterday and I guess I told him a thing or 2. I guess he would of been glad to sign me at my own figure before I got threw but I was so mad I would not give him no chance to offer me another contract.

I got out to the park at 9 oclock yesterday morning and it was a hour before he showed up and then he kept me waiting another hour so I was pretty sore when I finally went in to see him. He says Well young man what can I do for you? I says I come to see about my contract. He says Do you want to sign up for next year all ready? I says No I am talking about this year. He says I thought I and you talked business last fall. And I says Yes but now I think I am worth more money and I want to sign a contract for $3000. He says If you behave yourself and work good this year I will see that you are took care of. But I says That won't do because I have got to be sure I am going to get $3000.

Then he says I am not sure you are going to get anything. I says What do you mean? And he says I have gave you a very fare contract and if you don't want to live up to it that is your own business. So I give him a awful call Al and told him I would jump to the Federal League. He says Oh, I would not do that if I was you. They are haveing a hard enough time as it is. So I says something back to him and he did not say nothing to me and I beat it out of the office.

I have not told Florrie about the Federal League business yet as I am going to give her a big supprise. I bet they will take her along with me on the training trip and pay her fair but even if they don't I should not worry because I will make them give me a contract for $4000 a year and then I can afford to take her with me on all the trips.

I will go down and see Tinker to-morrow morning and I will write you to-morrow night Al how much salery they are going to give me. But I won't sign for no less than $4000. You know me Al. Yours, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 15.

OLD PAL: It is pretty near midnight Al but I been to bed a couple of times and I can't get no sleep. I am worried to death Al and I don't know where I am going to head in at. Maybe I will go out and buy a gun Al and

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I Had Run in to Some Fans That Knowed Who I Was and Would Not Let Me Get Away

The Gay and Festive Claverhouse

XI

By Anne Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

LADY WYTHE and her daughter clung together in the hall, whither they had flown after the scene in the dining room. They were both very much disturbed. The only reason Lady Wythe did not use the expression "this is the limit" was that she had never heard it and she was not clever enough to invent it. All she could say was: "Extraordinary! Most extraordinary!"

Madeleine said nothing. For her it was a matter that had gone beyond words. She just sobbed softly and thought unutterable things, especially regarding Miss Bawle-Derry. And then Parkins appeared with coffee on a tray.

"Is—is he still shaking?" asked Lady Wythe in a small voice.

"He—he's gone, your ladyship."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"He must have come this way, my lady."

"But he didn't. It's quite certain he didn't."

The butler looked abashed. "Had a window been lifted I must have heard it, my lady. I was in the pantry but a moment and he certainly didn't come that way."

Miss Wythe hastily wiped her eyes and hazarded a suggestion.

"Did you look under the table, Parkins?" she asked.

"Yes, miss. I thought myself as he might have shook himself out of his chair."

"Extraordinary!" repeated Lady Wythe. "How does he do it?"

"I really can't say, your ladyship," returned the butler. "I never did see such a hocus-pocus outside a Christmas pantomime, my lady."

My lady sat on the cushioned chimney-seat and accepted a cup of coffee into which Parkins dropped one lump of sugar. Madeleine, who chose a seat opposite to her, took two lumps.

"If you think, my lady, we had better ——" the butler began. But Lady Wythe cut him short.

"No, Parkins," she said firmly; "you needn't search for him. I will not again have the house turned upside down. It only encourages him."

Madeleine's swimming eyes sent forth a protest, but her mother paid no heed to it. On the contrary she dismissed the subject and inquired why Conrad had gone to the railway station.

"To take Mrs. Watson, my lady."

"Still, I don't see why the chauffeur could not have taken her alone. Did Mrs. Watson leave or was she dismissed?"

"She left, my lady. It was his going to the garden party as was the last straw, your ladyship. She said it was no use for her to remain with a patient that wouldn't obey orders. Mr. Claverhouse was never about at medicine-time, your ladyship."

"Has a new nurse been sent for?"

"I fancy, my lady, a new doctor's been sent for."

In her agitation over this announcement Lady Wythe spilled a drop of coffee. "Impossible!" she exclaimed. "He can't have dismissed Sir William!"

"If I didn't misunderstand, your ladyship, Conrad was to fetch the new doctor from the down train."

When Parkins had withdrawn, Madeleine, stimulated to effort by the coffee, inquired: "Where could Ernest have gone?"

"I haven't the faintest idea and I haven't the faintest desire to know," replied her mother crisply. "If I could be quite sure of never seeing him again it would make me inexpressibly happy. Never, until tonight, did I half realize what a thoroughly impossible creature the man is. If you ever forgive him for the insult he has offered us both you are no daughter of mine."

While Madeleine's brain told her that her mother was eminently right, her heart echoed an altogether different message. Unhappy as she was, she still loved, worshiped and adored this scapegrace cousin. Had she required any further evidence of her unfaltering sentiment, it was to be found now in the scorching, searing jealousy that tortured her to agony. Cruel, murderous impulses swept over her every time she recalled the rector's daughter. She did not stop to question, but she was convinced that Miss Bawle-Derry had exerted some uncanny, witchlike influence, some potent love-charm, to cause Ernest to do what he did.

Every word of that interview she had had with him in his rooms in London was indelibly fixed in her memory, and especially so were those sentences: "Quiet and rest might do something for me; and it's just possible I might marry a woman who could keep me alive from day to day by administering them sweetly and conscientiously. I don't say that I would; but I might."

Just how earnestly she had desired to keep him alive by this method and so win the possible reward only she herself knew. But after arranging for the taking of Yewstones and getting him there he had given her no chance whatever. In fact he had scarcely allowed her to see him. On the other hand he had chosen to spend most of both morning and afternoon with Hermione Bawle-Derry. It was not by any means "quiet and rest" which she had administered, yet he had actually asked her to marry him. The cruelty of it cut Madeleine to the quick. It should have inspired in her a bitter, vindictive hatred of the man. But it hadn't. Indeed it seemed that he had become only the more desirable because of the competition. It was mortifying to think that this—to her—wholly unattractive little creature should have been able to snap him up, so to speak, from under her very nose. Had the Bawle-Derry girl been a really beautiful, fascinating woman, a worthy rival, the sting would have been lessened.

This Then Was the Sort of Man to Whom She Had Given Her Heart

But that which pained her more even than his wanton perfidy—for she did blame the horrid little minx of the rectory for that more than she did him—was his utter disregard for his health. He had come to Yewstones ostensibly for rest and quiet, and he had been on the rampage ever since he arrived. And now she had just learned that his nurse had left him because of her inability to administer the prescribed remedies of Sir William. More than that, he had gone so far as to throw Sir William over and engage another physician, one less stern, probably, who would, in his efforts to please his patient, be more amenable to his whims. It looked to her as if Ernest were actually bent on killing himself in the shortest possible time. At his present pace he would not live to marry any one.

But what could she do? That was the great, preponderant, vital question. In it duty and desire were linked. By some means, even against his own wishes, she must keep him alive. Even though it be to become the husband of that Bawle-Derry girl, he must be spared. Her mother's threat had no terrors for her. From infancy she had always had her own way with this fond parent whom she could wrap round her finger. In this respect she was more like an American daughter than the usual English one. But what could she do?

Doubtless a high fever would follow the terrific chill that had made a travesty of their first dinner together here at Yewstones. Then the new doctor would order Claverhouse to bed. The fever would weaken him. Learning of his tendency to mystifying disappearances the new doctor would probably have him watched, that he might not incur the danger of getting up and thus exerting himself unduly. In this case she would obtain permission to sit with him, to read to him. Incidentally she would endeavor with all tact to arouse him to a sense of his ingratitude to her mother and herself. She would show him the inconveniences they had put themselves to purely for his sake, and how inadequate had been his recompense.

After a little she bade her mother good night, went to her own room, exchanged her stained dinner gown for a negligée, took up a book and tried to read. But her problem was of far more interest than the novel; and after several attempts she put the volume back on her table and resigned herself to her thoughts.

It was long after ten o'clock and Conrad had not returned. The new doctor had probably missed his train, and the valet and car were evidently waiting for the later one. Meanwhile, what could have become of Ernest? Her mother had forbidden a search to be made for him. Was it not possible that, in spite of Parkins' well-meant assurance, he had managed to raise a window and escape from it into the grounds? Possibly the fever had ensued suddenly. Burning, he had sought the cool air. Dementia may have followed and, delirious, he might now be roaming the night. Or could it be, as happened twenty-four hours ago when he was being looked for everywhere, he had managed in some perplexing manner to reach his own rooms and was already fast asleep?

She would ring for her maid and have Parkins go and make sure. But when she had risen and her hand was on the old-fashioned bellcord she hesitated. Why reveal her anxiety, her sentiments, to the servants? There was no one in that other wing of the old manorhouse. She would go herself and none would ever be any the wiser.

Quietly she slipped through her door, ran lightly along the stone passages, with her hand shielding from sudden drafts the flame of the candle she carried. Now she descended a few steps, now she climbed a short flight, coming out at length on the wide corridor from which the suite of their guest opened.

It was very still, absolutely deserted. Through a high and deep-mullioned, diamond-paned window the moon flung a ghastly patch of pale greenish light. It lay across the floor and rose midway up the door of Ernest's rooms. Thus, even before she reached it, she could see that it was partially ajar and that there was no light within. But this outer room was his sitting room. His chamber and dressing room lay beyond it.

Unhesitating, she pushed the door wider and entered, and holding her candle high above her head glanced searchingly about. There was no one there. But if the glance did not reveal the sought-for gentleman it was not without its revelations. There had been some striking changes in the room since she made sure it was in order for their guest on the previous afternoon. It had been decorated. On tables, atop of bookcases, everywhere, there were photographs of all sizes—photographs of women. One after another, aided by her flickering candle, she examined. They were the likenesses of actresses and professional beauties. Many of them she recognized. Many of them were autographed. "To Ernie, with fondest love, from Flossie." That was how one of them read. Another was: "For my own dear," and it was signed "Olga." Of the woman there pictured there were many duplicates in varying poses and costumes. She was evidently foreign—Russian, to judge by the name. And she was very lovely, with fair skin, jetty waving hair and slumbrous dark eyes. And her figure, studiously revealed, was that of a Venus.

In the rage that swept suddenly over her she was tempted to tear them all, one after another, into small bits. This then was the sort of man to whom she had given her heart. She had heard stories of him, of his flirtations, his affairs; but she had never believed the half of them. Even had they all been true, she would have been willing to forget them and forgive him for the love she bore him. But this was another matter. In bringing these photographs of his sweethearts—especially this brazen one—into her home,

where she had so gladly agreed to sacrifice her time and other interests to nursing him back to health and strength, he had offered her an insult that dwarfed all the other forgivable insults that had gone before. Of course she had not been meant to see these damning evidences of his wicked, wayward life. Nevertheless he had taken the chance of her seeing them. And they were no secret from his valet, from Parkins, even from the chambermaids that did his rooms. The humiliation was terrible. But if she destroyed the photographs it would be to make that humiliation a thousand times worse. The servants would know that she knew. And so, though her fingers itched to rend them, she put each back in its place, unscathed.

But whether or not Claverhouse lay sleeping in his bedchamber a yard away, beyond that closed door, or roaming the grounds, fever-stricken and perhaps delirious, she no longer cared. In fact she had come to her mother's point of view. She wished that she might never see him again. Or for the moment thought she did. At the next a revulsion swept her, as overpowering as a whirlwind. For against the grim silence, emanating from some corner of the dark near at hand, broke a groan of agony, long, deep and bloodcurdling.

Claverhouse and the Doctor Lunched and Dined Together

XII

THROUGH the startled girl there shot a pang of withering self-reproach. The man she loved—the only man in all the world that she had ever cared a straw about—was in torment, and she had been about to desert him in his extremity. On the candlestick, which had nearly slipped from her nerveless fingers in the first shock of surprise, she gained a fresh grip, and gathering up the trailing skirt of her negligée fairly scurried across the floor to the closed door of the bedchamber. This, without pausing to knock, she unlatched and pushed open, only to find the room as empty as the other. Without question then the groan must have come from the dressing room beyond. But this, too, she found vacant, and paused, puzzled and confused, a single step over the threshold. And then, as she tried to remarshal her wits, to fathom the mystery of that chilling vociferation of mortal agony which had seemed almost beside her, the light of her candle fell on an outstretched riot of color that lay across a chair between the wardrobe and a chest of drawers. It was Claverhouse's flame-colored dressing gown.

This made it very sure at least that he had in some way regained his rooms after that awful dinner. But the bed in the next room had not been touched. The discovery opened up a fresh chain of questioning. But hardly had she passed from one link to another when, more awful, more desperately melancholy and gruesome than before, the groan was repeated. This time she shook with the terror that it inspired; and this time her candlestick dropped clattering to the floor and her light was extinguished. A darkness so dense and black as to seem palpable enfolded her; and the contrasting silence following was an awesome, dreadful thing of itself.

How she ever managed to make her way blindly, in cold, quaking fear, through the suite to the corridor Madeleine Wythe never quite understood. She did accomplish it, however, for it was in the moonlight filtering through the great window that Parkins, endeavoring to locate the unearthly sounds that had echoed through the old manor-house from rooftree to cellars, found her stretched in a dead faint on the stone flagging. Unaided he had carried her back to her own rooms and then summoned her mother.

Madeleine was a long time coming round; and when she did so her panic was still upon her. Not for hours after was she calm enough to tell in rational sentences the full story of her adventure; and then only to her mother. Should the servants get so much as a whisper it would probably mean desertion. For Madeleine had seen the Yewstones ghost.

"After that second groan," she said, "I don't remember a thing until I was back in the corridor once more. The glare of the moon shining through the mullions and the leaded glass was never so grateful. The dark had seemed suffocating, you know. I remember taking one good long breath and turning for a fresh flight, and then—oh, mamma; fancy!—It—It was barring my way: a great, tall thing in armor which gave out a pale, flickering light all its own against the blackness of the corridor beyond. And in that one second I looked It raised Its visor, and—oh, think of it, mamma!—there was a skull beneath; a grinning, fleshless skull!"

But now that her daughter seemed quite herself again Lady Wythe was far from sympathetic. She even told her she was glad she had been so thoroughly frightened. It was nothing more than she deserved for her disobedience. Had she not told her that she must cut Claverhouse out of her books forever?

"As for the ghost," she added, "I don't believe a word of it. Purely your imagination, you silly child."

"But you say Parkins heard the groans."

"The wind in the battlements. Nothing else."

Madeleine, however, knew better. No wind ever made such uncanny sounds as those that had affrighted her that night. And the ghost was a real ghost, if there ever was such a thing; and she was sure there was.

It was now after midnight.

"Has the doctor come yet?" the girl asked.

"Not yet. Conrad telephoned from the station that there had been an accident on the line and that the down train would probably not be in before two o'clock."

"And—and Ernest?" she asked falteringly.

"I know nothing of him. I don't want to hear his name. I seem to have been in a nightmare ever since he arrived."

"But if the doctor should come and find no patient?"

"That is no concern of mine or yours. We didn't send for the doctor, did we? Besides, what difference will it make to him? He is a quack, I daresay. Fancy that fool dismissing Sir William! Why, he has been the family's physician for three generations. He knows us all through and through. If he told Claverhouse he's doomed then he is, you may depend on it, and no doctor in the world can save him." Lady Wythe's anger had in nowise cooled.

"You are very, very cruel to him," her daughter declared. "He is dying, you say, and yet you have no sympathy."

"Sympathy's thrown away on him. Think what we have done for him; and how he repays it. I never in my life encountered such graceless ingratitude."

Madeleine turned her head on her pillow and lifted her eyes to the ceiling. "I love him," she murmured softly.

Both ladies passed a wretched night. They were too nervously overwrought to sleep soundly. From their light slumber the slightest sound brought them to a sitting posture in their beds, staring and wide awake. They heard the clocks strike every hour. At intervals the unearthly groans, which Lady Wythe persisted in attributing to the wind, echoed now from one quarter of the ancient building and now from another. And at each repetition Madeleine buried her head beneath the bedclothes and quivered with convulsive terror.

Just before three o'clock the clamor of the motor car rose to them from the drive beneath their windows. They heard the great hall door swing open with a plaint from its rusted hinges. This was followed by the sound of voices. They recognized Conrad's. Yes; and Parkins'. Faithful Parkins was still up to receive the visitor. They strained their ears to catch the accents of the new doctor. But if he spoke at all it was in a tone too low to carry.

And then Madeleine gave a little delighted cry, which reached her mother through the open door of their connecting suites. She had recognized the voice of Claverhouse. Lady Wythe had thought she heard it, but was not sure until this happy outburst of her obstinate daughter confirmed it. Still she made no comment. She had hoped to be justified in shipping the young man back to London this very day; but the turn of events had made it impossible. Earnestly she prayed that this consummation might not be much longer delayed.

"Another day and night like these," muttered Lady Wythe, "and I shall lose my reason."

Once more the sleepless butler appeared with the maid who brought her ladyship's early tea. It struck Lady Wythe that he had aged years in the past thirty-six hours. From the bottom of her heart she was sorry for him.

"I thought, my lady, that you'd like to know at once that Mr. Claverhouse is back," he announced.

Lady Wythe nodded. "I understood so," she said. "He was on the porch to receive his physician. I heard his voice."

"Yes, your ladyship. Appeared as sudden as a jack-in-the-box. And dressed, my lady! Quite immaculately dressed in his evening clothes, even to a gardenia in his buttonhole, my lady." The butler apparently was still experiencing the surprise of that moment.

Lady Wythe's teacup rattled against her saucer. She was on the verge of saying: "And he was too ill to dress for dinner"; but she managed to hold her peace.

"The—the doctor, Parkins? Tell me, what sort of a looking gentleman is he?" she asked; yet with an assumption of indifference in her tone.

Parkins hesitated for just the shade of an instant. He would have preferred to have had her ladyship's nerves reënforced by some more of the cup she held before he answered. But she was waiting.

"He isn't a gentleman, my lady," he flung at length.

Lady Wythe smiled with some satisfaction. "I am not surprised," she said calmly. "I expected as much. A common, money-grubbing charlatan, I dare say. Not at all a gentleman—eh, Parkins?"

She had misunderstood him. She was making it harder for herself. There was no getting out of it. He must let her have the unequivocal truth.

"No, my lady. Not at all a gentleman. Not a man, your ladyship—a lady. A very 'andsome, showy lady, my lady. If you'll pardon me, your ladyship, I never saw a 'andsomer."

He had spoken very rapidly, and an *h* or two had gone by the board in consequence. But the blow had told as he expected it would. Lady Wythe's cup and saucer dropped to the satin coverlet, the tea running in little rivulets down the sides of the hillock made by her upraised knees. Her ladyship had gone very pale.

XIII

BREAKFAST at Yewstones was very late that morning. A heavy September rain was falling, and a depressing dreariness and gloom enveloped the chill old place. Lady Wythe was particularly wretched. After her second bad night she was quite exhausted; and the knowledge that the quiet, mild and harmless nurse, Mrs. Watson, had been succeeded by a woman physician—a handsome, showy woman physician at that—who was evidently to be doctor and nurse in one, was not calculated to restore her to happy energy. Indeed this latest turn of affairs struck her as decidedly irregular. She had not spoken of it to her daughter, and she was in doubt as to whether Madeleine had overheard and knew. For she had given no sign.

Claverhouse did not appear at breakfast, and Conrad reported him as sleeping. But in the midst of the meal there was an interruption.

"The Rev. Mr. Bawle-Derry!" announced the butler.

Lady Wythe was just cracking her second egg.

"Ask him to wait in the drawing room, Parkins," she directed.

"If I might suggest, my lady," that functionary returned, "I'd propose the hall or the library. He's very muddy, your ladyship."

"Very well. The library then, Parkins."

Madeleine bent her fair head in silence over the slice of ham she was cutting. She had expected this call. Evidently the rector had come to protest about Ernest. Already she could fancy him saying that a madman should not be allowed to roam the countryside unattended; that he should be kept under restraint. And Lady Wythe, thinking much the same thoughts, went presently with reluctant steps to the interview she loathed.

As she neared the door of the library she came abruptly to a halt. The rector was speaking. Very distinctly she heard him say:

"You must pardon, my dear lady, this unconventional call at this most unconventional hour. But I have a service this afternoon, and I felt that the matter in hand should not be postponed. You will forgive me, I am sure, for saying that I was hardly prepared to find in you, Lady Wythe, so young and so beautiful a woman."

The next instant her ladyship's rigid and indignant figure was framing itself in the library doorway. Mr. Bawle-Derry's lean, mutton-chop-whiskered face wore a silly, simpering smile of combined admiration and ingratiation. His hand still clung tenaciously to that of the room's other occupant—a foreign-appearing woman in an ultra smart morning gown; a woman of dead-white skin, contrastingly red lips, dusky, velvety eyes and masses of shining black hair.

Neither of them was conscious of Lady Wythe's presence. The woman, to do her credit, was protesting now volubly in a tongue that my lady could neither understand nor recognize, and at which the rector had started back in manifest confusion.

It was then that Lady Wythe moved majestically forward. She bowed to the Rev. Mr. Bawle-Derry with icy coldness. Upon the other she turned a stony but questioning countenance.

"Madame," she demanded in inflexible tones, "explain your presence here!"

But madame's splendid shoulders rose a trifle, her beautiful head shook an animated negative. As plainly as though she had spoken they said she did not understand. Then Lady Wythe pointed commandingly toward the door.

"Go!" It was like a muffled explosion. In her rage her voice had failed her treacherously.

But with what incomparable grace the intruder obeyed! Her every movement was a poem. The rector's eyes followed her entranced.

Lady Wythe recalled him with a wrench.

"That impossible person!" she exclaimed. "Fancy her here!"

"Impossible, indeed, my dear Lady Wythe," echoed Mr. Bawle-Derry. "I saw that at a glance. I couldn't at all reconcile her with what I know of your excellent family, Lady Wythe."

Having seen and heard what she had, she was tempted to slap his face and pull his gray side whiskers, but she managed to dissemble.

"I fancy she must be visiting one of my maids," she prevaricated. "Certainly I never laid eyes on her before. But pray be seated, Mr. Bawle-Derry."

Having found a chair he apologized for his appearance. He had ridden over and the roads were a mire. He apologized for the unseemly hour in precisely the same words he had addressed to the foreign creature. But he omitted the compliment he had paid the other, and Lady Wythe's antipathy for him redoubled.

"I felt I must learn if dear Mr. Claverhouse suffered any ill effects from his wetting yesterday. It was most unfortunate and we were all horribly distressed and anxious—my daughter especially."

"Mr. Claverhouse, I believe, is much the same as usual," answered her ladyship unbendingly.

"I am delighted to hear it. You have taken a great load off my mind. You have really, my dear lady. Hermione, too, will be infinitely relieved." He paused for some response; but getting none, went on: "A very charming gentleman, your nephew, Lady Wythe. We have all fallen quite in love with him. I don't know when I have met a young man who is so generally agreeable. Every one at our little garden party, young and old alike, was simply infatuated by him. His indisposition is not really serious?"

Lady Wythe's teeth gritted. Had her caller not been a trifle deaf he must have heard them.

"Sir William Denby tells us he is doomed." She spoke bluntly, without a tinge of regret or sympathy in her tone.

The rector was visibly shocked. "Impossible!" he murmured. "He appears the picture of health. And he is so active; so light-hearted."

His hostess refrained from comment. "And Mr. Squiller?" she asked. "I understand he went into the fountain as well. He did not take cold, I hope."

"Oh, dear, no. But had not Mr. Claverhouse saved him he might have drowned. He was entangled in the water weeds. You see he was reaching for a floating tennis ball and lost his balance. Mr. Claverhouse plunged after him instantly. It was quite heroic—quite."

"I—I didn't quite understand," said her ladyship simply. She was wondering how much further the Honorable Ernest had embroidered the actualities in his narration.

"Poor Squiller!" the visitor commiserated. "He is such a fool! No less than six times he has asked me for my daughter's hand in marriage; but we could never think of it. He hasn't two farthings to rub together. And as for dear Hermione, sweet child, he is—again and again she has confessed it—absolutely repulsive to her. And I am glad of it. One can never count on a girl's tastes, you know, my dear lady. Now with Mr. Claverhouse she is just the reverse. She thinks him exceedingly attractive."

"Unfortunately she is not the only one," Lady Wythe cut back. "All women fall in love with him on first acquaintance. But—I am sorry to have to say it, Mr. Bawle-Derry—he does not wear well. He is so entirely selfish, and—and—irresponsible ——" The rector attempted to edge in a protest, but she had not finished. "Extravagant too," she added. "His debts are mountain high."

When the clergyman had gone and she was alone again she wondered why she had thus crushed what was regarded at the rectory at least as a budding romance. Certainly nothing could better serve her own purposes than the arrangement of a marriage between her nephew and Miss Bawle-Derry. That must, once for all, put Madeleine out of danger and leave the way clear for Vivian Beck. And seeking an answer, she found it in the fable of the dog in the manger. Though bitterly opposed to Claverhouse as a son-in-law, she could not entertain for a moment the idea of permitting the Bawle-Derrys the smug satisfaction of having carried off such a prize from under the noses of herself and her daughter.

And now she was more than ever annoyed at the subject of it all for having put her in a position requiring such a humiliating choice.

XIV

LADY WYTHE was in the hall a little later when Claverhouse, very smart and dapper in a morning suit of light homespun, tripped gayly down the broad staircase.

"'Morning, Claudia!" The greeting was exasperatingly cheerful. "Beastly bad day, isn't it?"

Lady Wythe's lips were drawn to a straight line and an undeniable frown wrinkled her fair brow.

"There hasn't been a moment that wasn't 'beastly,' as you put it, since you came to Yewstones," was her incisively uncivil reply.

"Thank you, my dear," he rejoined, smiling with unctuous pleasure. "I'm glad you appreciate my efforts. Rather ingenious some of them, eh? Still, it occurs to me that you are hardly doing your share." He had turned his back to the great fireplace and was lighting a cigarette. "You seem to have overlooked certain elements of the agreement we entered into that day in Jermyn Street. It wasn't clubby to be so beastly rude to Doctor Pushkin."

"Doctor Fiddlesticks!" she snapped back. "I consider that you have grossly abused my hospitality; and you may as well know first as last that I shall not permit that woman to remain under this roof."

Claverhouse's expression became woundedly reproachful. "Why, Claudia!" he chided. "You wouldn't turn her out on such a day as this, I'm sure. It wouldn't be Christian."

"She's no more a doctor than I am."

"She is the leading woman in her profession," he declared. "I give you my word. And there's not a male practitioner in all England that can touch her."

"Is she deaf and dumb or what?" Lady Wythe demanded, forgetting and then suddenly remembering that she had heard her use some strangely unintelligible language.

"She is Russian. She speaks no other tongue. Conrad is part Russian, too, and I—well, I have a smattering."

"Then tell her to keep out of the library," her ladyship commanded. "Tell her not to let me see her again. She must keep to the other wing."

"But I asked her to go to the library myself. Conrad was busy. I wanted a book. Any book of poetry. I told her in which case she would find the poets."

At this instant Madeleine joined her mother; but Claverhouse kept right on: "I wanted to send it over to the rectory. Hermione told me yesterday that she loved poetry. By the way, have the orchids come yet? I had Conrad wire for them last evening on his way to the railway station. Hermione loves orchids too."

Madeleine winced, and he noted it with satisfaction. She had arrived in the nick of time.

"Madame, Explain Your Presence Here!"

"You had better ask Parkins," said Lady Wythe freezingly. "How on earth should I know what comes for you?"

It was but a minute after this that the butler came and called Lady Wythe away. "May I speak to you for just a moment, my lady?" he asked. And for the first time since his coming Madeleine and her cousin were alone together. She moved over to one of the chimney seats and sat down, and Claverhouse dropped the end of his cigarette among the ashes behind him. Then he turned what was really a very tender gaze upon her. She was looking down just then, but when he spoke she raised her eyes to his handsome face and caught it full.

"I want you to do me a favor," he said.

The tender look was more than she could stand. It had been her intention to appear reproachful; but before she knew it she had answered: "You have only to ask it, Ernest. You must know that."

"Very well. You probably know that my new physician came last night—or early this morning, to be quite exact. Dr. Pushkin is a woman. Women doctors nowadays are not at all unusual. But your mother, for some reason, disapproves. Now, I have great hopes that Doctor Pushkin can be of untold service to me in my present undertaking. I particularly want her to stay. I wish at least to give her treatment a fair trial. But she won't stop here if she is to be treated as a servant. More than once she has been commanded and commended by the Czar of All the Russias. I want you to gain your mother's consent to receive her as she would any guest. I want her with us in the dining hall; and I want her to be welcome to come and go anywhere. Do you understand me?"

"Quite," said Madeleine. "I think mamma is most unreasonable to object. If she were just a nurse it would be different. But ——"

"Exactly!" Claverhouse interrupted. "You see she's not a nurse, really, in any sense. She simply gives directions and Conrad does everything."

"I'll speak to mamma. I am sure I can make her see ——"

"I know you can. You did before, about taking this old place; and this is such a little matter. Madeleine, you are a very good girl. If I had a few more years to live I might get to love you in spite of myself. And remember: Doctor Pushkin, if she is not forced from me, may be able to prolong my life until that time arrives."

Lady Wythe, returning, addressed her guest in a tone that was at once rife with distress and perplexity.

"Something has come for you," she said; "but it can hardly be orchids. There is a motor van at the tradesmen's entrance, piled high with enormous and weighty packing cases and sacks upon sacks of something. I have ordered them put in the old cellar. Whatever the things are, you couldn't use them all if you stopped here for a lifetime."

Claverhouse smiled, sweetly sympathetic. "Who can tell?" he said. "The object is to prolong my life."

"Forbes wants to know if you wish the cases opened."

"Certainly."

"Then you had better send him word."

"I'll go tell him myself. He must be very careful. The contents might go off. The slightest jar sometimes ——"

Lady Wythe's pallor was very sudden. "Ernest!" she called. But already he was out of earshot.

Madeleine sprang up in alarm; but her mother sank gasping into a chair. "Mamma! Mamma, dear! What is it?" the daughter pleaded, bending over her.

Lady Wythe's words came in short, hoarse whispers.

"His heart, isn't it? I see now what he means. They give it for heart trouble. The cases contain nitroglycerin."

Madeleine started back in affright. She required no convincing beyond her mother's panic-stricken face and words; but if she had, that which at that instant occurred would have been more than amply confirmatory.

A deafening detonation seemed to shake the ancient manorhouse to its foundations. A dread and ominous silence supervened; and this, in turn, was succeeded by bloodcurdling, soul-torturing shrieks.

XV

MADELEINE was the first to recover herself. After using her best endeavors to soothe her mother's disturbed tranquillity, she proposed going to investigate the extent of the catastrophe. But this only threw Lady Wythe into a fresh fever of apprehension.

"There may be another explosion at any minute," she feared. "I will not have you risk your life." And she clung wildly to the girl's hand, lest she escape her to meet her death.

She was so clinging, crouched with hunched shoulders to ward off peril, when Claverhouse, unruffled and debonair, came sauntering back.

"Just a minute too late," he began. And then, catching sight of the tableau presented by the two ladies, he cried. "Why, what's up? You look as if ——"

His voice seemed all that was necessary to restore Lady Wythe instantly. She fairly pushed Madeleine aside in getting to her feet; and as she faced her graceless nephew she was the picture of incarnate fury.

"This—this is too much!" she stormed. "It is a mercy that you didn't kill us all, every one, and bring Yewstones crumbling down on our mangled bodies. Certainly I shall refuse to give that deadly stuff houseroom. You must send it back where it came from—and at once. If you desire to risk the few remaining months of your misguided life, God forbid that I should hinder you; but you shall not do it here. You shall not risk mine and my daughter's and my servants'. How—how many were killed by that explosion?" she asked in conclusion.

Claverhouse managed beautifully to control his countenance.

"Really," he answered, with a drawl of indifference that was well-nigh perfect, "I didn't stop to ascertain."

"You—you are positively brutal," her ladyship continued, stamping her foot and flushing as vividly as she had been pallid a few minutes before. "Or—which is perhaps nearer the fact—you are as mad as a March hare. Certainly no sane man would think of bringing tons—yes, actually tons—of nitroglycerin into one's dwelling house."

The young man smiled and composedly twisted an end of his mustache. "Quite right, Claudia," he said. "Quite right. No one short of a raving maniac would do such a fiendishly risky thing. I agree with you thoroughly, for probably the first time in my life."

"Then you admit that you are ——"

(Continued on Page 38)

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XXVIII

THE landslide arrived on schedule time. Dawson was elected, as well as the entire ticket and Democratic legislature. Hicks was one of the first to telegraph his congratulations to Dawson, recounting in the message his own masterly activities in furtherance of that glorious result, and he hastened to Yorkville to congratulate the forthcoming governor personally.

"My dear Dawson," he said, "never in my whole life have I felt a profounder or a deeper joy than at this moment when I am shaking the hand of the man who will be the first Democratic governor our state has had in twenty years—the hand of the man whose election insures the people their rights and liberties."

"Thank you," said Dawson, releasing his hand from Hicks' grasp. "Thank you, Mr. Hicks. I am sincerely grateful for your efforts and your congratulations. I shall not forget."

"I am sure you will not," continued Hicks.

"How is Filkins?" asked Dawson abruptly.

"Why," answered Hicks, "I do not know. I have kept no account of his illness. Better, I trust."

Dawson laughed and turned away.

The result of the campaign had been so interesting that several of the big Eastern newspapers sent their political writers out to Yorkville to see Dawson and to describe and analyze the situation. Hicks met one of these men, Gropher, a Washington correspondent he had known when he was with Senator Paxton, and discussed state politics with him. Hicks knew a great deal, told what he knew and guessed at the rest, and the correspondent was grateful to him for making his task easier. Therefore, when writing of possible candidates for the great offices in the state, Gropher said in his dispatch: "A promising young Democrat is T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown. Mr. Hicks has been his party's candidate for Congress in the Rextown district three times and has been active in local politics. He was a prominent figure at the state convention, was one of the principal Dawson campaigners, is a successful lawyer, and has the backing of Perkins G. Rollins, the old Democratic warhorse of Rextown. When Governor Dawson was nominated it was with Corliss County votes, and Dawson is said to feel very kindly toward his brilliant young supporter. His name will be considered when the important positions are filled."

Of course Gropher knew a lot of this was merely complimentary, but Hicks had been of service to him, had helped him by introducing him to men he wanted to meet, and he had found that what Hicks had told him about conditions was mainly correct. So he reciprocated by saying some nice things about Hicks, moved on and forgot all about it.

Gropher's dispatch was printed in the New York paper for which he wrote, and reprinted on the following morning in the Washington papers as being of general political interest. Mrs. Lester, who had recently returned from Europe, was at Mrs. Lake's for the winter, and Mrs. Lake took the paper up to Mrs. Lester's room.

"Do you remember that Mr. Hicks you used to see here?" Mrs. Lake asked.

"Why, yes," Mrs. Lester replied, "in a way. Occasionally he sends me clippings from the newspapers about his achievements. What's happened to him? Is he married or something?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Lake replied, "but there is a piece about him in the paper this morning that is interesting. It seems he has progressed wonderfully out there."

"Is it possible? Well, he always said he would." She appeared quite indifferent.

"I thought you might like to read what it says about him."

"Thank you, I'll look at it later if I may"; and she began to talk of other things.

After Mrs. Lake had gone downstairs Mrs. Lester read the political dispatch Gropher sent from Yorkville, read it carefully and reread the paragraph about Hicks. She had reached that point in her career where she knew that if she ever was to attain anything of consequence through a marriage she must be about it. Although she was thirty-six, her official and communicated age was twenty-nine. Her whole time was taken up with two lines of endeavor. The first was to make herself appear only twenty-nine, and the second was to hold that pose naturally after she had prepared herself and had come on view. She couldn't afford a maid and so she was her own maid, and a skillful one, and was constantly employed, when not on exhibition or asleep, with her personal embellishment.

She was slender, but she had her fears. Her mother had been slender and had grown stout. Alys noticed various disconcerting evidences of plumpness, and her whole life was organized on the basis of fighting that fat and maintaining her looks. Her room was stocked with jars of facial creams. She had numerous mechanical appliances for aiding her in her battle. Every night before she went to bed she put on her wrinkle plasters—bits of flexible cardboard gummed on one side and cut in diamonds, half-moons and squares. After she had applied the cream to her face she rubbed it off above the space where her eyebrows met, and pulled out the little frown wrinkle that despite her best endeavors had lodged there. Then she applied a plaster to hold the skin taut during the night. She used half circles at the corners of her eyes in the same manner, and she pulled the corners of her mouth and smoothed out the lines that ran down from the sides of her nose and plastered them down too. Then she tied on a band that was to push back her suspicion of a double chin, put her curling pins in her hair, fussed about herself for half an hour more, and adjusted herself in bed in order that she might sleep comfortably with all these appliances on her face and body.

In the morning, after her bath, she spent two hours massaging her face, applying creams of different sorts, polishing her nails and generally beautifying herself. She knew how to grapple with and rub and agitate her double chin in order to break the fat cells, knew how to work on the lines at the side of the mouth, how to use the circular motion round her eyes and how to keep her forehead clear. She combed, brushed, washed and shampooed her hair and massaged her scalp assiduously. Once a week at night she steamed her face. She would rub her face full of cream, and then wring out the middle of a bath towel in very hot water and place it on her face, folding the dry ends over to hold the heat in. This process she repeated several times. She paid scrupulous attention to her eyelashes and eyebrows. She was expert with the pencil used in darkening her lashes, and her supply of rouge and paints and pencils ranged through all the shades that might be demanded by any complexion contingency.

She put on a tight-fitting gown and rolled over and over on the floor to reduce her hips, and did various other exercises to retain her suppleness. She was extremely careful as to her diet, avoided flesh-forming foods, drank little wine and did not take sweets. Her whole existence was organized on her desire to look her claimed twenty-nine, and she succeeded admirably. She had been to the great beauty parlors in New York and in Paris, and she had been frequently enough to learn their methods. She did not have sufficient money to patronize them continuously, so she was her own beauty persuader. She was fortunate in having a figure that needed no artificial amplification, and she practiced graceful walking and standing and sitting when she was not otherwise employed.

Alys was a work of art every time she appeared in public. She had many gowns, and manipulated them so skillfully with changes of waists and coats and ornaments that she appeared to have an endless number. The ladies at Mrs. Lake's secretly commented on this feature of Mrs. Lester's

wardrobe, but the men thought she had more clothes than any woman in Washington and were of the opinion she could wear them better than most. The ladies wondered whether she used rouge. Some thought she did and some thought she did not, but none was certain, for her work was so skilled that even these wise scrutinizers were puzzled.

She had many pieces of ornamental jewelry, odd in design and seemingly antique. She told the history of each piece. They were all heirlooms, she said, some coming from the De Mountfort branch of her ancestors, an old and noble French family, and some from the Lesters, an English house of high degree. She had bought these at antique shops from time to time, and had carefully concocted a history for each piece. She never went into details about her money, but often gave vague intimations of the size of her investments and the sources and magnitude of her income. Mrs. Lake and others tried to pin her down on various occasions by leading the conversation round to financial matters, but she eluded them easily; and though she could talk of Steel and Rubber and Union Pacific and other shares with some expertness, she never told which she owned or how many. She had but few costly jewels, a diamond ring or two and a fair string of pearls. She was exceedingly careful to explain, at great length, that her other jewels possessed little intrinsic value. They were merely striking ornaments, heirlooms handed down from the *grandes dames* of the De Mountforts and Lesters, and she preferred their historical and family associations to newer and more expensive pieces.

She was solicitous of the older ladies, talked to them, charmed them with little attentions, amused and interested them with personal stories of the great ones of the earth of whom they had been reading all their lives, and whom she said she knew intimately, coddled and cuddled them, and they all thought her a most entrancing creature. Their early doubts of her were dispelled by this process, and they became her loyal admirers and staunch friends. Mrs. Lake looked on her as her greatest asset. Mrs. Lester's elaborate costumes and her undeniable grace in wearing them, her attractiveness, and general tone of high breeding and culture, gave class to the Lake establishment. The younger women boarders, mostly business women in good positions, imitated her, and many an hour ordinarily devoted to sleep was spent by these young women in endeavors with cream, lotions, new corsets and artificial hair to attain complexions like hers, figures that should be as svelte and coiffures as stylish.

Mrs. Lester returned to the paper after she had finished her daily task of rejuvenation.

"His name will be considered when the important positions are filled," she read again.

"I wonder just what that means?" she questioned herself. "It would be quite interesting to know."

She Was Her Own Maid, and a Skilful One

XXIX

HICKS had it in mind to make a trip to New York and Washington. He thought he would confer himself on the metropolis for a brief period of rest and relaxation, and incidentally make himself known to some of the leading men there. Also he desired to have some talks with Senator Paxton.

He wrote to the senator, recounting his recent achievements in politics, asking him if he would be in Washington late in November, because, as Hicks put it, "I have a matter of great moment to discuss with you. It may surprise you when I say to you that the probabilities are I shall soon have a seat in the Senate."

Hicks received a reply from Senator Paxton the day before he left. The senator wrote:

My dear Hicks: I have your letter. You do surprise me, but not so much as perhaps you think. Any American citizen who has been active in politics may hope to be a United States senator, and some who have been inactive. There seem to be no restrictions on the job, as it is parceled out at present, either intellectually or otherwise. The wisdom of this observation becomes apparent after a critical examination of a large number of men who are senators at present.

There are various methods of becoming a United States senator, and of course I am not apprised just which method you have in mind. However, I beg to call your attention to the fact that fashions in obtaining senatorships are changing rapidly, and it is no longer the mode to buy or otherwise barter for a seat, although that was the accepted practice for many years. Indeed, there may be said to be a distinct popular disapproval of the style and fit of a toga thus acquired, and one may as well be out of the world as out of the mode of the moment when one is in politics.

There are two ways to be a senator: One is to have connections, and the other is to be disconnected. This latter manner is gaining in senatorial favor in proportion to the progress of the movement for the direct election of all senators by the people. If you desire connections it is wise to see to it that they are properly insulated.

As I have frequently told you, the people are mighty and must prevail. I trust you have so ordered your affairs that when the people are prevailing you will prevail with them; and I take it you have, if what you say about coming here is correct. If you do come—and I hope you will—I trust you will ever consider the rights of the people as paramount, except when a vote is being taken—then, of course, a senator must not be unmindful of what he personally has at stake. Much depends on the expert maintenance of this delicate balance; but I am quite sure you will not find it difficult, as you possess great and laudable qualities as an equilibrist.

We shall welcome you, of course, not only as a representative of the people, but for your own sterling qualities, so ably demonstrated, which, as an humble instrument in your advancement, I shall hope to direct into reasonably virtuous, and mayhap valuable, channels.

Yours, with congratulations and expectations,

WILLIAM H. PAXTON.

Hicks already considered himself a senator, and he felt strongly inclined to add a note to that effect after his name when he registered at the Hotel Superbious in New York.

"What sort of room do you desire, Mr. Hicks?" asked the clerk, after a glance at his bold signature.

"A good room," Hicks answered pompously.

"All of our rooms are good rooms," the bored clerk replied. "I can give you an inside room at four dollars a day, a room with a bath for five, six or seven, and a small suite for twelve dollars a day."

Hicks had thought of engaging a parlor, bedroom and bath, but he gulped over that twelve dollars a day.

"Oh, a five-dollar room will do, I guess," he hurriedly assured the clerk, and after the usual preliminaries a ferret-faced bellboy said: "This way—this way, Mr. Hicks," and guided him to an elevator that took him to the sixteenth floor.

Hicks looked out of the window over the myriad roofs of New York. After all, this was the only city. He was, in a way, wasting his talents in Rextown. He determined to hold New York in mind as a place for possible exploitation after he reached the Senate. He knew of it as the abode of the criminal rich and the predacious plutocrats, dominated by Wall Street and Mammon, and though he loathed the place—politically—and used it in his speeches as the type of all that should not be, he had an idea substantial things might be obtained there by a senator, and he decided to get on terms of better acquaintance with the city, its men and its methods. He reached the hotel about two o'clock in the afternoon. Half an hour later he went down into the lobby and walked through all the vast array of glittering rooms and corridors, looking at the idle men and the idler women, and was much interested in everything he saw. He had been in New York a few times before, but never as a guest at the Hotel Superbious and never as a potential senator. He wore his high hat, frock coat, flowing tie. His hair was even longer than usual and brushed to glossy perfection.

"From the South," commented one of the row of red-faced men sitting in the big leather chairs.

"Nope; from the West," disputed another. "Never from the South, my boy, with a plug hat and a flowing tie. That's a prairie get-up."

Hicks strutted up and down the corridors for half an hour. No one had spoken, not many had looked at him, except those keen-eyed adventurers who were about the hotel. They had all observed him narrowly as a possible subject for their own peculiar operations.

He stopped at the desk. "Mr. Clerk," he said, "where are the reporters?"

"The reporters?" asked the clerk. "What reporters?"

"Why, the reporters for the press—the newspaper reporters."

"Do you want to see a reporter?"

"Not especially," Hicks replied. "But I fancy the reporters will want to see me."

"Maybe so; maybe so," smiled the clerk, taking quick stock of Hicks. "If any of them come in I'll tell them you are here."

"Thank you." And Hicks walked away.

He wondered why he had not been asked for an interview. Out in his country each paper had a hotel reporter, who called on every arrival who seemed to have the slightest claim for newspaper mention. He felt his name and fame must have penetrated New York and he did not understand this lack of journalistic attention.

Not long after this Madders, of the Constellation, happened by the desk.

"Hello, Charley," he saluted the clerk. "Anything stirring?"

"Not a leaf fluttering," the clerk replied. "Dull as a Sunday on the curb market."

Madders turned away.

"Hold on a minute," the clerk called after him. "There's a man here, named Hicks, who was asking for a reporter."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, he's parading round here somewhere. You can't miss him. He looks like a cross between a movie actor and an evangelist. You'll spot him the minute you see him."

"What sort of scenery is he carrying?" asked Madders, thinking of a possible paragraph.

"Frock coat, plug hat, flappy tie, long hair, and a general all-around air of you-don't-have-to-tell-me-I'm-good-I-know-it."

"What's his name?"

"Hicks," said the clerk, referring to the register. "T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown."

"What's his line?"

"Oh, anything from reading palms to palming cards. Dig him up and see if there isn't a josh in him."

Madders walked down the corridor past the men's restaurant. He met Hicks.

"Mr. Hicks?" he said tentatively.

"Yes," Tommie answered, "I am Mr. Hicks. And whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"I'm Madders, of the Constellation. Are you looking for a reporter?"

Hicks rather resented this. "No, sir," he said, "I am not looking for a reporter."

"Excuse me; I understood you were"; and Madders started on.

"Ahem-m," coughed Hicks. "The fact is," he said, laying a detaining hand on Madders' arm, "that though I am not looking for a reporter, I am always glad to see one, having a high regard for gentlemen of the press."

"You don't say," commented Madders. "Well, in that case, suppose we put it this way: I am a gentleman of the press and you have a high regard for me. Also I have a high regard for you. Thus, having established a working basis, may I inquire what is the purpose of your visit in New York and what is the news back in Rextown?"

Madders smiled genially at Hicks and offered him a cigarette. Hicks wanted to smoke, but he held his no-smoking-in-public pose.

"Thank you," said Hicks, raising a protesting hand, "I never use the weed."

"Indeed," commented Madders, lighting the cigarette he held in his hand.

"No," continued Hicks. "But," he added hastily, "of course I have no prejudices in the matter, none at all."

"So glad," murmured Madders.

"As for my business in New York," Hicks continued, "I have none. I am simply here for recreation, for a period of rest after my arduous labors in our last campaign, where we triumphed magnificently, as you are aware."

Madders wasn't aware of anything of the kind, but he nodded gravely.

"Yes," continued Hicks, "we fought the good fight and vanquished the forces of plutocracy. The people came into their own, and I was one of the humble instruments in bringing about that glorious victory."

"What did you run for?" asked Madders.

"Oh, I was not a candidate. I was the principal speaker in the campaign and had some small part in the nomination of the successful candidates. My reward is to come later."

"And what will that be?"

Hicks waved his hand grandly. "As for that," he replied, "I am not in a position to be definite. However, you may say in your paper that I admire your great city, and always have admired it. I consider it a magnificent exemplification of the spirit of accomplishment that makes the American people the greatest people on the face of the globe. To be sure there are certain phases of your so-called high finance that give me pause, and call for remedial action, in order that the vast, teeming population of this country may not be deprived of the fruits of their industry and toil by the machinations of the unscrupulous representatives of the criminal rich who sit here and suck the lifeblood from the very veins of the honest yeomanry. But, all in all, these are but a blot on the noble record of its achievements, and New Yorkers have every reason to be proud of their city, as I am, contemplating it from a distance and earnestly seeking to bring its devious citizens into the light of a better day."

"Fine!" thought Madders. "A column sure!"

He listened attentively to Hicks, prompting him now and then with a skillful question or comment, and Hicks told the story of his life in great detail. When Madders reached his office he told the night city editor what he had.

"A guy up at the Superbious named Hicks—T. Marmaduke Hicks—and looking the part, spilled a lot of stuff about himself that I can make a funny feature story out of," said Madders. "He's worth a column in any paper."

"Two sticks," ordered the despot of the city desk. "Loaded to the guards with real news. Save him for early Sunday copy."

"But he's funny," urged Madders.

"All right, be as comical as you like about him, but two sticks is the limit. You can use him for Sunday."

"Yes," sneered Madders, "and the rest of the gang will dig him up before that time. I suppose some leader of society in truckmen circles has jumped off High Bridge and that's crowding out good stuff."

"Two sticks," repeated the city editor, and turned away.

Next morning Hicks sent for a copy of the Constellation. He eagerly read the big headlines on the first page. There was a Washington dispatch telling of a White House conference over foreign affairs, the story of an Albany legislative scandal, a local political spread, and full details of an elopement of a society leader with her affinity, but no Hicks. Bitterly disappointed, he turned to the second page. That too was bare of mention of Hicks, but on the third page he found a short item:

HICKS IS HERE

T. Marmaduke, of Rextown, Gives the Metropolis His Flattering O. K.

T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown, who runs to extremes of length in his coats, his hair, his neckties and his oratory, arrived at the Hotel Superbious yesterday. Mr. Hicks is here for rest and relaxation.

He expressed himself as well pleased in the main with New York, and had no hesitation in commending both the size and the apparent wealth of this community. "A great many people," he said impressively, "live in New York." However, there is one feature of the numerous phases of life in New York that he cannot commend. He is sternly opposed to Mammon, and all the Mammon family who abide in Wall Street and adjacent thereto, and intends to take steps in the near future "to eradicate this blot from the noble escutcheon of the metropolis," as he so appropriately put it.

The criminal rich are under the ban of Mr. Hicks, and his mission in life is to see to it that the common people are rescued from the toils of the octopus and come into their own. Also Mr. Hicks intimated he is about to come into his own; but he did not say in what way. Mr. Hicks wears a silk hat of a style not seen in the Hotel Superbious in the past ten years.

"It Simply Shows to What an Extent the Money Devil Controls This Press"

Hicks threw the paper on the floor and stamped on it. "It simply shows," he said to himself, "to what an extent the Money Devil controls this capitalistic New York press." That thought cheered him up considerably. However, he discarded his long coat and high hat before he went down to breakfast, and considered the advisability of having his hair trimmed. He looked at himself in the glass and decided that was unnecessary. Hicks considered his hair quite a personal asset.

He walked up Fifth Avenue that morning, and enjoyed the crowds and the store windows, marveled at the vast traffic, and took a ride on a stage to Grant's Tomb. He returned to the Superbious for luncheon, and as he was at table, trying to think of some one on whom he might call, he was astonished and delighted to hear a boy in a smart uniform shouting his name:

"Mr. Hicks, please; room sixteen-twenty-two. Mr. Hicks, please; room sixteen-twenty-two."

"Here, boy," he cried. "I am Mr. Hicks."

The boy came over to him. "Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, of room sixteen-twenty-two?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," Hicks replied eagerly. "What is it?"

"Telephone, sir"; and he handed Hicks a slip that requested him to call up "Plaza 27389."

"All right," said Hicks, as if he were accustomed to telephone calls in the Hotel Superbious. "I'll attend to it presently."

He went to his room, took the telephone receiver off its hook and listened.

"Order, please," came a voice.

"I have no order," he answered. "I want to call up a number."

"Number, please."

"Plaza 27389."

He listened. There were a few clicks and he heard a girl say: "Plaza two-seven-th-r-r-r-eeeeight-n-eye-ne."

"Plaza two-seven-th-r-r-r-eeeight-n-eye-ne," another girl repeated, and after a pause a very bored voice said: "Hotel Dwighton."

"Does anybody there want to talk with Mr. Hicks."

"What's the name?"

"Hicks—T. Marmaduke Hicks."

Hicks heard the bored voice ask: "Anybody here calling for a party named T. Marmalade Hicks? I ain't got no such call."

"Room six-oh-one," said another voice.

"Wait a moment, please, and I'll connect you": and Hicks heard a few sharp clicks and then a soft and inquiring "Yes?" came over the wire.

"I am Mr. Hicks, Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown, and I was asked to call up this number."

"How do you do, Mr. Hicks? I am Mrs. Lester. Do you remember me? I used to know you in Washington."

Mrs. Lester! There flashed before the mind of Hicks the picture of the fascinating widow he had seen at Mrs. Lake's. Mrs. Lester! And in New York! Oh, lucky Hicks! Mrs. Lester! Hicks' voice trembled a little as he replied.

"Why, Mrs. Lester, of course I remember you. How could I forget you? And you are in New York. May I call?"

"Would you care to?"

"Care to!" exclaimed Hicks. "Why I should be delighted to if I may. I have often desired to renew my pleasant acquaintance with you."

"I read that you are in the city"—Hicks groaned at that—"and I thought it would be pleasant to see you again. But I ——"

Hicks noted the hesitation. "Oh, please," he urged. "I shall be so glad to see you. I am alone here, and ——"

"Poor fellow!" laughed Mrs. Lester. "Alone in New York! Well, in that case I'll take pity on you. Can you come to the Dwighton at five o'clock?"

"Certainly, I shall be most happy. The Dwighton, you say; at five o'clock? I shall be there. Good-by."

"Good-by." He heard the click of the telephone as she hung up the receiver.

Hicks executed a heavy pirouette across the floor. "What do you think of that!" he said exultantly. "Mrs. Lester here, of all women! Remembered me well enough to call me up too"; and he took a complacent glance at himself in his mirror.

"Will I call on her? Will I? I guess yes!"

He began preparing himself for his call at three o'clock, and when rummaging in his trunk for a particularly harmonious tie uncovered the white waistcoat he wore with his evening clothes. He was about to set it aside when it came to him suddenly that perhaps Mrs. Lester would prefer to go to dinner. He had had a rather lonesome meal the night before, and he now realized for the first time, that if he called at five o'clock he could not have more than an hour, or an hour and a half at the most, in her company, while if he took her to dinner he could be with her several hours. Also he knew that if he took her to dinner he must wear his evening clothes, and he couldn't put those on for a five-o'clock call in the hope that he might develop that call into a dinner party for two.

"By George!" he said. "I'll risk it. Maybe she hasn't an engagement. There's no harm in trying anyhow."

He went to the telephone, called the Dwighton and asked for Mrs. Lester.

"Oh, Mrs. Lester," he said, "this is Mr. Hicks again. I was wondering whether you cared to dine with me to-night. I hope you can," he urged, thinking she might resent such an informal invitation, "I am so anxious to see you. It occurred to me that if you have no other engagement we might have dinner together somewhere. It will give me the greatest pleasure in the world, and I thought possibly you might be willing. Please do."

"Dine with you to-night? Why . . . let me see . . . I have a sort of an engagement to drop in on some Fifth Avenue friends—nothing formal, only a family dinner, before we go to the opera. I might ——"

"Please do!" urged Hicks.

"And possibly ——"

"Please!"

"Well," she said, "I'll telephone up and tell them I shan't be there. The opera is rather stupid anyhow. One always sees the same people, you know, and I can go any time. Yes, I can do it. Thank you, Mr. Hicks. Shall we say half after six o'clock here, and then we can decide on a restaurant?"

"I am delighted!" burbled Hicks. "Delighted! I shall be there at half past six."

Hicks rummaged through his trunk and collected his evening-dress belongings in a heap on the floor. The coat was creased and rumpled. He sent for a bellboy.

"Boy," he said, "I want these clothes pressed."

"Very good, sir; I'll call the valet."

"Valet! I don't want a valet. I want my clothes pressed."

"The valet will attend to that, sir."

Presently the valet came, a tall, thin, horse-faced person with an air of conscious superiority developed by many years of dealing with guests from the interior who were not accustomed to upper servants. "Can I have these clothes pressed immediately?" asked Hicks.

The valet picked up the coat and trousers, examined them superciliously, as if he thought it would be a distinct lowering of the tone of the establishment to do anything to what was so obviously the production of a country tailor. He spoke deferentially, but he had a manner that made Hicks feel that the only thing for him to do to preserve his self-respect was to fall on the man and rend him limb from limb. Holding the clothes at half arm's length the valet said: "Yes, sir. When will you require them, sir?"

"Soon as possible," Hicks ordered in his most pompous manner.

"Like to have your hat ironed, sir?"

"Never mind about the hat."

"Yes, sir; five o'clock, sir"; and Hicks saw the valet looking at his hat and knew, positively knew, he was saying to himself: "Oh, where did you get that hat?"

"Shall I come in and assist you to dress, sir?"

"Assist me to dress?" roared Hicks. "You assist me to dress? No, I can dress myself. I don't need any assistance."

"As you wish, sir; five o'clock, sir," and holding the clothes away from him as if it were beneath his dignity and disposition to touch such a suit, he went out.

"Assist me to dress!" snorted Hicks. "I wonder if he thinks I have to be buttoned up the back!"

The high hat he had brought from Rextown, the one commented on by the reporter in the Constellation, was on the bureau. Hicks looked at it. It had seemed a good, serviceable hat to him, but he was beginning to have his doubts. He took careful stock of his other regalia. The waistcoat was there, the dress shirt, a white tie, his patent-leather shoes, his imitation pearl studs and his sleevelinks. Everything was in order. He decided to go downstairs for a time, but as he turned to take a final inventory, to make sure, his eye fell again on that silk hat.

"I wonder what's the matter with that hat?" he pondered. "It's all right in Rextown. Looks good to me." But he recalled what the reporter had said in the paper—a hat of a style that had not been seen in that hotel in ten years.

"Damn it!" said Hicks. "I'll get another."

He went to a hat store, and was aggrieved to discover that the only sort of silk hat, as the clerk assured him, that a well-dressed gentleman could wear—could—cost eight dollars. There were others at ten and some imported French styles for fifteen. Hicks hurriedly bought an eight-dollar one, feeling that if he did not invest immediately the clerk would sell him a French affair. His patriotic Americanism, as well as his financial prudence, would not admit of that contingency.

"Shall I send it?" asked the clerk.

"No," Hicks replied, "I'll take it. I want to wear it to-night."

He carried the hat to the hotel in a pasteboard box, and as he entered the hotel he engaged in a series of running fights with doormen, bellboys and elevator starters, all of whom wanted to take it away from him. Finally he reached his room and posed for twenty minutes in the new hat. It was an improvement, there was no doubt of that. Hicks was glad he had bought it, but he felt it was very expensive.

He had an hour before it was necessary to begin making his toilet, and he went down into the lobby. He walked about, seeing no one he knew, although the hotel was full of people Hicks felt would be benefited by knowing him. He sat in one of the big chairs in a corridor. Page boys, calling the names of men, constantly passed back and forth.

Hicks was interested. He followed one of the boys to the information desk and heard him say: "I can't find him, sir." Hicks stood there and watched the procedure. He saw men come in, go up to the desk and ask for persons stopping at the hotel. A trim maid telephoned to the rooms. If there was no answer she asked: "Shall I have him paged?" Thereupon a boy was summoned, who started the rounds of the hotel calling the name of the man wanted.

Hicks recalled how it pleased him to hear the boy shouting his name at noon that day and he stepped up to the desk and inquired: "Is Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown, stopping here?"

The information clerk turned over the leaves in a big book: "Room sixteen-twenty-two," he said.

The maid telephoned to the room and there was no answer. "Shall I have him paged, sir?" she asked.

"Yes," Hicks replied.

"Who wants him, sir?"

"Why, I do."

"I know, sir, but your name, please, or your card."

Hicks did some quick thinking. "Tell him Senator Paxton wants him and will be waiting right over here," he said, indicating a seat near by.

The page boy came and was given his instructions. He started off: "Mr. Hicks, please; room sixteen-twenty-two."

Hicks could hear him calling his name down the corridor. It was pleasant music to his ears, and he strolled to various parts of the floor and listened eagerly as the boy shouted: "Mr. Hicks, please; room sixteen-twenty-two."

Finally the boy returned and reported that Mr. Hicks could not be found. Hicks gave him ten cents and decided he would have himself paged frequently. It was a most gratifying experience.

He shaved with elaborate care. His evening coat was hanging in his closet and his trousers were neatly disposed over the footboard of his bed. The valet knocked and came in as he was tying his tie, held his coat and overcoat for him and handed him his new hat. Hicks had put the old one in the corner of the closet.

He looked savagely at the valet, but the face of that functionary was as impassive as the wall paper.

"Your gloves, sir," and the valet looked about as if to find them. Hicks put his hand in his overcoat and pulled out a pair of heavy tan gloves.

"I have them," he said stiffly.

"Very good, sir; but if I might be pardoned the suggestion, those are not your white gloves, sir. I assume they are in the trunk, sir," and he moved over as if to explore that receptacle. "White gloves!" shouted Hicks. "What do I want of white gloves?"

"They are usually worn when a gentleman is going out, sir. If by any chance, sir, you have forgotten them or mislaid them I can procure you a pair, sir."

Hicks looked narrowly at the valet. Dimly he recalled that he had worn white gloves at the Presidential receptions he had attended years before in Washington. He hated the valet for mentioning the oversight, but he wanted to be correct in every detail when he appeared before Mrs. Lester.

"Pshaw!" he said weakly; "I guess I did forget to put in a pair. Can you get me some?"

"Instantly, sir. What size, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know—eight and a half, I suppose."

The valet took one of the tan gloves, looked at the size mark and vanished. Ten minutes later he came back with a pair of white gloves. Hicks started to put them on.

"If I might suggest, sir," said the valet, "it would be wise to carry the gloves in the hand until immediately before they are needed, sir. It preserves their freshness, sir."

Hicks looked at this creature who, apparently cringing before him, was in reality instructing him in social usage.

"All right," he said. "How much are they?"

"Four dollars, sir."

"Four dollars?"

"Yes, sir, four dollars, sir."

The valet stood looking at him in a most impassive and impersonal manner. Hicks handed him a five-dollar bill.

"Keep it all," he said.

"Thank you, sir; anything else, sir? Good evening, sir," and he went silently out. Hicks thought he heard a satiric laugh after the door closed, and he reproached himself for not strangling the man while he had him in his power. But his anger vanished when he looked at himself in the glass, holding his white gloves in his left hand and carrying his new high hat in what he considered a most impressive position against his chest. He thought he looked very well, which, indeed he did, for he was a good figure of a man and correctly appointed, albeit his long hair jarred. It was his firm conviction that his hair gave him the finishing touch of elegance, and he put a final polish on it with the brush before he left.

"It is a Great Pleasure to Me, Mr. Hicks, to See You Again"

xxx

HICKS took a taxicab to the Dwighton, which is one of the numerous hotels that cluster in the numbered streets off Fifth Avenue, a hotel with a lobby garishly decorated with gold paint and studded with imitation onyx pillars. He sent up his name to Mrs. Lester, and was escorted to a small reception room to wait. Mrs. Lester said she would be down immediately.

He sat uneasily on the edge of a chair, balancing his hat on his knee. He had put on his white gloves in the taxicab and observed them with much satisfaction. He waited for thirty minutes, and was on the point of going to the desk and telephoning to Mrs. Lester himself when she entered.

Hicks rose. She stood for a moment in the doorway, and then advanced, smiling radiantly. Hicks grew hot and grew cold. All the old feeling of acute admiration swept over him. She wore a black velvet gown, soft, shimmering, silky, that clung close to her superb figure, and an elaborate evening coat, heavily embroidered. The coat was open and showed masses of creamy lace on her corsage. A diamond

(Continued on Page 25)

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Psychology and Business

IT IS true the business situation is a state of mind; but this country has been in an uncertain state of mind so long that a very tangible curtailment of business operations has happened. Railroad revenues, so far this year, show a marked shrinkage as compared with last year, reflecting a smaller movement of goods.

At the end of May there were two hundred and forty thousand idle freight cars, the largest number in years. The Steel Corporation had orders on its books for less than four million tons, against eight millions at the beginning of last year. Quite as significant, money may be borrowed in New York on three and four months' time at from two and a half to three per cent.

Of an actual slackening of business there is no question; but it is too early for anybody to say how far this may be due to the merry war Washington is waging on many forms of business. No doubt, in any event, there would have been some reaction from the floodtide of 1912. The business pace is noticeably slower in England and Germany as well as in this country. There is no doubt about the bellicose spirit at Washington. The Government is out after Big Business with a club, and any attempt at systematic opposition is denounced as though it were a crime.

Nevertheless, it is probable that business would have been pretty much in its present state whatever policies had been dominant at Washington. Our view is that the set of antitrust measures passed by the House, threatening and mischievous though they look, will prove mostly futile.

It is a bit early to cry Wolf! Prosperity in a country of such resources as ours is hard to kill. With big crops safely harvested, we should not be surprised to see the machine going at full tilt again, in spite of the monkey wrenches that politics throws into the works.

Government While You Wait

ON JUNE second the French Ministry, headed by Premier Doumergue, resigned in a body, leaving the country technically without a government. President Poincaré invited René Viviani to form a new government. After a few days M. Viviani succeeded in selecting a Cabinet; but the first informal meeting of the provisional Ministry developed such irreconcilable differences that the prospective premier threw up the job. President Poincaré then applied successively to Messrs. Deschanel, Delcassé and Dupuy; but each of those experienced statesmen, after a survey of the situation, declined, because none of them felt able to form a combination that would command a majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

On June ninth Alexandre Ribot accepted the vacant and gone-a-begging premiership. Much was expected of his ripe age and high reputation. He proceeded to form a Cabinet, and on June eleventh formally entered on his office; but on June twelfth he was defeated in the Chamber by a majority of forty-odd, and, of course, immediately resigned—after achieving the sole distinction of being head of the French government for a single day.

All this is quite of a piece with recent French political history, except that the kaleidoscope whirled a bit faster than usual. For some years governments in France have changed more rapidly than millinery styles. Since the Chamber contains nearly six hundred members, divided among nine parties, this condition is likely to continue.

All the same, the necessary business of the government manages to get itself done. The social organism goes forward irrespective of the shifting of the political sands.

The Public Defender

AT THE beginning of this year Los Angeles County, California, under the provisions of a new charter, appointed a public defender—a salaried officer charged with the duty of defending persons accused of crime in much the same way that the state's attorney is charged with the duty of prosecuting them.

Nine times out of ten a poor man charged with a crime is denied equal protection by the laws. Against him appears an experienced lawyer, hired by the public, backed by the public treasury, and in command of all the police resources of the community. In preparing the prosecution he can go to whatever pains and expense he deems necessary. Often the court, recognizing his public character, is inclined to give him as much freedom as the law will permit.

The poor defendant must take such legal talent as his purse can pay for or as the court may assign to him. Any considerable expense in preparing evidence on his side of the case is out of the question. If he is penniless the court will appoint an attorney to defend him—often some inexperienced young practitioner. Or if he is an experienced practitioner, it cannot reasonably be presumed that he will take the same time and pains in preparing a defense for which he gets little or nothing that he would if he were being well paid—for his livelihood depends on his fees.

The poor defendant goes before the jury at a disadvantage; but every defendant who is not rich goes into a criminal court at an enormous disadvantage as compared with the prosecution, which has all the resources of the community on which to draw.

In thousands of cases the defendant has been acquitted, but ruined by the cost of defending himself. For any man in modest circumstances to be charged with a felony involves a loss of money and of standing that would be adequate punishment for any except the most heinous crimes. The jury may pronounce him not guilty; but he has suffered an irreparable injury.

In theory, and usually in practice, the public prosecutor is careful not to prosecute a reputable person—unless there is strong presumption of guilt; but strong presumption does not constitute guilt. Court records show that thousands of men are prosecuted and acquitted. Every one of them who is not so rich that the costs are of no consequence, nor so tough-skinned that the stigma of an indictment does not hurt, has suffered a great injury.

The law presumes every one innocent until proved guilty—but ruins him, just the same. If the presumption of innocence is to have any real significance there must be in every jurisdiction a public defender, ready to undertake the defense of any accused person who calls on him.

For the President

AS A HISTORIAN Mr. Wilson ought to be interested in this passage from Professor Beard's recently published Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States: "But, unfortunately, multitudes of the most significant operations are lost forever. Unless the Government at Washington follows the example of enlightened administrations in Europe and establishes a hall of records, the precious volumes that have come down to us will be worked only with great difficulty, if they do not disintegrate and disappear altogether. A few years ago a negro attendant at the Treasury sold a cartload or more of these records to a junk dealer. He was imprisoned for the offense; but that is small consolation for scholars. The present writer was able to use some of the records only after a vacuum cleaner had been brought in to excavate the ruins."

Cannot the President induce Congress—while spending hundreds of thousands of dollars at the Government Printing Office for the dissemination of its new junk—to appropriate enough for the preservation of these early records?

Enlarging the Pork Barrel

MANY river and harbor improvements are meritorious. The money spent on them is wisely invested. It is said to be impossible, however, to get appropriations for these genuinely useful, beneficial improvements without, at the same time, appropriating millions for useless improvements; in fact, the really meritorious improvements get less money than they ought to have because so much money must be thrown away on works that have little or no merit.

A bill that provided only for useful improvements could not be passed. Congressmen who wanted public money wasted in their districts, to make political capital for themselves, would defeat it. The bill must contain pork or it cannot go through.

This is true, also, of public buildings. Many such buildings are fully justified. To get appropriations for them money must be thrown away on buildings that are not warranted.

Imagine this sort of graft applied to the railroad, telephone and telegraph systems! Every useful appropriation for the extension of those immense enterprises would have to carry pork in the shape of appropriations for political capital. Buffalo or New Orleans could not get the new railroad station it really needed without giving Red Dog and Poseyville new stations for which there was no need. We should have log-rolled bills for double-tracking branch lines and putting telephone wires underground in hamlets.

This condition in Congress is a strong argument against Government ownership.

Saturday Holidays

SEVERAL of the largest retail establishments in the city of New York will close on Saturdays during July and August, giving their employees a full holiday. Probably it costs employers little if anything, though there is no reduction of wages, because there must be many a Saturday in the dog days when trade barely pays operating expenses.

The Saturday half holiday, which has been customary in big cities for some years, costs the retail trade nothing. Probably no big establishment would abolish it if it could. The half holiday was slow in coming, however, and came finally through agreement. So the full holiday comes—by agreement. A number of employers had no objection to it, provided their competitors down the street and up the street would do the same thing. Finally the Consumers' League got seven big establishments to agree—and the thing was done.

Presumably this agreement, by which thousands of employees get a full Saturday holiday, with much good to themselves and no harm to anybody else, is a restraint of competition, entitling the merchants to a long term in the penitentiary under the proposed antitrust laws.

Judge-Made Law

THERE are seven members of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Four of them are Republicans; three are Democrats. By a vote of four to three the court has held that the law conferring the electoral franchise on women is constitutional. The four Republicans voted in the affirmative; the three Democrats voted in the negative.

The life of this highly important statute hung on the opinion of one judge, and the opinion of that judge turned on a hundred and one things which theoretically had nothing whatever to do with the judicial function—on his temperament, the bent of his mind, his antecedents and environment, his associations and personal experiences; in short, on the numberless things that, operating on two men of equal reasoning power, will incline one toward progressivism and the other toward conservatism.

The slightest political chance—the merest batting of an eyelash, so to speak—would have left one of the four off the bench and put in his stead a judge minded like the dissenting three. In that case the law would have been declared void and there would have been no woman suffrage in Illinois—except the old-fashioned sort, which permits women to vote for a few offices that nobody cares about.

Legislature-made law is often a poor-enough article; but judge-made law often consists in leaving things to blind chance—just flipping a coin. The time will presently come when no Supreme Court will invalidate a duly enacted law, except by unanimous opinion—in which case there will be at least a strong presumption that the statute actually contravenes the organic law.

Fashions in News

THE various valuations different newspapers put on the same event as an object of public interest—and the various valuations the same set of newspapers put on the same set of events at different times—form an odd study. There are very few broad rules.

We may say that, by the common judgment of occidental journalism, a great steamship disaster on the main lines of Atlantic travel is big news. Nearly all newspapers everywhere will play that up. Next in order of certitude we may say that, by the common judgment of Anglo-Saxon journalism, any disorderly antic by an English Suffragette is an object of absorbing interest to mankind.

A young woman falls on her knees before a middle-aged, bewhiskered, nervous gentleman and manages to say, "For God's sake, Your Majesty!" before the electrified attendants can throw her out. We headline that, and shudder and gasp: "'Orrible! 'Orrible!"

A bucketful of acid poured on a putting green in Scotland gets half a column in Denver, where the fall of a French Ministry goes into the wastebasket.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Silent Progressive. Only Known Specimen

PROGRESSIVISM in politics has as many shades of meaning as futurism has in art, and as many different sorts of exponents. Not all progressives are in the Progressive party—or half. However, there is one trait wherein every progressive is similar unto every other progressive. I refer to the trait of vociferous exposition—otherwise noise. They are a clamorous outfit, whether engaged in reforming the G. O. P. and the V. O. P. from within or from without.

Hence, if you will pass with me into the halls of Congress and watch intently, I will exhibit to you the greatest miracle of progressivism since Bill Flynn joined the uplift. I will call your attention, as I now do, to the only silent progressive in the history of the world. I will point out to you the only inaudible progressive in our midst. And I will say to you that, though he is progressive, he is not of that party. He is a progressive Republican, not a progressive Progressive. I trust you get the distinction. Also, he is still, taciturn, mute and reserved. He is as quiet as the President is on labor legislation. He is as quiet as Mr. Bryan on the subject of Mexico. He is as quiet as certain Democratic senators on free tolls. He is very quiet.

This man, the only silent progressive—with a small p and not with a large one—is Frank Plowman Woods, of Iowa, the repressed person who has it in his charge to elect a Republican House of Representatives to replace the almost unanimous Democratic House that is now engaged in wondering what it is here—meaning Washington—for. Mr. Woods is chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. He is the taciturn person who is to make the fight for the return of enough additional Republicans to that body to give them representation on the roll call.

The size of his task may be more or less adequately comprehended when the statement is made that in the present House the Democrats have a majority over the Republicans of 167; and over all, including the various grades of announced Progressives, of 147.

To give the Republicans any kind of margin Mr. Woods has only to regain some ninety seats—a mere bagatelle if you choose to look at it that way. However, it is a reasonably sizable task and one good and sufficient reason why he is not saying anything. As a matter of hard political fact, there is not much to say. And again, if there were, Woods would not say it.

When they made a survey of the shattered remnants of the once powerful Republican majority of the House, feeling that for the sake of old times, if for no other reason, it would be well to organize the Congressional Campaign Committee, they picked Woods for several considerations. One was that, though he remained a Republican, his record was distinctly progressive; and another was that they knew enough of his habit of speech to know he would not protest when they wished the job on him. Nor did he.

An Easy Job for a Miracle-Worker

"FRANK, old boy," they said—Jim Mann, Sereno Payne and Phil Campbell, and all the few remaining Republicans—"here's a nice little honor we desire to confer on you. It's a mark of great distinction. We are going to make you chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee. Just think of that! All you'll have to do is to find some way and some means—means particularly—to elect about a hundred more Republicans than we have at present, and reëlect all those who are now with us. A pleasant little diversion! Mere boy's play, old chap—mere boy's play—for you! Do you get that? For you! Go to it, and good luck!"

The silent Woods was silent as usual; and he took the job. He has it yet. And, as we might say, were we sitting in the Café de la Paix sipping a grenadine, it is *quelque* job!

Until this present moment, right here and now, no person in the universe has had access to the information that his middle name is Plowman. He has been as silent about that as about everything else.

Out in Iowa, where they know him well, he is called the Silent Man of the Tenth District. He has represented that district in Congress for three terms; and that district, famous for its corn crop, is also famous for having produced Dolliver, Shaw, Kenyon, George Roberts, M. D. O'Connell, and various others who have helped or are now helping to keep the Republic off the rocks.

Woods was not born in the Tenth District. He was born in Walworth County, Wisconsin, but moved to Estherville, where he now lives, when a boy. His father was a farmer and young Woods farmed too; but that did not appeal to him, no matter how aptly he was named. So he became an editor. He ran a country paper.

There was no more nourishment in running a country paper in those days than there is now. F. Plowman Woods soon discovered that if he was to have any money he must get it in some other manner than by being a country editor. But how? He studied that question long and intently and, as the result shows, with considerable intelligence. It so happened that farm land thereabout was cheap. Iowa farmers had the Wanderlust, and they were moving away and disposing of their land for small sums.

Woods and his brother organized a bank. They figured that if they had a bank some persons would be bound to put money into it; and that they might in the course of time accumulate something whereby to take over some of this cheap land. They were right. Money came. They bought much land. Then the land began to rise in value, and presently Frank Plowman Woods was in a position to slip quietly—oh, very quietly—into politics.

He became chairman of the Republican County Committee, and said nothing. Then he became chairman of the District Committee, and said even less. After that he went on the State Committee, and was dumb. He was an Iowa progressive Republican, and when the party was split over the return of Dolliver, and threatened with disaster, he silently took hold of things, silently soothed the soreheads, and silently fixed things so that trouble was averted and Dolliver was returned.

He was a Cummins partisan, and his greatest achievement was attained when he ran the campaign that made Cummins governor for the third time.

Woods said nothing, but he did various things. The result was that Cummins was nominated and elected the third time. Mr. Woods made no more noise in that campaign than a rubber-tired sulky makes when it is standing in a deserted barn; but he won, which is the main point.

There have been rumors, owing to the silence of Woods and the mufflers he has put on all his aides, that he is not trying. The view behind these rumors is that the Republicans think they may gain little by gaining the House, with a Democratic President in the White House, and that there may be a better chance for winning in 1916 if the Democrats are allowed to continue in control. The strategy of this, it is held, is that Woods is working to reduce the Democratic majority, to show that the people are not *simpatico*—as we say in Mexico—with Democrats, but not to destroy it, in order that the Democrats may go on and on.

Those who know Woods laugh at this. They say he is not making any noise because he does not know how. Also, he knows that if he attracts no attention to himself he may have more advantages in the way of paying attention to his opponents. So he remains perfectly calm and perfectly still.

If he does carry the next House probably he may comment on the result to the extent of saying: "Aha!" This may be an exaggerated statement of what he will say. Come to think it over, his comment is more likely to be: "Ah!"

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(5821)

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

IT IS a rather remarkable circumstance that, in comparison with other prices, interest rates have varied little for nearly two hundred years; but the prices of labor, wheat and other staple commodities have changed immensely. In some inscrutable manner, however, three per cent came to be fixed as the price of money on the best security and under generally favorable conditions nearly two hundred years ago; and ever since that time the constant tendency has been to come back to three per cent as the bottom price on the best security.

It is remarkable that this comparatively stable figure should have been reached so early in the history of investment, for that history itself goes back only a little more than two hundred years. Of course there had been investment ever since there was private capital, but systematic exchanging of hoarded money for interest-bearing obligations may be roughly dated from the founding of England's public debt.

Some two centuries before that, Italian bankers loaned money on a large scale to various monarchs. Now and then a monarch royally repudiated and broke the bankers; in fact, the Stuart Kings of England borrowed large sums from London goldsmiths and declined to pay. As early as 1672 there was a national debt, bearing six per cent interest, but Charles II stopped paying the interest, finding more amusing ways to use his money; and in the reign of William of Orange, Parliament handsomely offered to compromise by paying the public creditors half the principal and three per cent interest, instead of six, on the remainder.

From 1691 to 1693 the government raised a number of loans at seven and eight per cent; but in 1694 the Bank of England was organized, chiefly to lend the government six million dollars at eight per cent, which is commonly regarded as the beginning of England's funded debt. From that time on, the rate of interest paid by the British Government furnishes a continuous guide to the investment market.

England's Credit

In the early years of the eighteenth century the government borrowed large sums—for that time—at six per cent. In 1717 a reduction of interest on the public debt to five per cent was arranged. About ten years later there was a further reduction to four per cent. In 1740 the government was able to borrow at three per cent; and in the middle of the century, when the public debt amounted to two hundred and eighty million dollars, the government, after some negotiation, succeeded in reducing the interest on the whole debt to three per cent.

Here was a rapid development. Only sixty years before the credit of the government was somewhat dubious. In order to borrow six million dollars at eight per cent it resorted to the extraordinary expedient of chartering a bank with power to issue circulating notes; but meantime the credit of the government had been so firmly established and there had been such an increase in investible capital that it could carry a debt of two hundred and eighty million dollars at three per cent, and from that time forth three per cent has been about the normal bottom rate on the very best security.

It is rather remarkable, too, that the credit of the British Government, as measured by the market price of its debt, stood about as high in the middle of the eighteenth century as it does in this first quarter of the twentieth. Of course the debt has enormously increased. The Seven Years' War, coming directly after interest was reduced to three per cent, almost doubled the debt. In the twelve years' peace before the war with the American Colonies fifty million dollars of the debt was paid off, but the American War practically doubled it again; and on the surrender of Cornwallis the three per cent bonds fell to fifty-four cents on the dollar.

When peace was made with the American Colonies the British debt stood at one and a quarter billion dollars. Ten years later war with France began and lasted, with brief intermissions, for twenty-one years. During that time three per cent government bonds fell to forty-seven cents on the dollar; and when Napoleon was finally eliminated the

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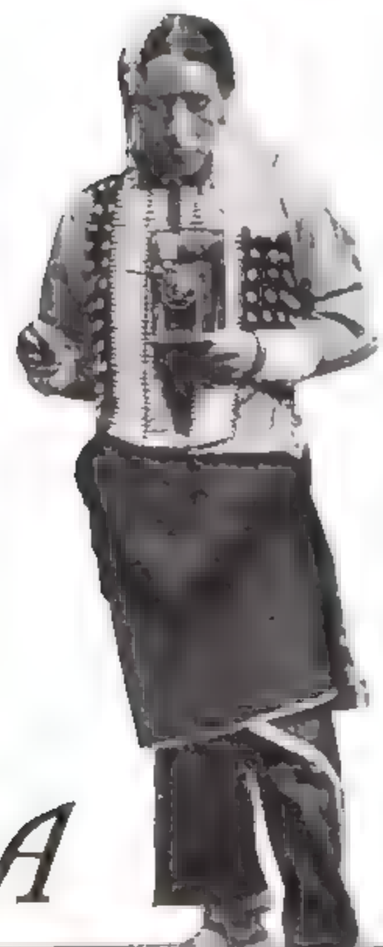

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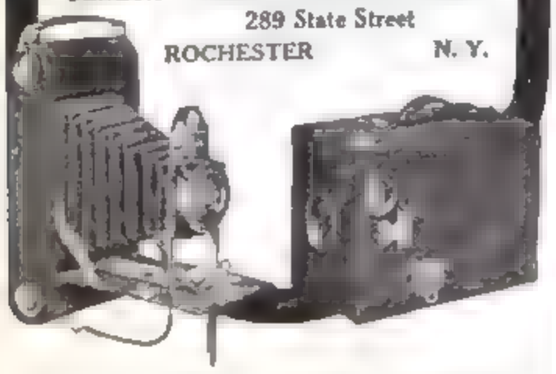

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British funded debt stood at three billion seven hundred million dollars, having been practically trebled in the struggle; besides which there was a huge floating debt.

England was then a very rich and powerful country, but the strain on its credit involved in this huge increase of debt is shown by the fact that the price of its three per cent bonds fluctuated during the Napoleonic period between seventy-three and forty-seven cents on the dollar. Only ten years after Waterloo, however, the price of bonds—or consols—was up to ninety-six cents on the dollar; and in 1845, under Peel's judicious administration of finances, the bonds were again at par, though the public debt exceeded four billion dollars.

In the eighties of the last century nearly a billion dollars of the debt had been paid off. British credit was so strong that the three-per-cents commonly stood above par. Mr. Goschen, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, concluded that the government could borrow permanently at less than three per cent; and in 1888 carried through a scheme by which interest on the greater part of the debt was to be reduced immediately to two and three-quarter per cent, and to two and a half per cent in 1902. In the eleven years following this reduction of interest about five hundred million dollars of the debt was paid off.

This rapid contraction of the debt happened to coincide with a period of rather slack business, following our panic of 1893, and slack business always means an accumulation of idle money. Thus, on the one hand, the fund available for investment in gilt-edge bonds was increasing while the supply of such bonds, so far as concerns British consols, was rapidly decreasing. The result was that in 1897 and 1898 British consols bearing only two and three-quarter per cent interest, which was to be reduced to two and a half per cent in 1902, sold at a premium of from ten to twelve per cent, yielding the investor less than two and a half per cent interest.

It seemed, then, that the three per cent rule had been definitely set aside; but the next year—1899—the Boer War came along. This war added eight hundred million dollars to the debt, and when the war financing was finished consols were down to a discount of ten per cent as compared with a premium of twelve per cent in the year before the war.

At no time between 1898 and 1904, when this fall in consols was taking place, was the credit of Great Britain ever in question. Nobody doubted that British bonds were as good as ever; but there were too many of them. The supply of bonds exceeded the fund available for investment in that class of security; so the price fell, exactly as the price of perfectly good apples will fall whenever the supply exceeds the demand.

Limits of National Credit

The years 1897 and 1898 were the period of cheapest money the world has yet seen. British two and three-quarter per cent bonds then sold at a premium of from ten to twelve per cent, as mentioned above; French three per cent bonds at a premium of from two to three per cent; German three and a half per cent bonds at a premium of from two to three per cent. The four per cent bonds of Sweden sold at a premium of from one to two per cent. At present neither England nor France could borrow at as low a rate as three per cent.

The United States, it is true, stands in a class by itself, being the richest of great nations, with the smallest public debt; but the credit of the United States is no more unlimited than is the credit of Spain or of Venezuela—that is, though vast, it still has limits. However, when it comes to considering the terms on which a loan may be effected, the credit of the borrower is only one factor, the other factor being the supply of money.

Taking it by and large, we seem safe in assuming, on the record up to date, that three per cent is the minimum price for money on long-term investment with the very best security; and the record certainly shows that the three per cent level cannot be maintained unless conditions are favorable. If money is very active, if borrowings are greatly increased, if the credit of the borrower is so much as breathed on, the three per cent rate will not hold.

It is often assumed that the United States could borrow indefinitely—billions of dollars—at three per cent; but the assumption under present conditions is unwarranted.

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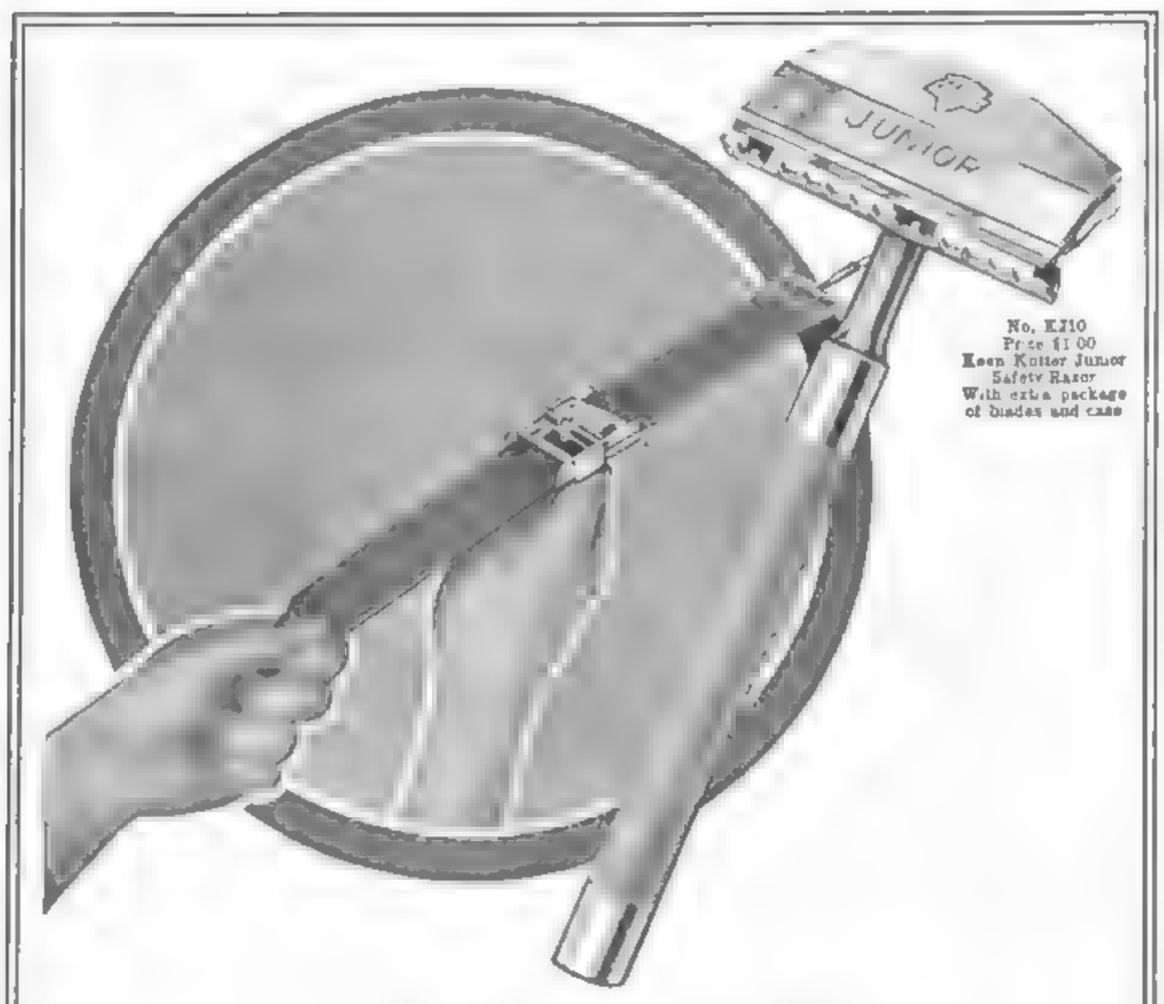

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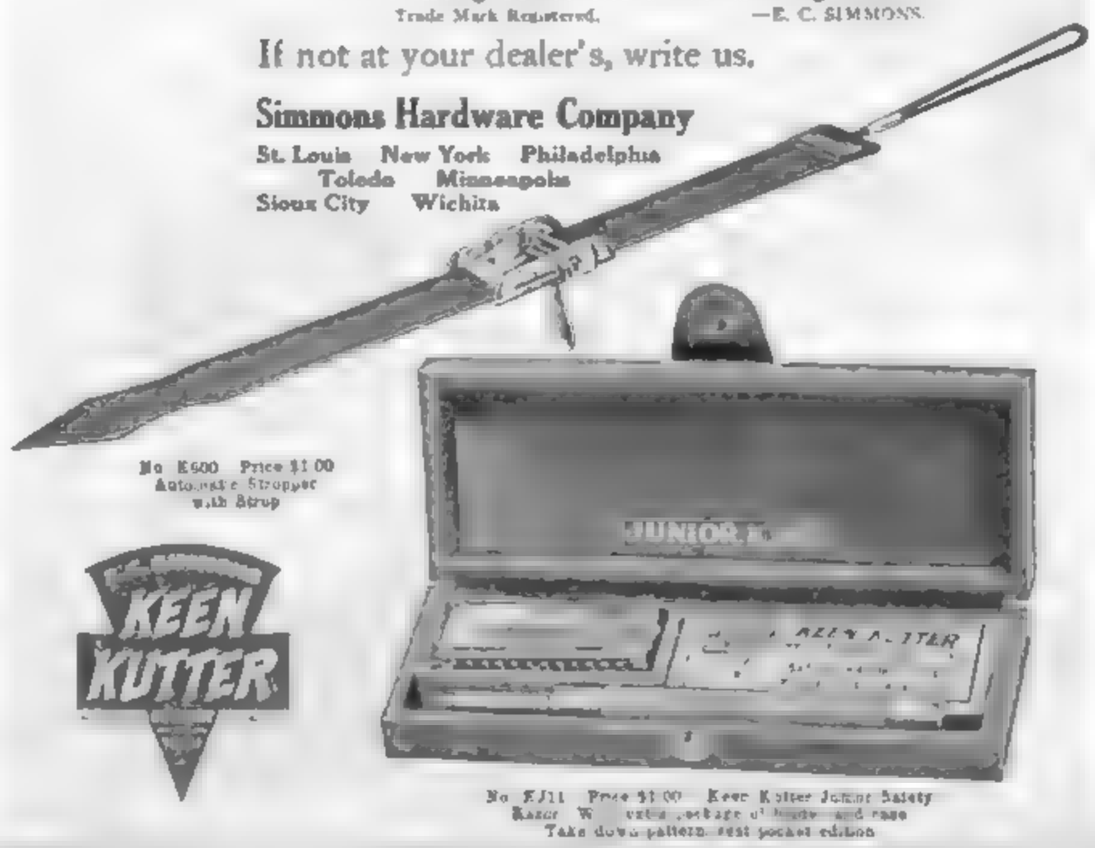
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THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 21)

ornament glittered in the lace. Her face was very white, but not pallid, and her lips were crimson. Hicks noted a small black patch coquettishly adorning one of her cheeks, in which there were just two suspicions of heightened color, and caught an admiring glimpse of a big velvet hat with a sweeping plume.

"My dear Mrs. Lester, how do you do? I am so glad to see you."

She gave him her hand, prettily and unaffectedly, as it seemed to Hicks, and said brightly: "It is a great pleasure to me, too, Mr. Hicks, to see you again. It seems ages since we met."

"Do you think so?" asked the fatuous Hicks. "I am delighted that you remembered me at all, and you so engrossed with your social duties!"

"Ah," she said, with one of those gestures that Hicks recalled so well, "they are a task. But, you know, one may as well be out of the world as out of society."

She disposed herself gracefully in a chair and began a little monologue recalling old days in Washington and asking Hicks some adroit questions about himself. He sat in ecstatic amazement, looking at her as she talked. She was more mature, he thought, than when he had seen her last, but, so far as he could determine, more charming than ever. The details of her costume escaped him, but the entrancing picture she presented kept his eyes constantly on her and made his heart thump a little. All the time there was in the back of his brain a little thought that she ought to be Mrs. T. Marmaduke Hicks, provided, of course—another thought constantly obtruded—that she really did have the position she said she had, and provided her fortune was as great as Hicks thought it was.

Mrs. Lester had spent some hours preparing for this entrance. She had long ago decided that she was more striking in black than in any other color, and she had organized her sartorial scheme along those lines. The dress she wore was a Paris model she had obtained at a great reduction, and had skillfully brought into the prevailing mode by a few deft alterations of her own. She had built herself up with exceeding art, and knew she looked well—knew it far better than Hicks did, who was conscious only of the captivating ensemble and not of the carefully and artistically worked-out details.

"You are here for business or pleasure?" she asked, looking at him archly.

"For rest," Hicks replied. "I worked very hard in the last campaign, and I came here merely for relaxation. And you?"

"Oh, I am here for the usual woman's reason. I am in the hands of my modistes to secure a few little things I did not have opportunity to acquire in Paris. I felt positively abashed when I discovered I had not fully replenished my wardrobe in Paris, and was compelled to come to New York, where the styles are so far behind. But," she added brightly, "I know the Paris modes and can direct the work."

"Have you been in Paris recently?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, as if astonished at the question. "Why, I go to Paris every year! I know so many people there and they positively insist on my coming to them each season."

Hicks felt depressed over this. Here was a woman who associated constantly with the great ones in society; and he—— But he put that thought aside. He was as good as anybody, and he had a future that meant both position and wealth.

"And it is the same here," she continued. "The demands made on me by my friends are so numerous. They positively insist on my coming to them, and in order"—and she smiled again at Hicks—"that there may be no jealousies, you know, I prefer to stop in a hotel rather than to select any particular hostess. I always come to this little hotel. It's quiet and refined, and so different from the garish, noisy, shoddy, bigger hotels, don't you think? I detest the atmosphere of vulgarity at those big hotels, don't you?"

Hicks hadn't thought of it, and had thought he was acquiring merit by stopping at the Superbious, but he assented. "Yes," he said, "they are vulgar and noisy, but rather necessary for a man whom people want to meet."

"To be sure," she said, looking at him narrowly, and lapsed into silence.

"Where shall we dine?" asked Hicks. "You must choose the place. I haven't been in New York much lately, you know, and though I was formerly familiar with all the restaurants that amounted to anything, I suppose they change and new ones come up. Will you make a suggestion? Any one you like," he concluded grandly, as if to convey the impression that cost was not an object of consideration.

She assumed an air of deep thought, as if she were pondering all the restaurants in the city. Long before she had selected the place, but she seemed to be considering the question minutely.

"There's the Splendide," she said; "but that's too common, although the food is good. And the Magnifique, but theatrical persons go there. And the Flamboyant, but one can't always be sure of a select company. And Richleigh's—why not Richleigh's? That is patronized by the most exclusive people. Shall we say Richleigh's?"

"Charmed," said Hicks, but his heart sank, for he knew enough of the restaurants in New York to know Richleigh's was the most expensive of the lot.

"Very well," she said. "I suppose we can get a table there, but perhaps you should telephone before we start."

"Telephone!" exclaimed Hicks. "Why?"

"Oh," she laughed, "sometimes it is well to inform the head-waiter of your coming. Those head-waiters, you know, are autocrats—and we want to dine comfortably, don't we?" She turned her eyes on Hicks in a sort of a trustful way.

Hicks went out to the telephone, called up Richleigh's and asked for the head-waiter. When that person came to the telephone Hicks assumed a most important telephone manner and said: "I am T. Marmaduke Hicks, and I desire to reserve a table for this evening."

"Hicks?" repeated the head-waiter. "I don't think I have the honor of knowing you, sir."

"Possibly not," Hicks replied; "but that makes no difference. I desire to dine with you to-night, and shall expect you to reserve a good table."

"Very well," the head-waiter replied. "I think I can arrange it. When shall you arrive?"

"I am starting from the Superbious at once," said Hicks, feeling he must give himself as much standing as possible, and not caring to say the Dwighton, which seemed to him a very small hotel.

"What success?" asked Mrs. Lester, as he returned.

"Oh," Hicks replied, "it is all arranged. As soon as I told him my name he fixed it."

Mrs. Lester looked at him and smiled a little smile. "To be sure," she said. "To be sure."

On their way to the restaurant Mrs. Lester said: "It's positively annoying when one thinks of how much one is at the mercy of these head-waiters. Unless you are very well known, or fee them liberally, they are most offensive."

"Fee them?" asked Hicks in alarm.

"Oh, yes; it is customary to give a head-waiter a fee for such a service. The tables are in great demand, you know."

"How much is customary?" And Hicks thought he might have expenses he had not considered. Still, he felt that any expense was justified when his companion was so beautiful and so well gowned as Mrs. Lester.

"Oh, a few dollars," she replied, as if the matter were of minor importance. "No more than five, I should say. I think five dollars is about the usual fee."

Hicks fumbled in his pocket for his money, trying to appear unconcerned. Mrs. Lester looked out of the cab window and noticed nothing. His gloves bothered him and he resolved to wait until the taxicab reached the restaurant, which it did in a short time.

"Does the gentleman desire the cab to wait?" asked the imposing uniformed starter at Richleigh's.

Hicks glanced at Mrs. Lester.

"Certainly not," she said.

"How much?" asked Hicks; and when the man said "Eighty cents," gave him a dollar bill and waited a moment for change.

Mrs. Lester had started up the steps. The chauffeur looked impudently at Hicks and made no move to return change.

"That's all right," Hicks said, after a moment's hesitation, and followed Mrs. Lester into the lobby.

A maid came forward to take charge of her, and a boy in buttons snatched Hicks'

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hat and coat. For ten minutes Hicks stood uneasily waiting for her. When she rejoined him, the perfect whiteness of her throat, the jewel flashing in her lace, her grace of carriage and her general appearance of fashionable distinction filled him with wonder. He was highly pleased with himself for asking her to dinner.

While he was standing in the hall he had taken a five-dollar bill from his pocket and had crumpled it in his hand. The head-waiter came forward to meet them.

"Have you reserved a table?" he asked.

"Yes," Hicks said—"Mr. Hicks."

"Certainly, Monsieur—Hicks; ah, yes"; but he made no effort to escort them into the room.

Mrs. Lester flashed a glance at Hicks, who held out his hand containing the crumpled five-dollar bill. The head-waiter deftly extracted the bill from Hicks' clasp, and bowed low: "This way, Monsieur Hicks," he said, and led them into the room.

Mrs. Lester swept ahead of Hicks, who followed in a haze. He saw dozens of small tables, with shaded lights, surrounded by women in décolleté gowns and men in evening dress, heard an orchestra that was playing somewhere and noted dozens of waiters scurrying about. The air of the room was heavy with the odor of flowers and perfumes and there was a babble of laughing conversation. To Hicks it seemed like a scene in a play. He tried to see as much of it as he could, and stepped on Mrs. Lester's train. She turned with a little expression of impatience, smiled, and he begged an awkward pardon. A woman near him laughed. Hicks blushed, glued his eyes on the white expanse of Mrs. Lester's back and blindly followed her.

The head-waiter brought them to a table, elaborately held a chair for Mrs. Lester, who sat down with the utmost grace. Hicks noticed that many of the men near by were staring at her and that the women were apparently commenting on her in low tones. He considered this a compliment to himself instead of to her, and was gratified over the attention he had attracted. Mrs. Lester was superbly unconscious of the little sensation her entrance had made, placed her gold bag—at least Hicks thought it was a gold bag—on the table, sat back in her chair and took a calm survey of the room. The head-waiter stood by with a pencil and a pad of paper.

She began leisurely to remove her gloves, giving no sign that she knew the head-waiter was within a mile of her. It seemed to Hicks she recognized various persons at other tables, for she nodded and smiled brightly; but Hicks did not observe there were no persons in the quarters toward which the nods and smiles were directed.

He pulled off his white gloves and took up a menu card. It was a large menu card, printed in fine type and containing a most amazing array of offerings. The type blurred before Hicks' eyes. He tried to concentrate his gaze on the card. He saw strange dishes named in a strange language.

"What shall it be?" he gulped.

Mrs. Lester nonchalantly picked up the card and scanned it.

"Some oysters?" asked Hicks.

"Oysters?" she repeated, as if it had just occurred to her that oysters were ever eaten. "Oh, yes, if you like them. But"—and she hesitated prettily—"why not a melon? Have you any melons, waiter?"

"*Oui*, madame, if you desire them."

"Melons in November!" thought Hicks. They would cost something!

"A melon, then, chilled; and soup. What soup do you prefer, Mr. Hicks?"

"Oh," Hicks replied, reduced to a state of utter collapse, "any soup."

"Bortsch, then," she ordered. "I adore Bortsch, if they know how to make it." She said a few rapid words in French to the head-waiter, and Hicks listened and cursed his lack of knowledge of that language.

"I learned to like Bortsch in Russia," she told Hicks. "It is wonderful, if they can do it as the Russians do."

"Fish, madame?" asked the waiter.

"Do you care for fish?" she asked Hicks. "I think some Pompano à la Papiolette would be nice."

"Certainly," assented Hicks. "Fish by all means."

"And," she continued rapidly, "a pheasant, and some potatoes soufflé, and some crisp endive, and an ice and coffee."

"Anything with the fish?" asked the head-waiter, who had written down the order.

"A few slices of cucumber," she replied, "with a cream dressing."

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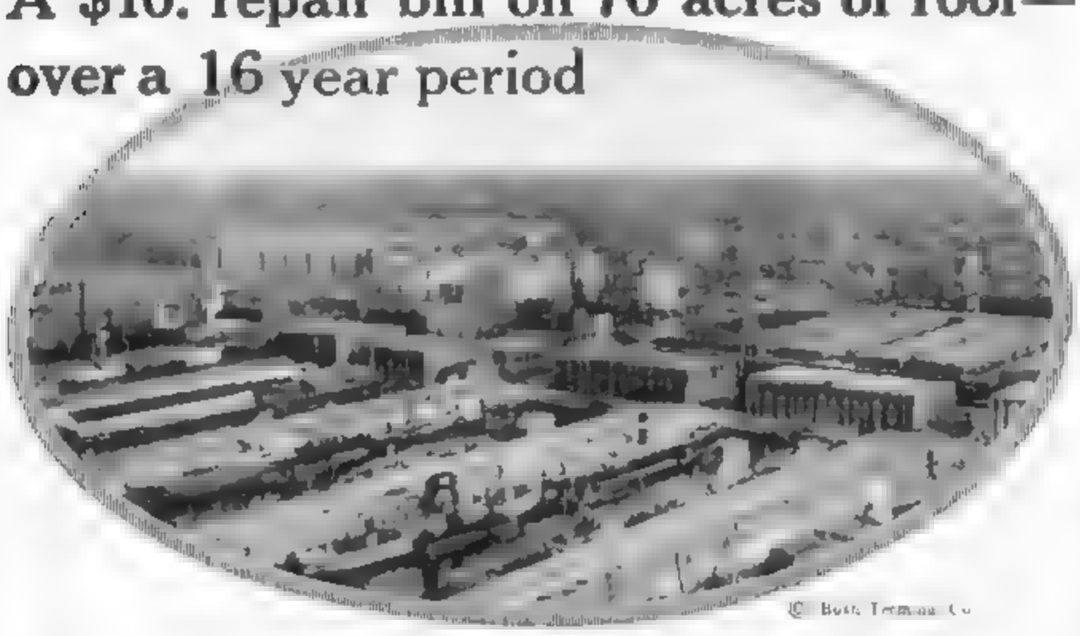

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Cucumbers! Those were out of season too. Hicks nervously computed the amount of money he had with him.

The head-waiter called another waiter and turned the order over to him. Water glasses, knives, forks, napery, rolls and butter appeared on the table as if by magic.

"Will madame have a cocktail?" asked the head-waiter.

She looked questioningly at Hicks, who nodded dumbly. "Two very dry Martinis," she said.

"And what wine do you prefer?"

She looked again at Hicks.

"Champagne," exclaimed Hicks, determined to have some hand in the ordering. The waiter gave him a wine card. He read unknowingly the vast array of wines listed thereon.

"Ah, yes," said the head-waiter; "champagne! And what brand shall it be?"

Champagne was champagne to Hicks. He moved uneasily in his chair.

"That Panzan of ninety-eight is very good," suggested Mrs. Lester. Hicks nodded again. Later he noted that Panzan, ninety-eight, was eight dollars a bottle, and he nervously recounted his money.

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MRS. LESTER made a detailed survey of the room. "There are the Bezoniuses over there," she said, inclining her head toward one quarter of the room. "Their daughter married a Count Crispini and is very high in Roman society. Two tables from them are the Scaddsleighs—I must speak to them before we leave—very wealthy and related by marriage to the Rockstons. One of their daughters married a Russian nobleman, and that tall girl in cerise with them is Mrs. Jack Jacqueminot, their other daughter, who married the Earl of Addlinton and divorced him last winter. The papers were full of it at the time."

"What's cerise?" asked Hicks, who was filled with awe at her familiarity with the great ones of the society columns.

"A color," she laughed. "Oh, you men! There"—and she gave a vague indication with her head—"are the Grandleys and the Ibbertons—a dinner before the opera, I take it," she continued, mentioning many people with an easy familiarity that astounded Hicks. Evidently she was on intimate terms with them all.

Mrs. Lester soon discovered that any woman in an evening gown was a social leader to Hicks' untutored gaze, and she grew more specific, and fascinated him by relating bits of personal history concerning those in the room. Hicks felt he was indeed fortunate, for he was privileged to dine that night in company with about all the leaders of the inner and most exclusive social circle of New York. He listened closely, and asked a question now and then, based on what he had seen in newspapers, to show Mrs. Lester he was not entirely ignorant of the people she knew so intimately. It never occurred to Hicks that none of these people was in the room, or at best a very few of them.

The cocktail came, and she lifted the glass to him and said: "*A votre santé, monsieur!*"

Hicks bowed. "Your very good health," he replied, and they both drank. He felt the glow of the mixture within him and was happy. After the melon was on the table Mrs. Lester said: "But all this social chatter must bore you. Tell me about yourself, Mr. Hicks, and what you have been doing since I last saw you."

Hicks launched into the story of his career. The meal was served rapidly and skillfully.

The wine came and Hicks drank a glass or two. By that time his face was a little flushed and he was leaning forward, talking with intense earnestness about what he had done and what he expected to do.

"And that is not all," he said, after he had finished the story of the campaign to Mrs. Lester, who displayed a most flattering interest. "That is not all. I may tell you something in strict confidence, I suppose?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Hicks," she replied. "You can trust me, I am sure."

"Well," he said, lowering his voice a bit, "I expect to be made a United States senator within a short time."

Mrs. Lester clapped her hands softly. "Oh, Mr. Hicks," she exclaimed; "how splendid! How perfectly splendid! You a senator! Isn't it just too wonderful. Tell me all about it." And she looked at him with a most bewitching smile. "I am tremendously interested."

"Yes," continued Hicks, rather pompously, "my services are to be recognized. I hold the promise of the governor-elect that as soon as Senator Filkins dies he will appoint me to fill the vacancy."

"Is Senator Filkins ill?" she asked.

"Likely to die at any moment. Then when I get the appointment I shall, of course, go to Washington and take my seat. Later, when the primaries come, I shall enter those, and shall have no difficulty at all—no difficulty at all, I assure you—in winning in that fight and being elected for the full term. Senator Filkins' term will expire a year from next March anyhow, and with the leverage I shall have by virtue of my place in the Senate I shall be in a commanding position, and shall take my rightful place in the upper branch of the Congress."

Mrs. Lester listened to him with parted lips. A senator? This young man a senator! She wondered if what he said were true; and she questioned him skillfully, and had him repeat the details of the promise and his assurances that Dawson would undoubtedly keep his pledge.

Hicks went on to hint that he had done very well in a financial way in Rextown, boasted of the size and profit of his law practice, and felt, when he left Mrs. Lester at the Dwighton, that he had laid secure foundations for himself in her thoughts.

He considered her not only a beautiful but a most talented woman, and in thinking of himself in the possible position of her husband, convinced himself she would be of great aid to him in Washington in attaining social position, which he now began to crave. The possibility that there might be more fashionable, more beautiful, more clever women in Washington, or elsewhere, than Mrs. Lester did not occur to Hicks. He knew she was far and away superior to any woman in Rextown, and he was measuring her by Rextown standards.

He was in her company as frequently as she allowed him to be, took her to the theater, for afternoon rides in Central Park on bright days, and invited her to dinner three times. Mrs. Lester apparently welcomed his attentions, but twice kept him away for two days at a time, saying she had social duties that required her attention. She intimated, without saying so, that she was making rounds of calls on the folks who live upon and adjacent to upper Fifth Avenue. Hicks wondered why she didn't ask him to go with her and hinted that he would be glad to meet her friends; but she said she was merely calling on women acquaintances and keeping up her intimacies, and that she was sure he would not enjoy these feminine interchanges. However, she casually mentioned the names of social leaders, as if these were the persons with whom she was familiar, and Hicks was duly impressed.

After ten days Hicks decided he must move on. He spent several hours of the afternoon before his last dinner with her considering the advisability of proposing marriage to her, but decided to wait. It would do no harm to consider the matter further, although he was strongly attracted to her.

He wanted first to make as certain as possible of the size of her fortune. If she had a fair amount of money, as he was almost sure she had, he would marry her. He had no idea there was the possibility of a refusal on her part. That phase of it never entered into his calculations.

He had tried time and again to lead her up to the point of confiding in him just how much money she had, and how it was invested, and each time she had cleverly evaded his questions, although she talked knowingly of stocks and bonds and "The Street," and all that. She was adorable at that last dinner, urging Hicks to further exaltation of himself, and listening with a most attentive and appreciative air. As he bade her good-by at the Dwighton he held her hand and said: "Mrs. Lester, these few days shall ever remain in my memory. I shall live in the hope of seeing you soon again, and some day I hope—I trust—I ——"

"Yes?" she said softly.

"I shall see you again," he concluded lamely, and pressing her hand again he hurried out.

"All I have to do is to say the word," Hicks thought, as he walked toward the Hotel Superbious.

"He is ready to be picked whenever I see fit to pick him," was Mrs. Lester's view of the situation as she went up to her room in the elevator.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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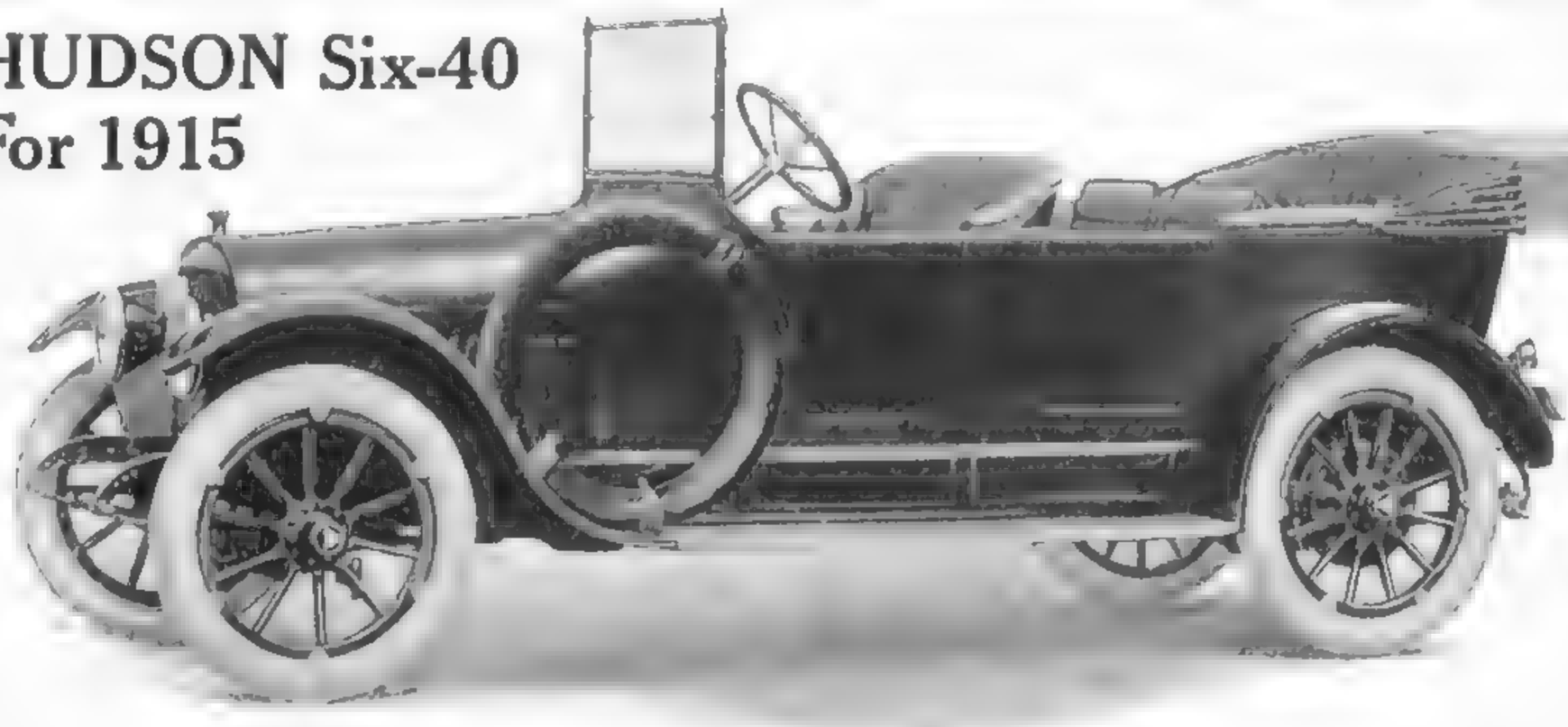
HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



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Once the ideal was an oversize car, big, impressive and powerful. Now modest size is wanted. This HUDSON Six shows 47 horsepower—enough for any requirement. The 123-inch wheel-base gives ample room for the two extra tonneau seats.

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Once, in the best cars, operative cost was extravagant. Few men could stand the tax. Here, by matchless lightness and a new-type motor, we have made it very small.

Once the desirable cars were costly—way beyond the reach of the many. Today, this Six costs you but $1,550. Three years ago, not a Six was built to sell at less than twice that.

New Artistic Features

We have gained as much in luxury and art. Compare this exquisite HUDSON Six-40 with the cars of two years back. Note the flowing, unbroken lines, the excellent body finish, the hand-buffed upholstery, the invisible hinges—the countless touches which show infinite pains.

This car looks the thoroughbred. You will find none handsomer, none better equipped, none with more comforts and conveniences than this.

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The new HUDSON Six-40 in no way whatever sacrifices ideals to price. It is what we regard—what Mr. Coffin regards—as the highest type of a modern car.

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Sorter smooths out all th' wrinkles
An' chases care away,
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Wharever shadders lay—
It's th' hour of the after-supper pipe.

It's a time when soldiers gather
'Round th' far camp fires bright,
An' th' soldiers in life's battle,
Weary with a hard day's fight,
Join th' million other fellers
That are settin' down tonight,
To a restful, peaceful after-supper pipe.

Velvet Joe

WHEN you light *your* after supper pipe tonight, think of the thousands of men who are finding rest and peace after a good day's work, and are joining you in the free-masonry of a pipe of VELVET. Flash these other good fellows a "Luck to you, old man"—via VELVET wireless!

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Actual Size

THE BUSHER'S HONEYMOON

(Continued from Page 14)

end it all and I guess it would be better for everybody. But I cannot do that Al because I have not got the money to buy a gun with.

I went down to see Tinker about signing up with the Federal League and he was busy in the office when I come in. Pretty soon Buck Perry the pitcher that was with Boston last year come out and seen me and as Tinker was still busy we went out and had a drink together. Buck shows me a contract for $5000 a year and Tinker had allso gave him a $500 bonus. So pretty soon I went up to the office and pretty soon Tinker seen me and called me into his private office and asked what did I want. I says I was ready to jump for $4000 and a bonus. He says I thought you was signed up with the White Sox. I says Yes I was but I was not satisfied. He says That does not make no difference to me if you are satisfied or not. You ought to of came to me before you signed a contract. I says I did not know enough but I know better now. He says Well it is to late now. We cannot have nothing to do with you because you have went and signed a contract with the White Sox. I argude with him a while and asked him to come out and have a drink so we could talk it over but he said he was busy so they was nothing for me to do but blow.

So I am not going to the Federal League Al and I will not go with the White Sox because I have got a raw deal. Comiskey will be sorry for what he done when his team starts the season and is up against it for good pitchers and then he will probily be willing to give me anything I ask for but that don't do me no good now Al. I am way in debt and no chance to get no money from nobody. I wish I had of stayed with Terre Haute Al and never saw this league.

Your pal, JACK.

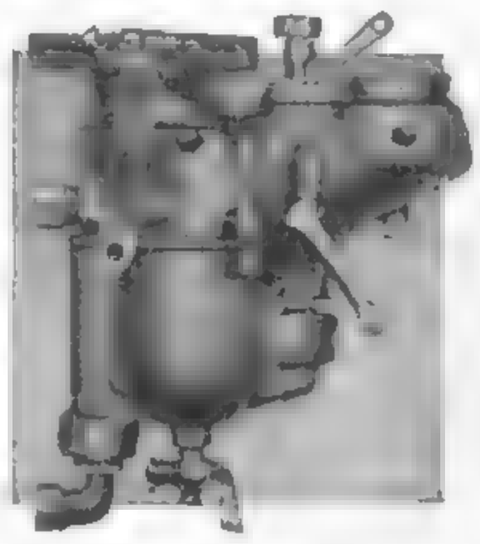
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 17.

FRIEND AL: Al don't never let nobody tell you that these here lefthanders is right. This Allen my own brother-in-law who married sisters has been grafting and spongeing on me all winter Al. Look what he done to me now Al. You know how hard I been up against it for money and I know he has got plenty of it because I seen it on him. Well Al I was scared to tell Florrie I was cleaned out and so I went to Allen yesterday and says I had to have $100 right away because I owed the rent and owed the hired girl's salery and could not even pay no grocery bill. And he says No he could not let me have none because he has got to save all his money to take his wife on the trip to California. And here he has been liveing on me all winter and maybe I could of took my wife to California if I had not of spent all my money takeing care of this no-good lefthander and his wife. And Al honest he has not got a thing and ought not to be in the league. He gets by with a dinky curve ball and has not got no more smoke than a rabbit or something.

Well Al I felt like busting him in the jaw but then I thought No I might kill him and then I would have Marie and Florrie both to take care of and God knows one of them is enough besides paying his funeral expenses. So I walked away from him without takeing a crack at him and went into the other room where Florrie and Marie was at. I says to Marie I says Marie I wish you would go in the other room a minute because I want to talk to Florrie. So Marie beats it into the other room and then I tells Florrie all about what Comiskey and the Federal League done to me. She bawled something awful and then she says I was no good and she wished she had not never married me. I says I wisht it too and then she says Do you mean that and starts to cry.

I told her I was sorry I says that because they is not no use fusing with girls Al specially when they is your wife. She says No California trip for me and then she says What are you going to do? And I says I did not know. She says Well if I was a man I would do something. So then I got mad and I says I will do something. So I went down to the corner salloon and started in to get good and drunk but I could not do it Al because I did not have the money.

Well old pal I am going to ask you a big favor and it is this I want you to send me $100 Al for just a few days till I can get on my feet. I do not know when I can pay it back Al but I guess you know the money is



Guaranteed Results

The H. W. Johns-Manville Company not only accept responsibility for the performance of the Carter Carburetor, but guarantee the user greatly increased economy, flexibility and power.

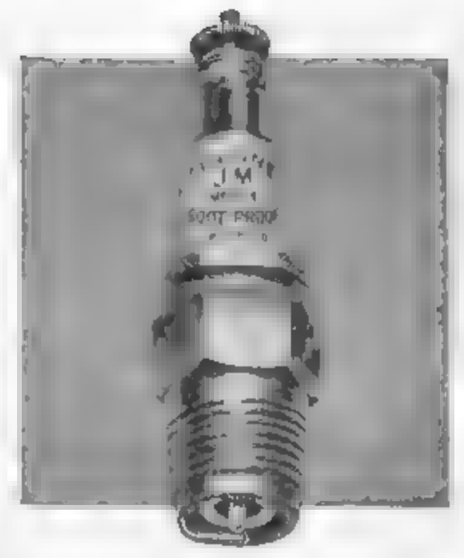
CARTER Carburetor

(Maltiple-Jet)

A carburetor whose fuel supply is automatically proportioned to the engine's requirements, insuring ECONOMY OF FUEL CONSUMPTION.

A carburetor in which an uninterrupted, instantaneous increased or decreased flow of fuel is possible, insuring FLEXIBILITY.

A carburetor in which the gasoline is passed through a number of extremely small jets with such force as to effect absolutely complete vaporization, insuring greatly INCREASED POWER. Write for new descriptive catalog



Soot-Proof, Leak-Proof Heat-Proof

Proof against all the causes for general spark plug dissatisfaction and for 12 years the choice of wiser car owners—

J-M (Mez-ger)
SOOT-PROOF SPARK PLUG

Double-chamber design gives double proof against short-circuit due to carbon deposits.

Made in two gas-tight units so that porcelain part can be removed and replaced without disturbing the shell or body in the cylinder.

Special treatment of clays gives the porcelain extremely high resistance to heat and to sudden variations in temperature.

A strong, efficient, lasting plug that won't break unless struck with a heavy instrument, and that costs no more than other good plugs, yet invariably proves the better buy.

Write for booklet.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

THE name Johns-Manville gives to the user of any J-M Accessory a Guarantee of Quality, *plus* the certainty of Service in every important city in North America. A *double* assurance of satisfaction, backed by a $5,000,000 corporation.

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Albany	Cleveland	Houston	New Orleans	Salt Lake City
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Charlotte	Duluth	Milwaukee	Rochester	Wilkes Barre
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Long Horn
Jones Speedometer
J-M Lens (Non-Blinding)
Johns-Manville Shock Absorber
J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining
J-M Dry Batteries
J-M Fire Extinguisher
J-M Mobilite Electric Lamps
J-M Automobile Tape
Arnold Electric Vaporizer
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Write nearest Branch for booklets

2174

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Why so many cars equip with EDISON MAZDAS

is easily understood when you add to the unrivalled experience of manufacturing over 500 million EDISON lamps our years of close cooperation with lighting system makers and that world-wide research—"MAZDA Service."

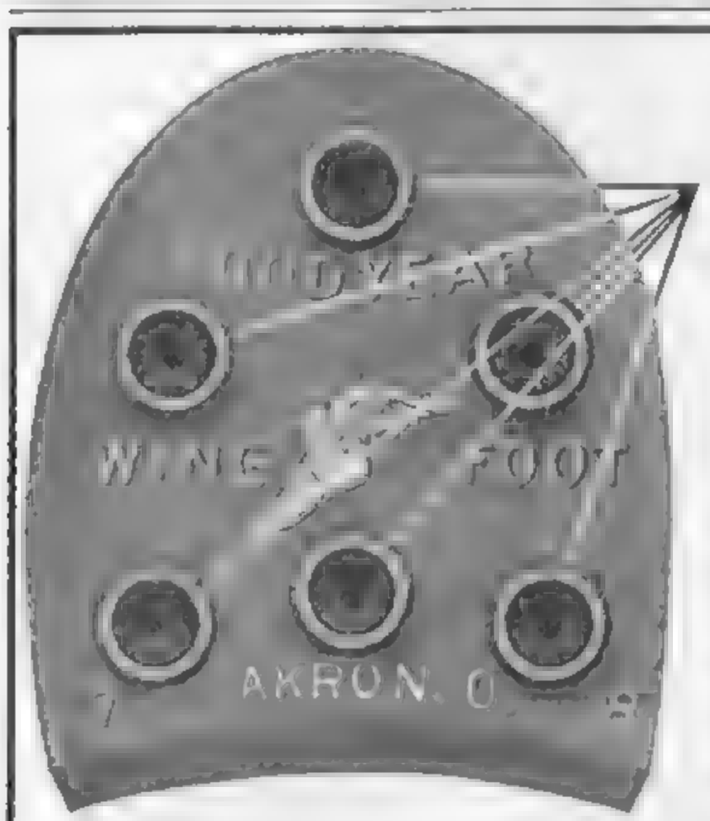
EDISON MAZDA
Automobile Lamps

are so nearly ideal in efficiency and sturdiness that more than 40 leading cars equip with these reliable lamps and owners everywhere use them for renewals on cars, motor boats and motorcycles.

You get these lamps wherever you see an EDISON Agency or Service Station sign displayed. You can get a complete set packed in this handy little lamp-chest. And by keeping this chest always filled with the new EDISON MAZDAS, you protect yourself against emergencies and insure maximum lighting system efficiency.

Be sure the MAZDA lamps you buy bear the name EDISON

EDISON LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Sales Office, Harrison, N.J. Agencies Everywhere
4776



Heel Pillows

Goodyear has put air pillows under your heels.

Every step you take is a *cushion* step. Every time your heel meets the pavement it rests on six air cushions of live, resilient, durable rubber. You save your heels, your nerves, your energy.

This caps the climax in rubber heel comfort.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Wingfoot Rubber Heels

You do not know what real rubber heel comfort is until you have worn Goodyear Wingfoots. These six air cushions are always active. Grit and mud can't stay in. You always show a clean pair of heels.

And they outwear leather. The Goodyear name guarantees satisfaction.

All Sizes
As easy to secure as the ordinary kind.

Prices 50c and 50c a pair. Your dealer can supply and apply them. All sizes, for men and women, boys and girls. In red or black—for dress and outing shoes.

If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and size of your heel, and we will see that you are supplied. No other rubber heel can take the place of "Wingfoots."

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

Also ask for Wingfoot Rubber Soles—light, durable soles that make for added ease and comfort at every step. (1684)

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Dealers Everywhere Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

good and I know you have got it. Who would not have it when they live in Bedford? And besides I let you take $20 in June 4 years ago Al and you give it back but I would not have said nothing to you if you had of kept it. Let me hear from you right away old pal.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 19.

AL: I am certainly greatful to you Al for the $100 which come just a little while ago. I will pay the rent with it and part of the grocery bill and I guess the hired girl will have to wait a while for hern but she is sure to get it because I don't never forget my debts. I have changed my mind about the White Sox and I am going to go on the trip and take Florrie along because I don't think it would not be right to leave her here alone in Chi when her sister and all of us is going.

I am going over to the ball park and up in the office pretty soon to see about it. I will tell Comiskey I changed my mind and he will be glad to get me back because the club has not got no chance to finish nowheres without me. But I won't go on no trip or give the club my services without them giveing me some more advance money so as I can take Florrie along with me because Al I would not go without her.

Maybe Comiskey will make my salery $3000 like I wanted him to when he sees I am willing to be a good fellow and go along with him and when he knows that the Federal League would of gladly gave me $4000 if I had not of signed no contract with the White Sox.

I think I will ask him for $200 advance money Al and if I get it may be I can send part of your $100 back to you but I know you cannot be in no hurry Al though you says you wanted it back as soon as possible. You could not be very hard up Al because it don't cost near so much to live in Bedford as it does up here.

Anyway I will let you know how I come out with Comiskey and I will write you as soon as I get out to Paso Robles if I don't get no time to write you before I leave.

Your pal, JACK.

P. S. I have took good care of myself all winter Al and I guess I ought to have a great season.

P. S. Florrie is tickled to death about going along and her and I will have some time together out there on the Coast if I can get some money somewheres.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Febuery 21.

FRIEND AL: I have not got the heart to write this letter to you Al. I am up here in my $42.50 a month flat and the club has went to California and Florrie has went too. I am flat broke Al and all I am asking you is to send me enough money to pay my fair to Bedford and they and all their leagues can go to hell Al.

I was out to the ball park early yesterday morning and some of the boys was there allready fanning and kidding each other. They tried to kid me to when I come in but I guess I give them as good as they give me. I was not in no mind for kidding Al because I was there on business and I wanted to see Comiskey and get it done with.

Well the secretary come in finally and I went up to him and says I wanted to see Comiskey right away. He says The boss was busy and what did I want to see him about and I says I wanted to get some advance money because I was going to take my wife on the trip. He says This would be a fine time to be telling us about it even if you was going on the trip.

And I says What do you mean? And he says You are not going on no trip with us because we have got wavers on you and you are sold to Milwaukee.

Honest Al I thought he was kidding at first and I was waiting for him to laugh but he did not laugh and finally I says What do you mean? And he says Cannot you understand no English? You are sold to Milwaukee. Then I says I want to see the boss. He says It won't do you no good to see the boss and he is to busy to see you. I says I want to get some money. And he says You cannot get no money from this club and all you get is your fair to Milwaukee. I says I am not going to no Milwaukee anyway and he says I should not worry about that. Suit yourself.

Well Al I told some of the boys about it and they was pretty sore and says I ought to bust the secretary in the jaw and I was going to do it when I thought No I better not because he is a little guy and I might kill him.

I looked all over for Kid Gleason but he was not nowheres round and they told me he would not get into town till late in the afternoon. If I could of saw him Al he would of fixed me all up. I asked 3 or 4 of the boys for some money but they says they was all broke.

But I have not told you the worst of it yet Al. When I come back to the flat Allen and Marie and Florrie was busy packing up and they asked me how I come out. I told them and Allen just stood there stareing like a big rummy but Marie and Florrie both begin to cry and I almost felt like as if I would like to cry to only I am not no baby Al.

Well Al I told Florrie she might just is well quit packing and make up her mind that she was not going nowheres till I got money enough to go to Bedford where I belong. She kept right on crying and it got so I could not stand it no more so I went out to get a drink because I still had just about a dollar left yet.

It was about 2 oclock when I left the flat and pretty near 6 when I come back because I had ran in to some fans that knowed who I was and would not let me get away and besides I did not want to see no more of Allen and Marie till they was out of the house and on their way.

But when I come in Al they was nobody there. They was not nothing there except the furniture and a few of my things scattered round. I sit down for a few minutes because I guess I must of had to much to drink but finally I seen a note on the table addressed to me and I seen it was Florrie's writeing.

I do not remember just what was there in the note Al because I tore it up the minute I read it but it was something about I could not support no wife and Allen had gave her enough money to go back to Texas and she was going on the 6 oclock train and it would not do me no good to try and stop her.

Well Al they was not no danger of me trying to stop her. She was not no good Al and I wisht I had not of never saw either she or her sister or my brother-in-law.

For a minute I thought I would follow Allen and his wife down to the deepo where the special train was to pull out of and wait till I see him and punch his jaw but I seen that would not get me nothing.

So here I am all alone Al and I will have to stay here till you send me the money to come home. You better send me $25 because I have got a few little debts I should ought to pay before I leave town. I am not going to Milwaukee Al because I did not get no decent deal and nobody cannot make no sucker out of me.

Please hurry up with the $25 Al old friend because I am sick and tired of Chi and want to get back there with my old pal.

Yours, JACK.

P. S. Al I wish I had of took poor little Violet when she was so stuck on me.

What Constitutes A Square Deal to Tire Users?

HERE is our answer! We build a QUALITY tire. For fifteen years we have devoted our experience and our manufacturing facilities exclusively to the making of high-grade casings and tubes. All conditions are united to the end that mileage may be built into Fisk Tires.

When a man purchases a Fisk Tire, he immediately becomes *our* customer. Wherever he buys and whether he communicates with us direct or through his dealer, he enjoys the courteous, prompt, fair and efficient treatment which our Specialized Service has developed. We build—we advertise—and we sell in good faith to the man who would buy tires that satisfy.

When You Tour

The use of a tire of any make entitles you to Fisk Free Service. We have the finest stations in the United States unequaled in facilities and in the co operative spirit which prevails. Send for addresses

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

18,000 Dealers and Fisk Branches in Principal Cities

The Telephone Emergency

THE stoutest telephone line cannot stand against such a storm as that which swept the Middle Atlantic coast early in the year. Poles were broken off like wooden toothpicks, and wires were left useless in a tangled skein.

It cost the telephone company over a million dollars to repair that damage, an item to be remembered when we talk about how cheaply telephone service may be given.

More than half of the wire mileage of the Bell System is underground out of the way of storms. The expense of underground conduits and cables is warranted for the important trunk lines with numerous wires and for the lines in the congested districts which serve a large number of people.

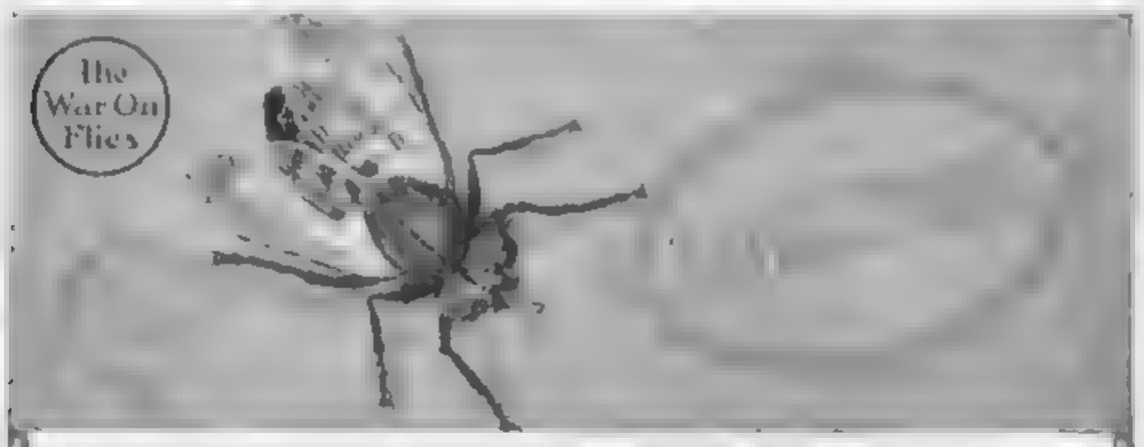
But for the suburban and rural lines reaching a scattered population and doing a small business in a large area, it is impracticable to dig trenches, build conduits and lay cables in order that each individual wire may be underground.

More important is the problem of service. Overhead wires are necessary for talking a very long distance. It is impossible to talk more than a limited distance underground, although Bell engineers are making a world's record for underground communication.

Parallel to the underground there must also be overhead wires for the long haul, in order that the Bell System may give service universally between distant parts of the country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



Use Tanglefoot This Summer

For Convenience— Tanglefoot needs no preparation. Simply pull the sheets apart and place them on window sills or in strong light. Easiest, quickest way of catching flies.

For Safety— Tanglefoot is non-poisonous. You take great risks when you use poisons in your home. There are enough mistakes made with poison without deliberately putting it in the children's way. And poisons do not kill the germs on the fly. Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but coats it with a varnish that *destroys the germ as well as the fly.*

For Sanitary Reasons— Tanglefoot is the modern, cleanly way of killing flies. In 30 years nothing has proved so sure, so safe, so easy to use.

At All Grocers and Druggists— Tanglefoot lasts longer than the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper or sticky fly-paper, because it contains more sticky compound. Why not get the best when it costs you no more? Ask for genuine Tanglefoot.

MADE ONLY BY

THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture. [301]

THE MAXIMUM WAGE FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 11)

those savings amounted to only two hundred dollars. In ten years, with interest at five per cent, that would be over twenty-five hundred dollars, and I should be, say, thirty-two. Two marks deducted from my monthly wages in Germany would never amount to that in ten years; so I made up my mind to try our German insurance system against idleness and illness and old age in America, only I would do it myself.

"There was another reason I thought I would go up country. What were we girls in Jersey City? What could we ever be in New York? A lot of cattle herded in tenements and ballrooms! Who cared whether we lived or died? What a lot of money we were always spending on dress! My chum wore a hat the size of a farm-wagon wheel that cost a whole week's wages—and who looked at her twice for it? And who cared? It was difficult to make safe friends in the big city.

"In the country villages back home a respectable girl who could earn and save amounted to somebody. She did not go begging for suitors—the way I have seen these girls with the big hats; so I took the firm's offer and went up country at one dollar a week less than we were paid in the city. I have always been glad I did that. There was a little church of about fifty people. There was a Christian Endeavor. There was a Young People's Social Society. I joined them all and they all helped me; and I felt that I belonged somewhere.

"Why cannot all the big factories be located in the country? Living costs only a third as much as in the city. For instance, for six dollars a month I rented a seven-room house with a furnace; and a brook flowed through the lawn. I sublet rooms to other workers in the cannery at a dollar and a half a room a month. I rented out four rooms. Those rooms paid my rent. Then I raised potatoes and kept two pigs and one hundred and fifty chickens. After the first year the fruit from the garden, the potatoes, the pigs and the chickens paid all the cost of my living.

"I could raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. I kept these in the cellar and sold them in the spring at one dollar a bushel. The chickens sometimes gave me as much as twelve dollars clear a week in eggs. They cost me about twelve dollars a month in feed and labor. A man I rented a room off the kitchen to did the work cheap. The apples and pears I sold round the village at three dollars a barrel. I usually got three barrels of pears and twenty of apples. The fruit bought all my clothes after the first year in the country. Two pigs I sold to the local butcher for from fifty to sixty dollars each fall. They cost me in feed about twenty-seven dollars a year."

Wholesome Country Life

"Two years from the time I went to the country I could save, not two marks a month which I should have paid in insurance in Germany, but every cent of my wages. Sometimes on piecework those wages amounted to three dollars a day; but when the layoffs came we were on half time; and my wages did not go much over five hundred dollars a year. I saved every cent of them for five years. Then I could afford what I never could have afforded in Germany or the city. When I sold the pigs I bought a good warm fur coat; and every year, as I sold the pigs and the chickens, I tried to buy what was permanent—in furnishings or clothes.

"You bet money did not go through my fingers like water any more! I always paid twenty-five cents a week into the church and ten cents a week into the Christian Endeavor and Young People's Social Society. I was superintendent of the Sunday-school for three years and treasurer in the church for five. Maybe you think all these things do not matter to a lone woman—but they do! They make up her life. They make her belong somewhere, and that's what we all want to do—to belong; to be something besides a horse on a treadmill, like our old gray mare at the factory that works the chain for a coal chute. That is why men and women marry—to belong; to anchor; to get their roots down; to have something that is theirs, where the world cannot come in and throw them out.

"So I say if the employers who establish the Welfare Associations want to do good—as you say they do—why do they not build their factories in the country? They could run them very cheaply. My wages were from one to three dollars a week lower than they would have been in town. I have told you about rents. Let me tell you about meat. Usually we boarded at a straight three dollars a week in the city; but one winter we tried to save by cooking our own meals. We could never afford steak or chicken—I have chicken once a week in the country. We could afford only boiling pieces. They cost us from twenty-two to twenty-five cents a pound. Steak was anywhere from twenty-eight to thirty-two cents.

"In the country steak was from twenty to twenty-two cents—boiling pieces seventeen and eighteen. If they would just establish their factories in the country it would do away with these crowded tenements, these housing evils. Men and women would not die cursing or get so discouraged they will not try—just because they cannot get on. Boys and girls need fun. We had it in the country and we had it respectably. There were night sleighrides in winter. There were dances in the town hall. There were the church sociables once a month.

"If the rich people who spend so much investigating would persuade the factory owners to build in the country it would do away with half the evils people are arguing about. Of course department stores cannot move out; but the mail-order houses could, and the white goods factories, and the cap-makers, and the ready-made-clothes houses and the furworkers, and nearly all factories. The agitators would not have a job if the factories moved to the country."

The House Bought and Paid For

"I have told you about my little house, for which I paid six dollars a month. In our village and in the villages round about were lots of little houses, with water and an acre or two of ground, which could be bought for from three to six hundred dollars. I know of an eight-room house bought for three hundred dollars; a twelve-room one that would not sell for six hundred dollars. A little paint and paper would have made them as good as mine. Seven years after I went to the country the house where I lived was offered for sale. It had cost thirty-five hundred dollars, and was offered for two thousand dollars. Why this decline? Just because the factory habit in town has drawn so many families away from the country that all these little Down East villages are going back and do not realize what a good thing they have.

"I had twenty-two hundred dollars in the bank. People said I was a fool to buy—all the villages in the East were going back and back. This village once had a population of twelve hundred. It now had less than three hundred. But I figured this way: If I owned my home clear of debt I should always be secure against want. I could not lose it. And failures in big department stores in New York and big factories must have swept away all the welfare insurance of many girls.

"Besides, girls in cities change jobs every three years. I could not lose the house. If I lost my job I could make the rent from it, and the garden and the chickens would keep me; so I had the title searched and bought it, paying down cash. I could not have accomplished that in any other land in twenty years. I could not have bought a house in the city in a lifetime; and I now had what would be considered a rich dowry for any girl at home.

"Mighty glad I was I had it! If you will remember how slack times were before 1900 you will know how our factory had to run on half time. If I had not had the rent and the garden and the chickens my income would have fallen to three dollars a week, on which you could only starve in the city; but, with everything, I managed to keep my income up to five hundred dollars clear a year.

"My girl chum had married a man in California; and it was the beginning of the orange-grove business, when you could buy at one hundred dollars an acre. She wrote me about it. As soon as I had fifteen hundred

Ends Millions of Corns

Do you know that millions of corns are now ended in one way?

Blue-jay takes out about one million corns a month; it frees from corns legions of people daily. Since its invention it has ended sixty million corns.

The way is quick and easy, painless and efficient. Apply **Blue-jay** at night. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Then **Blue-jay** gently undermines the corn. Generally in 48 hours the loosened corn comes out. There is no pain, no trouble.

Don't pare your corns. There is danger in it and it brings only brief relief.

Don't be discouraged because inefficient methods have failed.

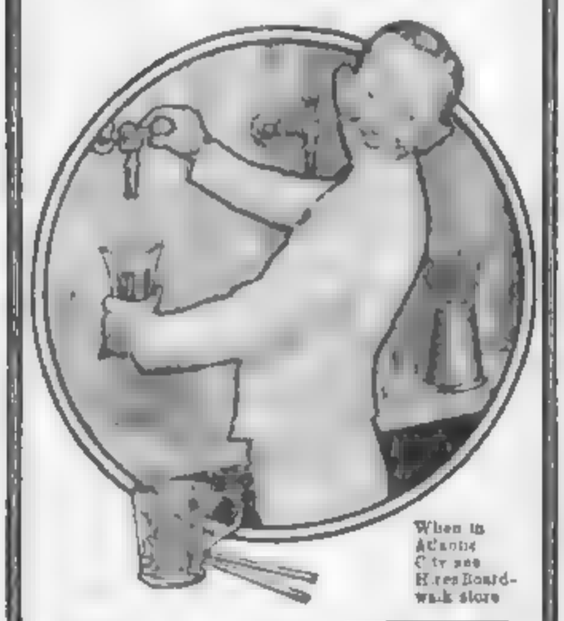
Do what millions do—use **Blue-jay.** It is modern, scientific. And it ends the corn completely in an easy, pleasant way.

Blue-jay
For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Yezzir! Thirsts of any age or either sex



When in Atlantic City see Hires Boardwalk store

subdued with **Hires**

5 cents per quaff

At fountains or in bottles at grocers', fruit stands, etc.

Many Earn $30 to $75 a Week

TORRINGTON Vacuum Cleaners and Sweepers are made ... Send for Catalog and Price to Agents

SWEEPCLEANER CO Box H Torrington, Conn

dollars more to the good I took a trip out to visit her. Well, I paid one hundred dollars an acre down and bought ten acres of a lemon grove in California. It took about half my savings each year to pay for the irrigation and care of the young grove. My chum's husband did that.

"Perhaps there is something else I should tell you here. To be happy, a woman wants not only to belong somewhere, but she wants humans belonging to her. She wants a nest, all right; but she wants birds in it. She wants it lined with love and home joys. So just before I bought the California lemon grove I brought my father and mother out from Germany, with the orphan boy of a dead brother. This made me very happy—though neither of my parents lived long after coming to America.

"I managed somehow to send my nephew to the high school; then he passed the entrance examinations to Cornell. By working on farms in summer and selling papers in the evenings he had saved enough money to put himself through Cornell."*

"You ask how my lemon grove came out. I have had it ten years. Last year it cleared me twelve hundred dollars; but it is only beginning to bear and will do better when I go out and manage it myself. The secret of my success? Not ability! Not brains! I am only very average. I am German and sort of ponderous, though I think I go sure. The secret? No secret, just thrift, thrift."

Untried Remedies

"And now about this minimum wage—that is what played the very mischief! I wish social reformers would put on aprons and come out and do a year's factory work themselves! They would see how these fine schemes work. A lot of books on women who work had come out. Most of them were written by women who do not work. The papers were full of minimum-wage talk. Our firm did not oppose. Of course not! They had to have the good will of the public—but they saw it coming; and what they did was pension off everybody over fifty in our cannery on pensions that ran from eight to twelve dollars a month.

"Lots of us had been working on half time at eight dollars a week and at three dollars a week. No more half time! We were knocked off—every one of us who could not earn the minimum wage of ten dollars a week. I did not come in for a pension, because I was under fifty. The men and women thrown out on pensions could not live on those pensions unless they had a house. They knocked from job to job and place to place—poor worn-out people unused to new factories!

"In their places were taken, not fifty new hands but ten raw, husky, strong boys at ten dollars a week. If you figured it out you would see that the firm saved a hundred a week on our floor alone through the minimum wage. As soon as these boys were competent to earn more they were passed out and a new set taken on. That is what the minimum wage did for us. It sounds very pretty in theory. It does not work out so fine.

"What am I going to do? As soon as I rent my house I am going out to California to take charge of my lemon grove."

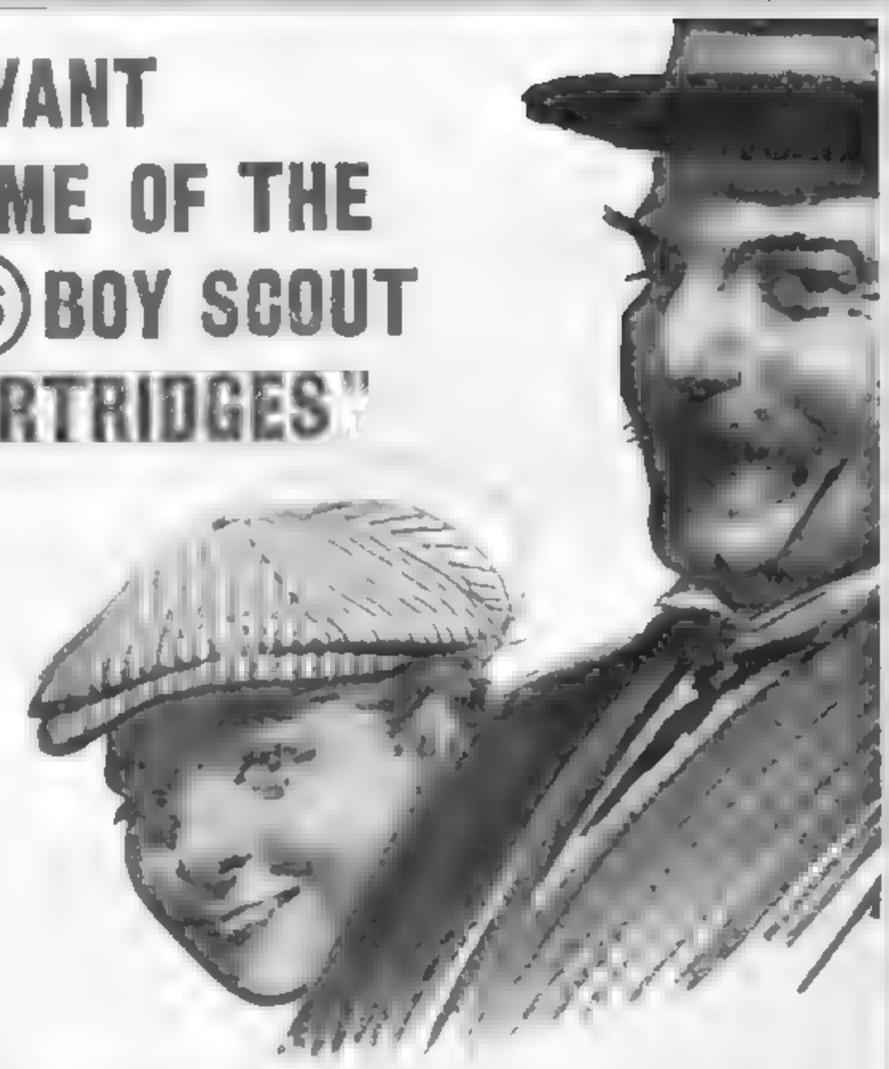
No comment is needed on what this woman accomplished before she was forty-five. Her record has been surpassed by countless others of whom the world never hears. Complaint is always loud-mouthed. Success is too busy to talk. Untried remedies look easy; but this woman's case is remarkable in that it shows exactly how the minimum wage worked out in a practical case; and it shows how the thrift system embodied in German insurance can be worked out in the individual life.

If the minimum wage entails state care of those thrown out, as every advocate of the system acknowledges, it might be worth considering whether the German system of insuring against illness, idleness and age is not wiser than a system that throws a discarded worker between the devil and the deep sea.

The employer cannot employ below the deadline. The state has not yet indicated that it will. It is worth while setting down, as a matter of fact, that wherever insurance against illness and old age exists the deathrate has fallen.

*This boy, launched by a woman below the deadline of the advocated minimum wage, is to-day at the head of one of the largest insurance companies in the Orient—salary, $8000 a year.

"I WANT SOME OF THE US BOY SCOUT CARTRIDGES"



THE men who are good shots today learned to shoot a "22" when they were boys. The .22 cartridges made by the U. S. Cartridge Company give the shooter the confidence in the sureness of his ammunition that every good shot must have. Exhibition rifle shots prefer these cartridges for fancy shooting.

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THE GAY AND FESTIVE CLAVERHOUSE

(Continued from Page 18)

"I?" he caught her up. "Never in the world. I think of bringing nitroglycerin into a peaceful dwelling? Certainly not! Furthest thing from my mind. Wouldn't know nitroglycerin if I saw it—which I don't want to."

Lady Wythe, taken quite off her feet, stared dumbly. Madeleine seemed to remember that it wasn't such a very loud explosion after all.

"But," her ladyship began, striving to adjust herself to fresh possibilities, "you said the thing might go off. You said that even the slightest jar ——"

"Ah, yes, so I did. And so it did. And it wasn't a slight jar either. That stupid man of yours, Forbes, dropped his end of the case as they were lifting it out of the van. I don't know yet how many of the siphons exploded."

"Siphons!" The eyes of his aunt by marriage were very wide.

"To be sure—of carbonic water. I sent for a hundred gross. Also a ton or so of sea salt. I'm to bathe, my dear Claudia, in carbonic acid baths in which sea salt is dissolved. It's the very latest thing, you know, for toxic heart, poisons in the blood, and all that sort of bally rot. Doctor Pushkin always advises it. She's done wonders giving those baths. Pulled fellows right out of the grave, they say."

Lady Wythe, taking him literally, flamed again. "Ernest!" she cried. "You forget yourself. Remember, Madeleine is present."

"Rubbish!" he retorted. "A bath isn't immoral. I didn't say or mean that ——"

"Be quiet!" she cried. "I command you! You're making it worse."

When some time later Madeleine made her appeal for the new physician, in accordance with the request of Claverhouse, she was astonished to find her mother immovable. "What I have said I have said," she returned sternly. "My views are fixed. After having heard what that conscienceless man told us, I am amazed that you should even propose such a thing."

Madeleine took the refusal with bad grace. She had been so used to having her own way that to be thwarted put her in ill humor. She scribbled a little note to the gay and festive one in which she informed him of the result, and dispatched it by Parkins. It came back to her with a line on the margin:

"If she goes because of this I go too. My baths are imperative."

And this indeed cast the lovely, loyal girl into the lowest pit of despair.

As if to minimize the effect of the ruling as much as possible, Claverhouse and the doctor lunched and dined together in the suite they occupied. He was not seen again that day. And for fully twelve hours Yewstones was without a single disturbing sensation save that which tore incessantly at Madeleine Wythe's loving heart.

At midnight a peaceful silence brooded over the ancient fortresslike dwelling. Rats may have been scurrying through the ample vaulted spaces of the musty cellars and bats whirring in circular flight among chimneys and parapets; but within the manor-house there was neither movement nor sound. Yewstones was fast-locked in dreamless slumber.

Then somewhere resonantly a clock chimed the witching hour. And all at once, as if this had been a waited signal, noises were suddenly loosed. The very walls seemed in pain. Groans, cries, wailings, echoed from everywhere. And these disturbing plaints were mingled with a thunderous banging of doors; resounding shocks that apparently shook the stone walls and floors, as if mighty weights were being dropped from far heights by giant hands; the rasping screech of metal against metal; a sonorous ringing of bells.

In an instant the whole place was wide-awake and tremulous with a horrid terror. In a momentary lull of the alarming clamor the screams of the frightened maids made an uproar scarcely less thrilling.

Lady Wythe, aroused from lethargic sleep, was sitting up in bed, pulling frantically at her bellcord. Madeleine lay shivering in voiceless panic.

After what seemed to her ages, Parkins, in an incongruously gaudy bathrobe, appeared in answer to her ladyship's summons. His knees were smiting each other. His face was ashen in the light of the candle he carried. His lower lip trembled like an infant's in grief.

For a long moment mistress and man gazed upon each other, neither emitting a sound. Then:

"Wh—what is it, Parkins?" from her. To which, after an instant, he managed to answer:

"I—I think the world's end, my lady."

But Lady Wythe, the first consternation passing, her poise gradually reasserting itself in the presence of this abject fellow mortal, was unprepared to accept such an extravagant, such an astonishing solution. On the contrary, a far more plausible theory presented itself.

"Go!" she commanded imperiously. "Go to the left wing at once and find Mr. Claverhouse! I will follow you myself as soon as I can put something on."

There had now come pauses in the clamor, each of longer and longer duration. But as Parkins backed toward the door there was a fresh outbreak from apparently directly over his head—a groan of heart-rending agony, followed by wild, maniacal laughter; and the poor butler grasped the back of a chair to save himself from imminent collapse.

"Parkins!" cried her ladyship. "I am ashamed of you!"

Thus reproached, he pulled himself together and departed upstanding.

When he was gone Lady Wythe, having got into a negligee and slippers and lighted a candle, sought her daughter and did what she could to reassure her. In conclusion she said:

"The trouble with Ernest is that he has never grown up. In everything but stature and features he is still a lad."

Then, thoroughly determined, she followed Parkins to the left wing, the dread noises echoing all about her as she went. But just as she was about to turn into the corridor from the narrow connecting passage she was confronted by the butler, still very much aquiver, coming back.

"It is as I suspected," she said. "You didn't find him. He is not in his rooms."

"On the contrary, my lady," Parkins replied; "he is in bed. And, most marvelous to say, your ladyship, he is sleeping. Sleeping quite soundly."

"You got that from his man," she charged. "I don't believe a word of it. I shall go on and see for myself."

But Parkins chose rather insistently to block the way.

"No, I wouldn't, my lady. I assure you what I tell you is quite true. I saw him myself, your ladyship, sleeping like a baby."

"Parkins," she said, "you are trying to deceive me. He has bought you over. There is no way in which these noises could be made except through his fiendish ingenuity. He must have disappeared again."

She moved a step forward, but got no farther. The butler refused to let her pass.

"For your own sake, my lady, please," he implored. "You shouldn't turn that corner."

But now she was furious. "How dare you?" she demanded, rage dyeing her cheeks. "Stand aside and permit me to pass."

"For your own peace, my lady," the butler begged, even as he drew into the wall.

With all the stately arrogance of race in her bearing Lady Wythe strode past him, her candle well lifted, and turned into the broad corridor. Yet before she had taken a dozen steps she halted.

In a little alcove to the right, illuminated by a flaring candle placed upon an adjacent small table, stood two figures, a man and a woman, in close embrace. And even as she looked the man, utterly ignorant of observation, bent his lips to the woman's mouth.

And at that Lady Wythe, outraged beyond further endurance, screamed.

Whereupon they drew suddenly apart. The woman, clad only in the daintiest of pink *robes de nuit*, a veritable vision of loveliness, was Doctor Pushkin. The man was Claverhouse's valet, Conrad.

XVI

WHETHER or not Claverhouse slumbered blissfully in his bed interested Lady Wythe no longer. How and by whom the hideous noises were made ceased

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suddenly to invite her investigation. Intermittently they still continued with a demoniacal frenzy of insistence; but she had been weaned from the lure of their mystery, for she had fallen upon a revelation of more vital import. What she had seen this night would set her free. She had come to Yewstones under protest. She had detested the place and the plan from the first. And she had made the mistake of allowing Claverhouse to win her to his plan without learning the plan in detail. He had assured her that he could and would accomplish a certain much-desired consummation—one in which she was profoundly concerned—but he had kept secret his means. Every strange, unseemly and shocking incident that had marked his stay in the house had unquestionably been a part and parcel of his scheme. More than once Lady Wythe had thought his methods too bizarre, but on second consideration had concluded to overlook these breaches in the hope that the end would eventually justify the means.

This, however, was too bold a fracture of the proprieties, the decencies, to be condoned. As on a previous occasion she had threatened, only to relent, she would order the guest and his shameless retinue to leave Yewstones at once. Her self-respect demanded it.

After the first sight of the culprits in the corridor and the scream that had caused them to reveal their identities, her ladyship, without so much as a word, had beat a hasty retreat to her own wing and her own quarters. There she had lain wide-awake for the rest of the night, raging furiously within herself, and waiting impatiently the hour when, with proper decorum, she could call the wretched Claverhouse before her and tell him frankly and firmly what she thought of him. But when the hour came Claverhouse was once again absent.

After waiting with fretful impatience until luncheon-time, and his absence still continuing, she dispatched a note to his rooms by Parkins, conjuring him to see that it was delivered instantly upon the gentleman's reappearance. And then the afternoon wore away and tea-time came, and with it callers.

"Mr. and Miss Wimbridge!" announced the butler, who was beginning to show evidences of his record-breaking feat of doing without sleep.

Madeleine Wythe, meanwhile, had quite lost heart. All the plans she had made before coming to Yewstones to bring about Ernest's restoration had been balked. From the very first he had managed to cut her completely out of all chance at tender ministration. And now, owing to her mother's ruling and his evident sense of duty to his physician, there had been taken from her even the opportunity of association at table. In this matter he had appealed to her and she had failed him. His reliance had thus been proved futile. As a consequence, this great woman specialist might desert him at any moment and his last prop be so kicked away. It was all very pitiful. She had striven so hard, only to find herself utterly helpless.

Her head ached throbbingly. The uproar of the night, following a distressful day, had racked her nerves to the point of madness. Hysterically she wept, sobbed and laughed by turns. And Lady Wythe, alarmed by her condition, had preserved a studied silence regarding her shocking discovery of the early morning. So it happened that the girl had received no hint as to the doctor, save only that information, conveyed by Claverhouse himself, revealing her sex. And she had chosen to imagine her as elderly, gray-haired, spectacled, wise to a degree, but otherwise utterly unattractive.

"I wonder," she asked herself, during a momentary respite from the pangs of nerve torture, "if I could not persuade her to overlook mamma's inconsiderate ruling? Certainly it would do no harm to try."

And from that moment, resolving to brace herself for the interview, she began to regain a measure of composure. So the arrival of the Wimbridges found her, if a trifle drawn and pale, able at least to join her mother in the drawing room and to add her own welcome to hers.

The artist was delightfully gossipy and entertaining. He related one anecdote after another of interesting celebrities, and Madeleine was charmed almost to forgetfulness of her woe, rejoicing at the same time that she was growing more and more fit for her purposed appeal to the distinguished old specialist.

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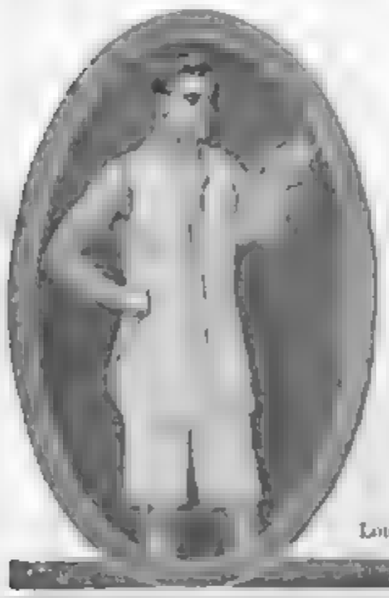

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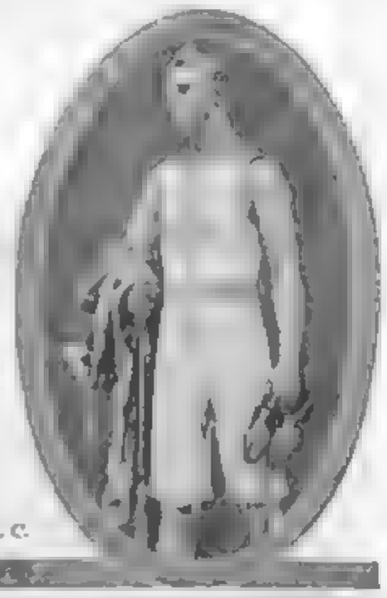

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"I see," observed Wimbridge at length, "that we have a celebrity even down here. Certainly the last place in the world that one would expect to see such a celebrity at all events—Olga Ipanoff, the première Russian danseuse from Covent Garden."

"Here!" cried Lady Wythe in astonishment. "Impossible!"

"That is what I said," put in Miss Wimbridge. "I think Winfred must be mistaken. There is a resemblance, I admit. But—you've seen her at the opera, of course?"

"No; I haven't," returned her ladyship. "I've been to Covent Garden only three times this season, and on no one of those nights was she on."

"And I've been no more fortunate," added Madeleine.

The Royal Academician smiled. "No chance of error," he insisted. "I'd know Ipanoff anywhere. My study of her was not entirely through a glass, you know. I met her several times at Tarleton's studio while he was doing her portrait. I know her remarkable face from every angle. Then, too, I'm almost sure I've seen her with the same man before."

"The same man!" exclaimed Lady Wythe.

"Yes. We met them on the road as we were walking over, the pair of them. And a very handsome couple they made."

"What—what was the man like?" her ladyship asked.

"Big, strapping fellow. Wonderful gray eyes; shining black hair."

Madeleine suddenly clasped her hands lest their trembling betray her. A glance at her mother had shown her that she too recognized the description. She was pressing her handkerchief to her lips to disguise her agitation. Wimbridge's seat gave him a view through a window of one of the approaches from the park. As he finished speaking he sprang up abruptly, took a step forward for clearer vision, and exclaimed:

"By Jove! That's odd! There they come now!"

Lady Wythe did not rise; but Madeleine ran swiftly across the room and peered out. It was as she expected. The man was Ernest Claverhouse. And the woman—where had she seen that face before? A second of perplexity only; then with a wretched, deadening certitude she knew. It was she of the photographs; she of the penned inscription: "For my own dear, Olga."

The figures wavered, became a blur; a dense black curtain seemed to drop and draw in. She staggered, and Wimbridge, who was at her side, caught her, supported her.

When she recovered herself she was stretched upon a sofa; her mother was kneeling beside her, a bottle of smelling salts in her hand; and the Wimbridges had gone. But as the room gradually defined itself, she saw that near a far window a man was standing, his back turned.

"You fainted, my dear," her mother was saying; "and I don't wonder. Your pure affections, your better impulses, have been outraged cruelly by one who is too brutal to know the meaning of the word gratitude."

"I am better now," said the girl, laying a cool hand softly on that of her parent which held the bottle. "Still, I think it might be well for me to see—Doctor Pushkin."

Evidently the words carried, for the man standing by the window greeted them with a riotously gay laugh. Before its echo could die away Lady Wythe was upon her feet, her blood boiling, her face a picture of passionate indignation. And through the heart of the girl, supine, inert, the laugh cut cruel as a dagger thrust. For she knew the man now, though his posture was unchanged, as Claverhouse.

"There isn't any Doctor Pushkin," the mother cried vehemently. "There is only the Russian dancer that you saw. It was she in masquerade that your cousin yonder, abominable creature that he is, made bold to introduce here!"

At that Claverhouse turned, still smiling. "Unpardonable, wasn't it? Too bad! Really, too bad! But what under heaven could you expect, either of you? Another twenty-four hours like the first, and I should have died of *ennui*. Dull old hole! A rectory garden party—think of it!—the sole frolic. You might, you know, have done something to make it worth my while to try to live. A few live people down, for instance. Amusing people. Music, bridge, tableaux, charades, dancing. But no; nothing!" As he spoke he drew nearer, only pausing when he was within two yards of them and a chair intervened. Resting his arms on the back of the chair and bending gracefully forward, he went on: "And when, with all due modesty, I take matters in my own hands and introduce a little lively companionship, disguised as a distinguished medical specialist, what happens? She's treated like a leper."

Lady Wythe was far beyond speech. The audacity of the man and his arraignment deprived her of words. Madeleine's self-command was better.

"Oh, Ernest!" she appealed weakly. "You *are* unjust."

"I don't see it," he returned brusquely. "What have you done for me since I came here? I told you I needed quiet and rest. You agreed to administer them sweetly and conscientiously. How have you done so? Certainly the most imaginative person couldn't say that the bedlam of last night was conducive to repose. And as for rest in general, you and your mother seem to have been determined I should have none from the very first. If I stole off quietly to be alone and untroubled you called out a whole army of servants to hunt me down and bring me back. 'Sweetly and conscientiously!' If that is your idea of the term it isn't mine. I am a very ill man. I was ill when I came, and now I am worse, very much worse. And so, I may as well tell you bluntly, I am going. Yes, going. Nothing you can say will keep me here another hour. I'm off. I've got to die, and I prefer to do it in peace."

Lady Wythe had been slowly getting herself together to demand his immediate departure; and in thus forestalling her he again inflicted upon her a momentary dumbness. His arrogant impudence for a second time struck her mute. But Madeleine's sweetness, in spite of everything, did not desert her.

"I am so sorry that we have failed, Ernest," she said; "but it has not been for want of will."

"It was a mistake from the beginning," he went on, straightening his tall figure. "You wanted a chance to make me love you, and out of sheer generosity I gave it you. But it wasn't to be. I never did love you—knew I never could love you; and it was all tommyrot to raise your hopes. To be quite honest, I came here only to prove to you by close association that you are not the woman to make me happy. And my generous impulse has nearly been the death of me. All I can say is that if you don't thoroughly hate and despise and loathe me by this time, you are a silly little fool and not worth bothering about." He drew his watch from his waistcoat pocket, glanced at it and added: "My car will be at the door in five minutes. I'm glad you came out of your faint in time to hear what I had to say. Now I'll be going. It's a fine evening, and I dare say Olga and I shall have a delightful time of it motoring up to town together. There's a woman that can really understand a man."

Without a word of good-by to either of the ladies he wheeled about and strode from the room. And Lady Wythe made no effort to detain him for the words he had twice choked off. To do her full justice, she never in all her life felt more kindly disposed to Claverhouse than at that very minute. Unquestionably he had done what he could. Of some of his methods she disapproved roundly; but desperate ills require desperate remedies.

He appreciated this and stopped at nothing. For the life of one, one couldn't help liking the creature. Scapegrace that he was, he did have the power, under stress, to rise to the heroic.

Could she only have heard her daughter storm against him, her ladyship's cup of happiness would have run over. But Madeleine lay quietly, with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, sobbing softly.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

JOHN KENT

(Continued from Page 7)

"You must take your cabin back," said Kent. "You mustn't let me oust you that way."

"Oh, I'm all right!" laughed the little man. "I've found a bunk. Just make yourself at home here."

Kent was observing him closely for the first time. He had small, bright, pleasing blue eyes, and an honest, candid, turned-up nose. And now he was looking at Kent with interest, and behind the interest was something wistful and compassionate.

"Is it true the band was playing?" he asked suddenly.

Kent gave a start and threw a backward glance toward his manuscript; but it was still there—it had not stirred.

"Who told you that?"

"Oh, I don't know. That's what is being said generally all over the ship."

"Well, it isn't true."

The small blue eyes were on him steadily.

"And is it true that when the women had been placed in the boats, and the men were remaining to die, they stood in line, hats off, along the rail?"

Again irresistibly Kent looked back over his shoulder.

"The thing is bewitched!" he thought. "It seems to lie there, but it runs babbling all over the ship."

"I don't know," he answered at length, discouraged. "I don't know. After all, it may be true. Who knows, after all? It's fine, anyway, isn't it?"

"It's fine!" agreed the little man, his eyes very bright.

They continued to look at Kent until their glow had gone and their wistfulness had returned.

"How did you get away?" he said at length, very fast and very low.

Kent told him.

"I jumped into a boat. I didn't think the ship was sinking—didn't think the ship was going to sink," he repeated, looking at the other piercingly.

"Ah!" said the little man.

"Nobody did," Kent went on. "Nobody did; that's the truth—the rest is lies. And it seemed more fun to jump than to stay."

The little man put out his hand.

"I believe you," he said. "Sure! I believe you."

As though ashamed of his manifestation, he stepped out and went off to his work. The last Kent saw of him were the two eyes in the closing slit of the door, troubled and compassionate.

Left alone, he remained standing immobile for some time. The little man's last words were within him, like a caress. "I believe you," he had said; "I believe you." Well, others would believe him. There was nothing tragic about the situation. All that was necessary was to write the true story of the wreck. That story, written by him, stamped with his reputation of professional integrity, would scatter all the little lies as a bombshell would mosquitoes.

Now, though, a heavy lassitude was on him. He could see before him the story as he should write it; everything in him shrank from the task. "To-morrow!" he said. "To-morrow!" And throwing himself on his bunk he was soon asleep.

The little man's faith remained with Kent through the night; all night a soft breeze blew on him, as through an open window from a garden of flowers. When he wakened in the morning, though, it was with a torpid hatred of the story he must write; he again postponed the writing and went up on deck.

Already one felt in the softness of the wind a promise of perfumes, a subtle announcement of the land. The sun was clear gold; it came slightly filtered by a diaphanous white haze caught within the dome of tender blue. Kent took a long chair and stretched to the warmth. In spite of its freight of tragedy, the ship, with the approach of land, had taken on a subtly festive air—the decks were whiter than before; it seemed to glide through the water with less effort; gleaming gulls hovered over the taffrail.

Kent spent the morning on his chair in a pleasing lethargy. At times he concentrated his faculties; he saw clearly before him the fact story he must write, and immediately was taken with a wild hatred of it. Then his thoughts escaped him, leaving him once more in a delicious stupor.

Ships began to appear on all sides, converging. The waters became green. Finally a cloud of gold became visible, floating in the west; it was land.

Slipping his chair along the deck after the sun, Kent found himself against a shelter on the other side of which sounded a voice he remembered. It was the voice of the young woman who, on the ship now sunken, had been the subject of scandal.

"My Tom was a hero," the voice was saying loudly; "a hero; that's what he was!"

Low murmurings of other voices answered, as though to calm, to discourage, to deprecate; then the loud voice rose again:

"He placed me into the boat so sweetly, so grandly! He died the death of a hero!"

Kent, though he could not see, imagined the scene—pale, stretched women at the fag-end of their endurance, and this one among them, upright, gesticulating and red.

"A hero—that's what he was! Not like the man who was saved—the one who beat and kicked his way to a boat, and then hid under the seats so they could not get him out!"

Kent went to his feet, his neck choking with blood. His first impulse, strong almost as a convulsion, was to leap behind the shelter and confront the lie. Then his training and that of his fathers gripped him like a vise and held him immobile; to such as he the lie of a woman is not confrontable. A cold scorn made him now turn his broad back on the thing; but as he went down to his cabin he was like a sick man.

In the little place, so much like a lair, Kent shivered as with cold, yet beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. He had a vivid sense of the lie left free up there; he saw it running round, loose-tongued, swift and busy, uncapturable now forever.

Then he saw the gangplank leading down to the dock; as he walked down, hands stretched from the waiting throng and pointed at him. He shook his head slowly from side to side.

When, by degrees, he had calmed himself it was to return inevitably to the old solution. "I must write the true version," he said. "One of absolute accuracy. That, over my signature, can save me." But he remained limply as he was, made no move toward his paper and his pen. Within him, in spite of his words, was a conviction, heavy as stone, that he would not write that story—that he never would write that story.

After a while unconsciously his hand stole toward the finished manuscript and picked it up. His eyes fell on the first page of the sacrificial tale and immediately were seized; he went on reading, line after line, page after page; a flush came to his cheeks, his chest swelled softly, a tender enthusiasm stirred him. When he had finished he lowered his head in his hands and thought long and profoundly.

A little clock, incased in the wall, was ticking fast and loud, but it did not hurry him to his conclusion. He came to it leisurely, with the smooth, continuous momentum that things have afloat on a great river. Finally he expressed it in a whisper, a whisper louder than a shout:

"This is the story! This is the story that must be. Man wants it. Living millions are clamoring for it; unborn multitudes are yearning for it. Their wills are too strong for my will.

"They want light; they want sun; they want splendor; a thrill that will pass through the air like a whir of immense wings.

"Jeanne d'Arc—the guard at Waterloo—Paul Revere—that poor little boy on the burning deck—Christ!

"Christ too!

"At every milepost a beacon! A writhing, ardent torch to reinflame humanity's marching soul.

"Hercules; Hector; Achilles—Horatius at the bridge—William Tell—Bayard, Bara, Viala—George and his hatchet—Leonidas!

"And the wreck of the Superba—the wreck of the Superba—*that* I can give.

"It is demanded—yearningly. I see all those eyes on me; wistful—eyes of the old, eyes of babes, and eyes of unborn multitudes.

"Well, they shall have it—their legend; their warm, generous lie. I shall give it to them.

"But I will not walk down that gangplank."

He looked hard and long before him; he saw the gangplank.

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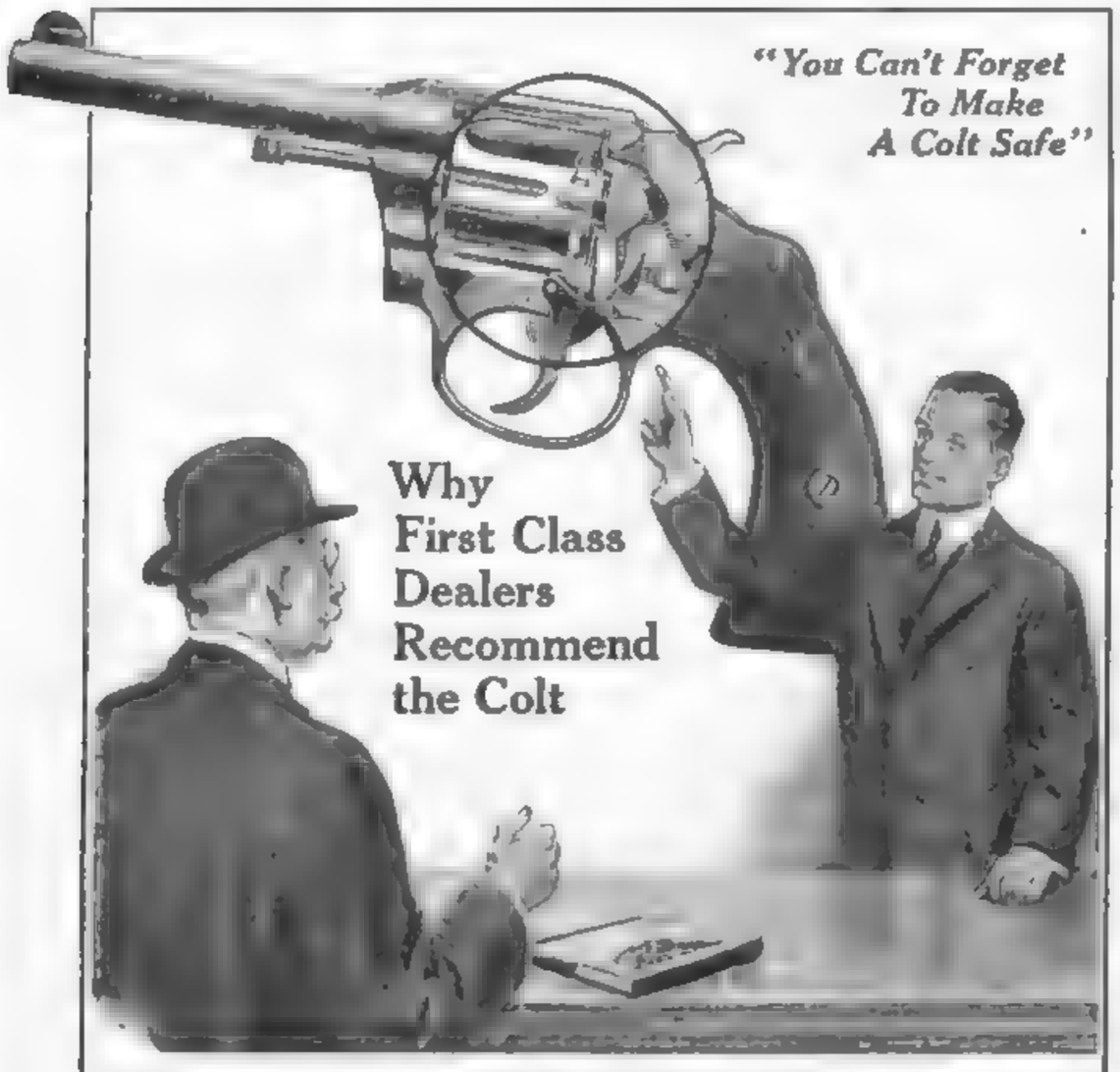

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Colt REVOLVERS

"They shall have what they ask; but I will not go down that gangplank!"

He rose alacriously. Without an effort of his own a plan had come to him full-fledged. He rose to execute it.

He buttoned his coat over his manuscript, stepped out, and closed the door after him. There was something very definite about the movement with which he closed the door. He went into the small gymnasium of the ship and from the exercising pulleys along the wall took a number of flat weights with which he filled all his pockets.

From there he went to the main hall and sent a boy after the Committee on the Rescued. Three members soon appeared. They were the chairman with the trembling white face and the imploring eyes; a second member who, tall and dry, had a retired military air; and a young man in tweeds, who had been chosen probably because of his worldwide preëminence in some athletic sport. Kent asked them to follow him, and led across decks, from first-class to second-class, to the very taffrail of the ship, over the churning screws.

A bugle was sounding the call for dinner; groups of people, dissolving, flowed down companionways; the four were left alone on the very white deck, beneath a flag which snapped gently.

"I should like you to read this," said Kent, and handed his manuscript to the chairman.

The latter took it uncertainly, sent his eyes upward three times to God, then lowered them to the written pages. The two others, moving up, read over his shoulders.

When the chairman had finished, he stepped close to Kent, took his hand and, his flabby face tremulous with its perpetual emotion, congratulated him in a lamenting voice:

"Sir, you have written an absolutely accurate account of the catastrophe and its wonderful heroism. Allow me to congratulate you. An absolutely accurate account."

"You were there?" asked Kent with sarcastic innocence.

"I was not—thank God! But your account agrees with everything that is told."

"Well," said Kent lightly, "I shall ask the committee to give it to the press, on landing, as authoritative."

"The committee will be glad to do so," said the chairman pompously. "I will sign it if you wish. It is a beautiful story and will live."

"It will," said Kent. "As for me, you may take my name off the list of the rescued. I'd rather not appear there."

The empty decks before him now became an immensity. They stretched, white, flat and lone—and limitless. Years before, parting forever from a woman he loved and had no right to love, he had seen a yellow road stretch itself thus before his eyes until it was long, long, long, empty and lone. The memory now helped him in his next step. Placing both hands on the taffrail, by the flagpole that vibrated, he leaped lightly over. His body, slight and straight, fell swiftly and vanished in the churn of the screws.

The fat-faced chairman looked up to God, then started waddling across decks to give the alarm; but the tall, military-looking gentleman stopped him.

"Hold on!" he said. "Wait a moment; maybe he knows what he is doing."

The young fellow in tweeds was bending over the rail, hypnotized as though he were looking at water polo.

"He hasn't come up," he cried at length. "He didn't come up at all!"

"He didn't mean to come up," said the tall gentleman. "There is no use stopping the ship. Besides, if he wanted to change his mind he could easily swim to that bell buoy, right there."

Following his pointing finger they saw a big red-tilted buoy being passed very close. It was the first buoy of the channel. And ahead the city was visible, a glory in the golden welter of the sinking sun—the city which, going down a gangplank, John Kent's story would enter as conqueror, glorious and imperishable, but John Kent never!

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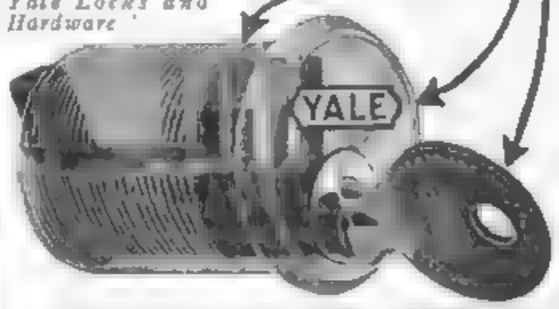

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Some Tire Troubles

And How Goodyear Met Them

Tires Too Costly

That is today's most common tire trouble. Sixteen makes cost more than Goodyear prices. A number cost one-third more. Unless *three* such tires outlast *four* Goodyears, that means an over-tax. And few will believe that any tire excels No-Rim-Cuts that far.

We met this price trouble through multiplied output, new machinery, new efficiency. And by paring down our profits. No-Rim-Cut tires cost half what they used to cost. Their prices dropped 28 per cent last year. Yet they embody, as always, the best we know.

* * * * * *

Tires That Rim-Cut

Our statistics on such tires show that 31.8 per cent are discarded for rim-cuts only. That means that this one trouble, where it exists, adds nearly one-third to one's tire bills.

No-Rim-Cut tires never rim-cut—that we guarantee. And the time-tested method we use to prevent it is employed in no other tire.

* * * * * *

Tires That Blow-Out

Most blow-outs are due to wrinkled fabric, buckled in the cure. This can be remedied by final-curing on air-filled fabric tubes. But the method is expensive.

No-Rim-Cuts are the only tires which get this exclusive "On-Air" cure. It adds to our cost $450,000 per year, but it prevents these needless blow-outs.

Treads That Loosen

That's a very common cause of tire ruin. There is now a method to lessen this danger—to reduce it by 60 per cent. Hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed in the tire during vulcanization. We paid $50,000 for control of this method, so Goodyears are the only tires which employ it.

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Many anti-skids have proved costly. Some soon wore down. Some caused vibration. Some centered strains at small points in the fabric. And some, when most needed, proved inefficient.

On Goodyears alone you find the All-Weather tread. It is tough, double-thick and enduring. It is flat and smooth-riding and regular. It spreads the strains like a plain tread. It grasps wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

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We have kept scores of experts working for years to attain lowest cost per mile. Their efforts have cost us $100,000 per year. They have built thousands of tires in thousands of ways to compare in metered road tests. Now they all agree that No-Rim-Cut tires mark the present-day limit in this respect.

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Those are the reasons why Goodyears rule Tiredom—why they outsell any other tire. And why, every month, they are winning legions from other tires to Goodyears.

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How Kansas Boarded the Water Wagon

(Continued from Page 5)

twenty million dollars. And it should be remembered that these bank deposits are in the hands of the many and not of the few; for the financial-agency reports—Dun's and Bradstreet's—list less than a score of millionaires in Kansas and not one over five millions. The average holding of taxable property, taking the number of people in the state and dividing it by the total assessed valuation of the state, is $1,666.92, which the Wall Street Journal recently declared to be the largest in America. Also, a report from Director Harris, of the Census Bureau, shows that we have decreased our state debt faster than any other state.

The parallel between the sober man and the sober state is startling. Here we have a small insane area; a low criminal area; a small area of shiftlessness. And we have thrift and good health highly accented, far above normal, and just such a social body as one should expect from a state that lived a normal, wholesome life. Now as to the mind: Kansas is among the first six of the states with a low percentage of illiteracy. In a population of a million and three-quarters, or thereabout, we have over eight thousand students in our state educational institutions of higher learning above high-school grade, and in these higher educational institutions and other colleges Kansas has more students in college according to population than any other state in the Union.

Moreover, we have 39,468 students in high schools and the increase has more than exceeded the growth in population during the last five years. Thus, we find that the state having the largest number of students in colleges, according to population, having the largest assessed valuation, having next to the lowest death rate, and having the smallest state debt in proportion to its population, is the state in which the smallest average expenditure is made for liquor. We have saved about twenty dollars a head from our liquor bill to spend for things worth while.

Where the Money Goes

How, then, do we spend our money? What do we do with that twenty dollars a head which represents the difference between the average American expenditure for liquor and the Kansas expenditure? Let us take an example in a small but representative unit. Emporia is a town of ten thousand people, the county seat of a county of twenty-five thousand people. It is a typical Kansas community. In Emporia are thirty-one groceries, five clothing stores, four drygoods stores, three furniture stores, three hardware stores, two big book stores, five bakeries, five banks, five drug stores, two music stores, three jewelry stores and six hotels. And this spring, following a year of drought and bad crops, the town raised $75,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building.

The town has nearly twenty miles of paving, seventy-two miles of stone or cement sidewalks, owns its waterworks and light plant—the latter being operated under a lease—collects its own garbage and disposes of it in an incinerator, sweeps its streets, has school property exclusive of its high school worth a hundred and ninety-three thousand dollars, and a high school, just completed and equipped at a cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Three public libraries are available to those who desire to store their minds with more or less useful knowledge, and twenty-nine churches receive the town's devotions. An average six months has just passed and the police-court record is this for these ten thousand people and their tributary fifteen thousand: There have been twenty-four arrests for drunkenness and about one hundred and thirty-four for everything in the police court.

The taxes are low because our jails are empty more or less of the time, and the cost of criminal trials is so small that the average time consumed with criminal cases in the District Court is but one-fourth of the time consumed at each quarterly session. Last year these twenty-five thousand people contributed eight prisoners to the state penitentiary. We have in the county 636 high-school students; 775 students in higher institutions of learning inside the state, and many outside the state that escape enumeration in college catalogues of the state.

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No matter how powerful your headlights, they're the cause of the most dangerous glare. The better the headlight the more serious the problem. Albex NIGHT & DAY Goggles (lenses made in two separate parts), by slightly tipping head you can see clearly into the most blinding beams.

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There are 4540 taxpayers in the county, who own approximately forty-one million dollars' worth of property, and who, for all purposes—state, city, county and school—pay four hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars, and do not have any help from saloon licenses to do it; but then the legal machinery of the county is not clogged by the caprices of whisky, and it costs us only $13,736 a year to run our courts.

We seem to use our twenty dollars a head, saved from the nation's average liquor bill, fairly well. We seem to put it into groceries and clothing, houses and schools and libraries and churches and municipal improvements. And then we save some of it for a bank deposit of three million five hundred thousand dollars, which is the average Lyon County deposit for the three years last past. This is considerably above the average deposit in the country. When one considers that the total deposit is distributed among seventeen thousand five hundred accounts the figures do not show a prosperity denied by the facts, as it would if we had large deposits and few depositors.

We have honest politics because we have no dealings with the saloon crowd. In Lyon County and in Emporia a generation has elapsed since there was a defalcation of a penny of public funds. There is no purchasable vote in the county. In Kansas candidates buy printer's ink instead of beer on election day. And, on the whole, printer's ink is more wholesome and leaves fewer bad effects on a commonwealth than beer. We have acquired a taste for printer's ink and have lost the taste for beer. That is about the net result of thirty years of the prohibitory law in Kansas.

What will this taste for ink bring us in the end? As a state we have reached a stage of economic and social adjustment much nearer the ideal status of the dreamer than even the most radical visionary would have thought possible without a downright change of the social order. Class poverty and class riches are practically eliminated from Kansas. The door of opportunity stands well ajar for every one. Education, from the kindergarten to the master's degree, is free. Free libraries, full of books, stand open in practically every village and town in Kansas, and a thoroughly organized state traveling library covers the country districts.

Culture clubs for women abound. The state could be covered as with a wedding garment by the local newspapers. And yet this population, so abundantly blessed, has not produced one great inventor, one great statesman, one great poet, novelist, artist, philosopher or leader whose fame is really lasting and national.

We have contributed nothing to the world that our sister state of Nebraska, with her saloons, cannot duplicate, except happiness and prosperity. That happiness and prosperity are worth while from the viewpoint of those striving to be happy and prosperous no one can deny. They are very much worth while. But are they worth while when the world's progress is considered? Are they an end in themselves? When we are all happy and prosperous will the world be finished and wrapped up ready for delivery into whatever heaven or hell to which we are billed?

If happiness and prosperity are ends devoutly to be desired for themselves, then Kansas is approaching a solution of the problem of the ages; but that is an open question which may be honestly debated.

Ignorance is Bliss

OWEN DAVIS, the playwright, stepped into the washroom of a Broadway restaurant to find two English actors there. Both the actors were slightly under the influence of something they had imbibed, and both were engaged in the favorite national pastime of a certain type of English actor—they were knocking America and the Americans.

"Frightfully ignorant race, old chap, these Yankees," one of them was saying as Davis entered. "'Pon my word, I never saw so much ignorance. I've been over here five months now, and every time I meet an American I ask him if he knows what mica schist is. And do you know, I've never found one yet who knew what mica schist was, not one!"

"Most extraordinary!" murmured his companion. "To think of people so ignorant as all that! By the way, old dear, what is mica schist?"

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To Merchants and Others With Delivery Problems to Solve, We Offer Free Our Valuable New Book, "How Motor Delivery Pays"

This book is not a catalog; it is a frank, free discussion of the question of motor delivery as applied to different lines of business.

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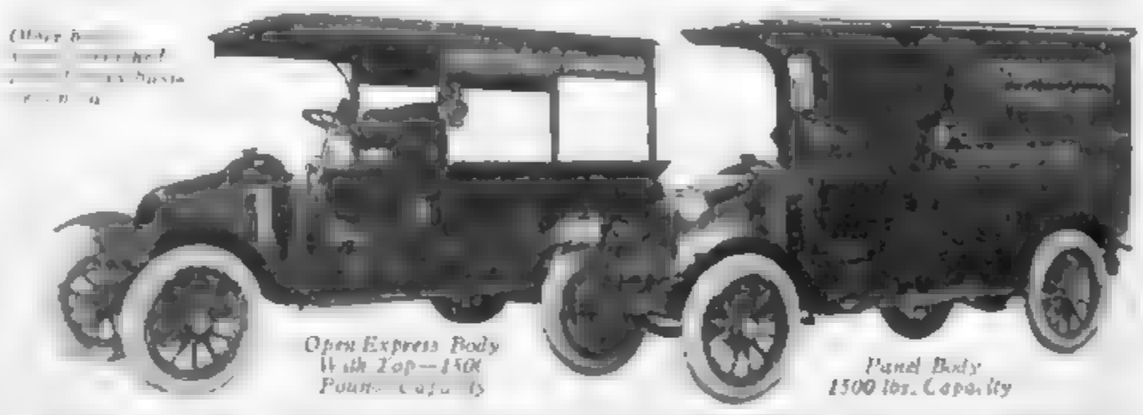

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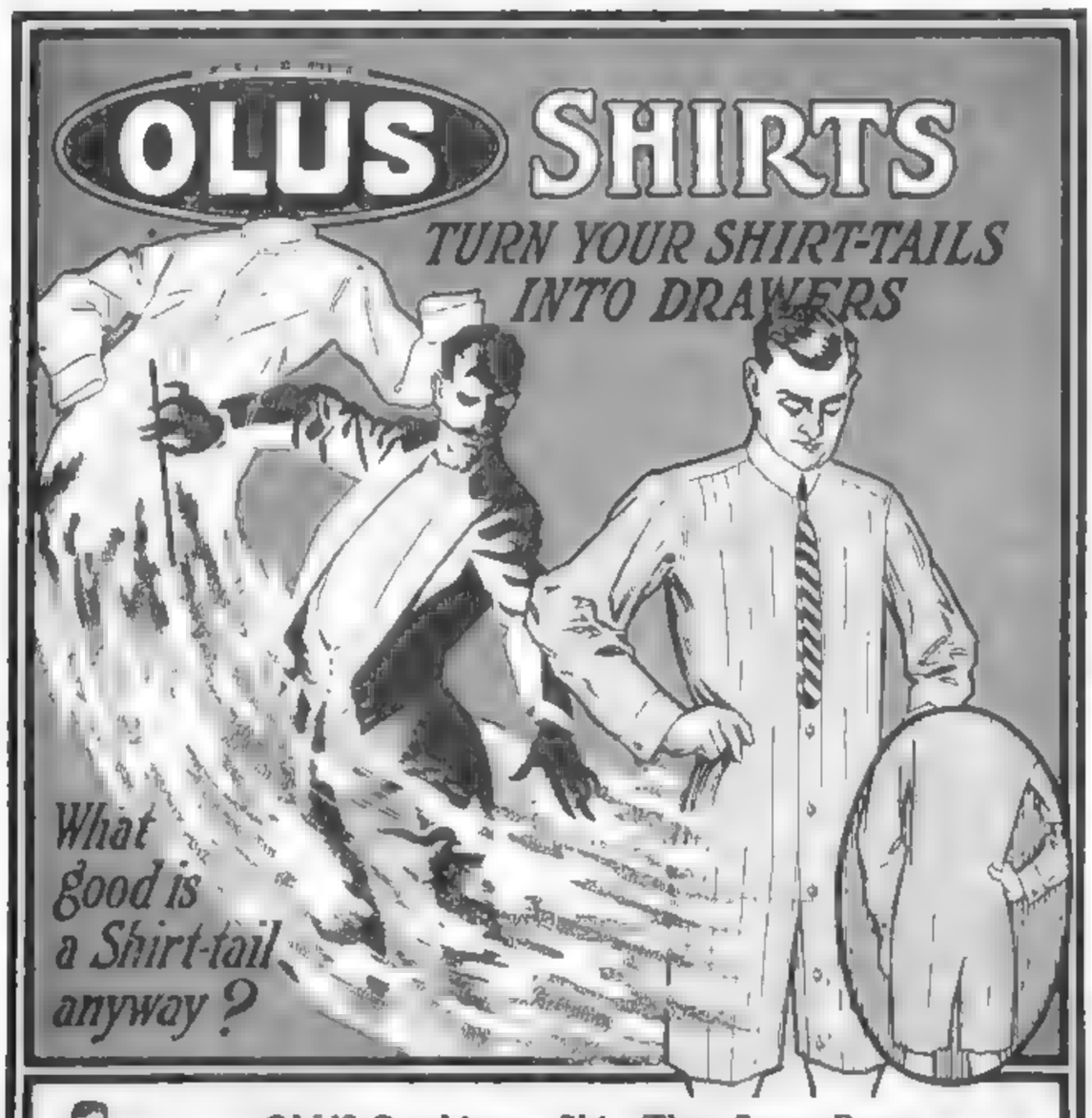

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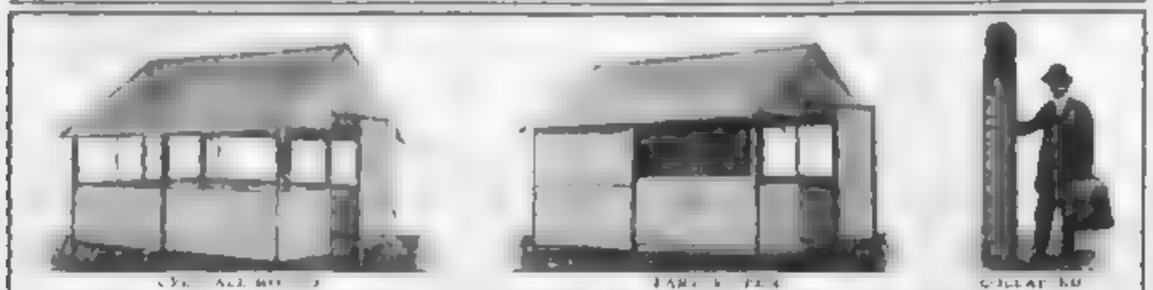

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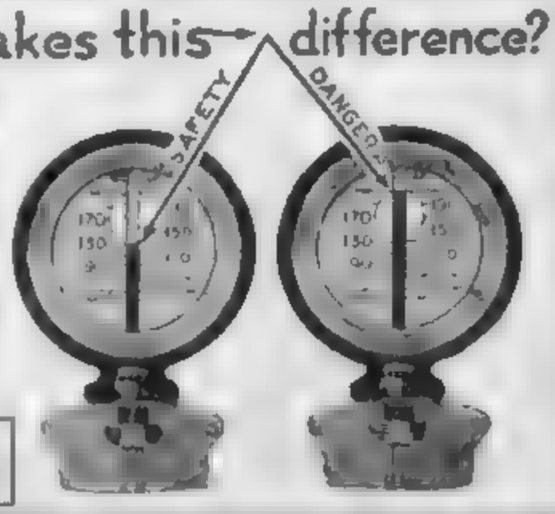
Write for Motometer Booklet. If you're a Ford owner, ask for special booklet "Safeguarding the Ford Motor."



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Motometer used by the first five cars to finish.

THE TUG-OF-WAR

(Continued from Page 9)

hot, astonished, indignant face rose before her. She laughed again as she turned in at the bridle-gate of The Sabines; but she was grave and earnest as she dismounted at the hall door and followed Ames, the butler, down the long cool hall to the drawing room.

"Miss Overshott!"

The announcement made Sir Giles attempt to get up from the footstool on which he was sitting; but he did not succeed at the first attempt, thanks to his rheumatism, and his daughter's eye lighted on him at once.

"Don't move, Dad dearest! Why should you? Oh! Mrs. Osborne!" Polly flew to the fair widow, who advanced, cool, smiling and exquisitely clad, to greet her visitor. "Oh, Mrs. Osborne, I am so—so glad!" Polly seemed choking with joyful tears as she caught the rounded waist of Mélusine in her strong young embrace and vigorously kissed the exquisitely powdered cheeks. "And I may call you Mamma—mayn't I?"

"Mamma?" echoed Sir Giles, sitting puzzled on the footstool.

"Mamma?" reechoed Mrs. Osborne in cooing accents of surprise.

"You see, Dad has told me all," explained Polly, turning beaming childlike eyes of happiness on the embarrassed pair—"though Cis knew before I did; and I hardly call that quite fair. But as he is to be your son, dear Mrs. Osborne—as I am to be your daughter —— Why, there is the crackle arranged on your cabinets already! How nice it looks! But it will all be yours presently, won't it, Mamma?" Polly gave Mrs. Osborne another kiss and then fluttered over to Sir Giles, who sat petrified on the footstool, and gave him a couple. "You mustn't be jealous," she said, "you foolish old Dad! And now, Mamma darling, won't you give me some tea?"

"Dear Mary, with pleasure!" assented Mrs. Osborne, who knew that her hand had been forced, and yet could not help admiring the audacity of the coup.

As her graceful form undulated to the tea table she cast a glance at Sir Giles, raising her beautifully tinted eyebrows almost to her golden-brown curls. She gave him credit for being a party to the plot, while he—poor astonished gentleman!—was as innocent as a newborn babe.

In the passing out of a cup of tea she realized that a double game was no longer possible, and that Polly Overshott had the stronger hand.

"Your father," she said as she gave Polly her tea, "has enlisted a powerful advocate. All was not so settled as you seem to think, dear Mary, but ——"

She sighed and extended her white hand to Sir Giles, and helped him up from the footstool; and he was in the act of gracefully kissing that fair hand as Cis, in riding dress, pale, agitated, and breathless from the gallop over, was ushered in.

"Cis!" cried Polly, realizing that the supreme moment of the tug-of-war was now or never. Her eyes were blue fires, her cheeks red ones, as she moved swiftly and gracefully to her lover and led him forward. "Kiss Mamma and shake hands with Dad!" she said; and added with a coquetry of which Cis had never thought her capable, "And then, perhaps, you may kiss me."

Bewildered, choking with the reproaches and recriminations with which he was bursting, and which it need hardly be explained were intended for Mrs. Osborne's private ear, the young man obeyed.

"I—I congratulate you both!" he said thickly.

Mrs. Osborne had never felt so little the niceties of a situation in her life. Nonplused, angry and perturbed, she looked every hour of her age, despite pink curtains; and the powder only served to accentuate the suddenly revealed hollows in her face. Polly, as I have explained, had never worn such an air of coquetry, of brilliance, of dare-devil, defiant mastery as she now displayed; but her final blow was to be dealt—and she dealt it.

"Mamma darling," she cooed, taking the vacated stool at Mrs. Osborne's feet—the stool contested for by both the discomfited wooers—"how cozy we are here—all together! Won't you please Dad—and me—and Cis—by bringing out the pearls?"

"The—pearls!" Mrs. Osborne said. An electric shock went through her; she turned stabbing eyes on the speechless Cis.

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Don't send us any money unless you want to—just say you are willing to be convinced that

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HERE IS OUR OFFER. *We will, upon request, send you one pound of Eutopia Mixture and the French Briar Pipe, carriage prepaid. Smoke ten pipefuls, and if you are not pleased, return at our expense. If you DO like it, you agree to send us the price, $1.50, within 10 days of receipt of tobacco.*

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When you consider that the fabric of a 4-inch tire is only about *one-fourth of an inch thick*—isn't it easy to understand why

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Inner Tires

by *doubling* the strength of the tire, *doubles* its mileage and consequently saves *half your tire bills.*

Don't pay *wasteful* prices for tire mileage any longer or put up with *unnecessary* tire troubles—write today for the famous Interlock Book—and see your dealer. Write to

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

Sir Giles, studying her face, made up his mind that he would never marry that woman—not if Polly did her level best to bring the match about!

And Polly prattled on.

"The pearls, of course! I told Cis I thought it sweet of him to bring them to show you—as though I were really your daughter, don't you know? And if you will fasten them round my neck yourself I shall think it sweet of you. Where have you hidden them? Why, I believe you are wearing them now—to keep them warm for me—under your lace cravat, you dear darling!"

The affectionate daughter-elect raised a guileless hand and twitched the jewels into sight.

Mrs. Osborne, ashy pale and with Medea-like eyes, unfastened the jewels from her throat.

"Here they are, dear Mary. Take them—and may they bring you all the happiness I wish you!" said Mrs. Osborne in cooing accents.

Polly could not restrain a little shudder, but she was grave.

"Now Cis and I will go," she said when the pearls were fastened round her neck. "I am sure you and Dad want to be alone. Come, Cis dear!"

She kissed Mrs. Osborne again and bore Cis—not unwilling, strangely fascinated by the new Polly so suddenly made manifest—away. They were riding slowly home to dinner at Overshott Foxbrush when the sound of wheels rattling behind them and Fanchon's well-known trot brought a covert smile to Polly's lips.

Mrs. Osborne had a headache, Sir Giles explained, and so he had decided not to remain to dinner; but father, daughter and betrothed dined pleasantly at Overshott Foxbrush. And when the dazzled Cis said good-night to the triumphant Polly the valediction was uttered unwillingly, with as many repetitions as there were pearls in the string Miss Overshott wore round her firm white throat.

There was no gas at Overshott. Bedroom candlesticks were an unabolished institution. As Sir Giles gave his daughter hers, he spoke:

"You were a little premature in your conclusions, my girl, at The Sabines to-day. I won't ask why you played that little comedy, because I know. . . . But you played it well—and I don't think Cis will kick over the traces in that direction again. Nor do I think"—Sir Giles cleared his throat rather awkwardly—"that you are going to have Mrs. Osborne for your second mother. She is too clever—and so are you! Good-night, my dear!"

Transplanting Organs

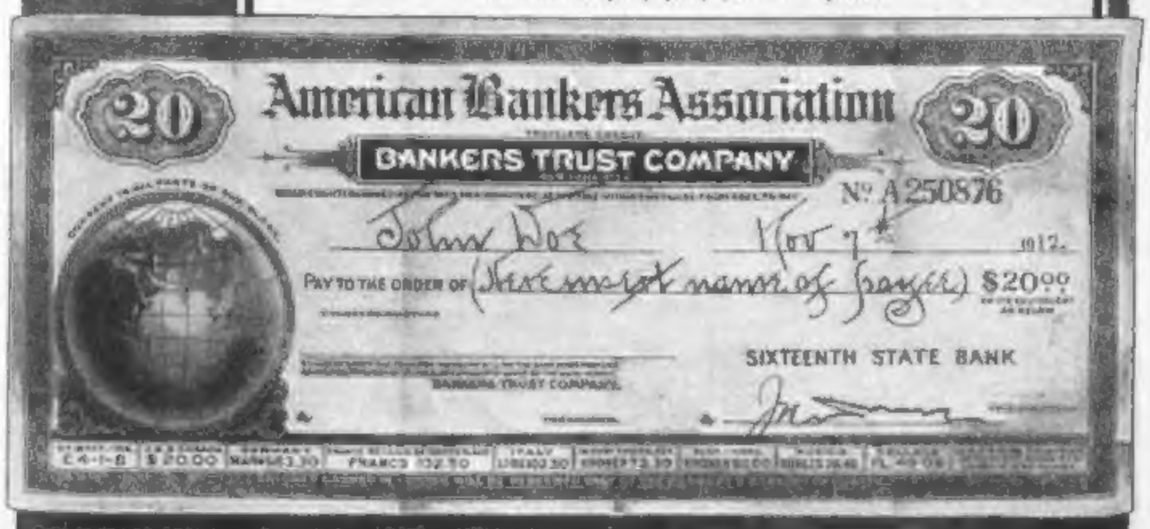
THE greatest of all the ambitions of surgery is to transplant organs from one person to another—to give one a healthy liver, for instance, in place of one that is worn out. In the last few months a distinct advance toward that ambition has been achieved by the Rockefeller Institute. How far ahead success lies no one cares to predict, but that success is being sought aggressively.

The trouble has been that when an organ is transplanted it does not thrive in its new home and soon gives up work. Little grafts, such as transplantations of bits of bone, are being made successfully, but with the organs it is different. Dr. Alexis Carrel has recently declared that, so far as the actual surgery of transplanting is concerned, the operations can now be performed perfectly. The failure of the transplanted liver or kidney to keep at work is not due to inability of the surgeons to sew it in just right.

At first such a transplanted organ does well, but in from two weeks to a month it finds that it cannot get along in its strange surroundings. The present problem, therefore, is to find out the cause of the homesickness. Recently Dr. James B. Murphy, of the Rockefeller Institute, has gathered evidence indicating that it is the lymphatic system of the body that fails to welcome the new organ and by its hostile attitude prevents the new associate from thriving. How the lymphatic system does it is still to be discovered; yet there is hope that the hostile attitude of the lymphatic system can be suppressed.

Doctor Murphy has determined that the action of X rays affects the lymphatic system very noticeably, interfering with its activity; so the next line of study will be to see whether by means of X rays the lymphatic system can be kept under control.

Issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100.



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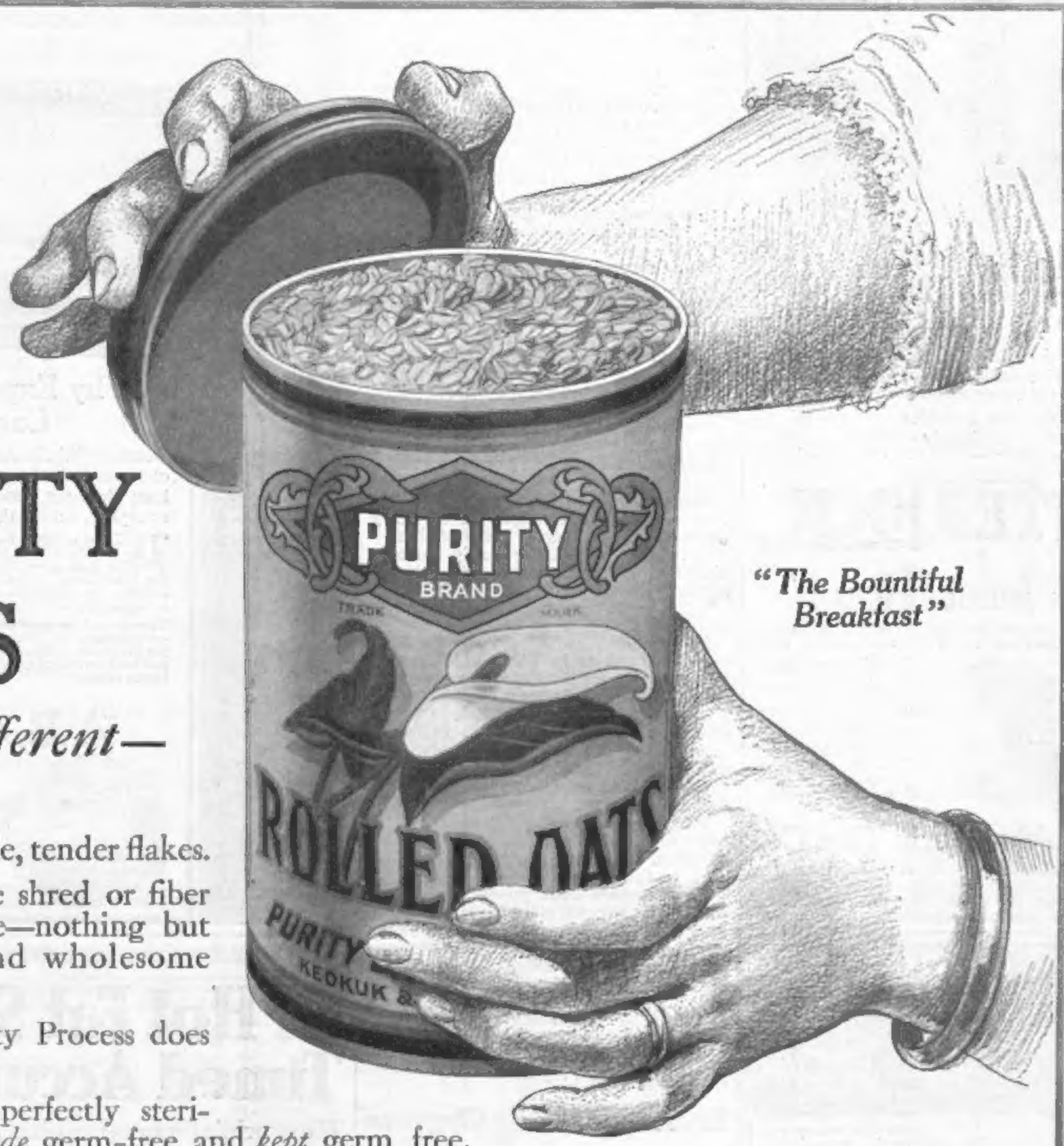

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Not an indigestible shred or fiber in them—no waste—nothing but tempting taste and wholesome nourishment.

The *exclusive* Purity Process does this for you.

PURITY OATS are perfectly sterilized—they are *made* germ-free and *kept* germ free.

They are guaranteed without time limit, *in any climate,* against the common defects of most cereals, for the simple reason that because of the Purity Process, when you buy a package of PURITY OATS in the unbroken round package, original with us, these defects simply cannot be present.

Try this: Take a spoonful of the dry PURITY OATS flakes in your mouth, just as they come from the package. They will actually dissolve without being chewed and without your having cooked them. This is absolute, final, incontrovertible evidence that they will be assimilated and absorbed healthfully by the tenderest stomach of old or young.

The exclusive Purity Process is what enables us to make these definite, positive statements. You are safe in buying PURITY OATS in any quantity, at any time, in the unbroken round package.

If for any reason you cannot buy PURITY OATS of your grocer, send us his name and address, together with 60 cents (90 cents in extreme West and South), and we will send you six packages of PURITY OATS, postage prepaid. We will also send your grocer his regular profit on this sale.

"The Bountiful Breakfast"

"Write your own guarantee"

Purchase a package of PURITY OATS.
Note the freedom from hulls and shorts.
You will find PURITY OATS perfectly sterilized.
You will find the PURITY OATS package to contain *positively clean* oats.
You will find each flake slightly toasted and parched, retaining the original nut-like flavor of the grain.
You will find PURITY OATS will cook perfectly in one-half the usual time and that every particle is digestible.
You will find PURITY OATS the most palatable.
You will find the sanitary round package—original with us—in perfect condition or your money will be refunded.
Since PURITY OATS were first made, we have said to dealers everywhere, *"Write your own guarantee and we will cheerfully sign it."*
In all this time no guarantee or promise of ours ever has been amended or rescinded. This same offer and pledge is made to *each consumer of PURITY OATS.*
PURITY OATS must please you *best of all,* or your grocer is instructed to return your money.

PURITY OATS COMPANY

W. Rick PRESIDENT

Davenport, Iowa **Purity Oats Company** Keokuk, Iowa

Save 20% to 70% of the time spent on your billing

This complete correspondence typewriter automatically foots and proves your bills *while it types them*

You should have this time-saver in your office *right now*. It quickly pays for itself in clerical time-saving alone—to say nothing of errors prevented.

You can prove this for yourself in two days' time.

Stopping to foot bills will soon be classed with hand-writing business letters.

Why? Because it will mean a sheer waste of time.

With cold steel precision, the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter totals bills and statements *while it types them*. Not a moment is wasted on footing or proving.

And remember—this machine is also a complete Remington Typewriter for regular correspondence work.

It is now used constantly by thousands of banks, business offices and retail stores—large and small.

Your typist can learn to use it within an hour. No change in billing system is called for. It does your work *your* way.

A new illustrated folder—"The Story of a Day's Work"—describes in brief and interesting form the workings of this remarkable time-and-money-saving machine. If you are an employer of clerical or stenographic help you will find this little folder extremely helpful in showing you how the Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter will prevent time-waste and error-risk on your bill—and—statement work. The size of your business has no bearing on the subject. For here is a machine that will make money by saving money for the round-the-corner grocery store as well as large corporations. Under the circumstances, hadn't you better send for your copy of "The Story of a Day's Work"—*today?*

Somebody must foot your bills. That somebody should be the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter. It types and totals in one operation.

"Shame!" says the clock hand to the man who stops to foot—"You're wasting time." Whose fault? Have you supplied him with an adding and subtracting typewriter?

This machine puts an absolute O.K. on every bill-total which leaves your office. It is used constantly by the United States Sub-Treasury.

Without the adding and subtracting typewriter your clerk wastes about one-third of every hour—in stopping to foot and prove bills.

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting TYPEWRITER
(VISIBLE MECHANISM)

Learn what this remarkable time-saver will accomplish on your work done *your* way. Write today for illustrated folder, "The Story of a Day's Work."

Remington Standard

Monarch Model

Smith-Premier Model

Your totals show here as fast as the amounts are typed

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City (*Branches Everywhere*)

For clear, clean typewriter results, use Remtico brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Write to our nearest office.

It says Here—

"—bread can be no better than the flour from which it is made. Therefore, GOLD MEDAL FLOUR will Eventually be used by all particular housewives. It retains the virile strength of the original wheat. It is a natural flour with creamy white, velvety texture"

Eventually

WASHBURN - CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WHY NOT NOW?